



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

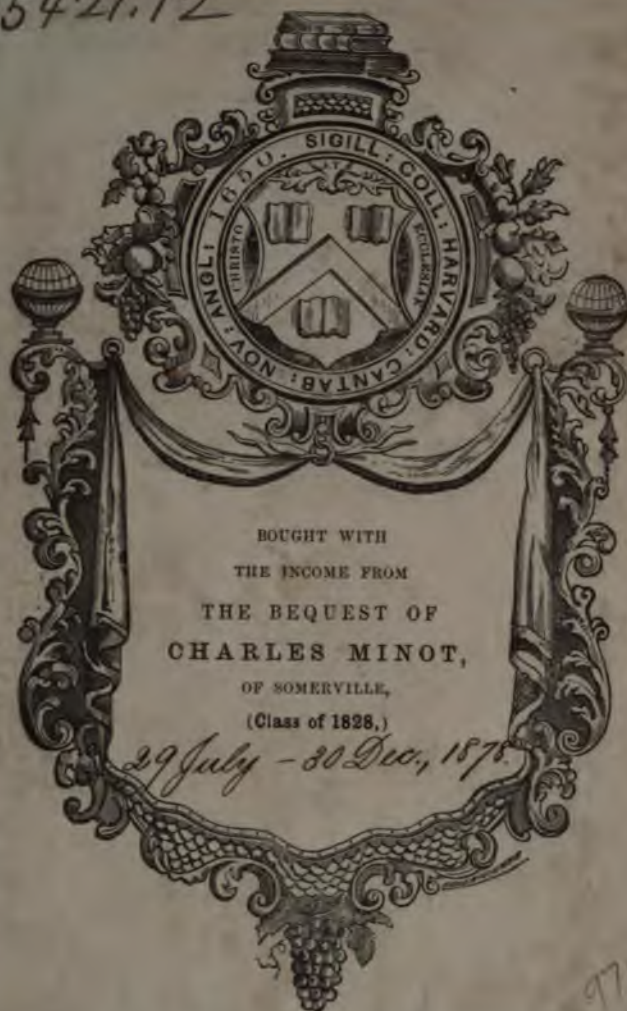
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 2044 009 640 996

15421.12



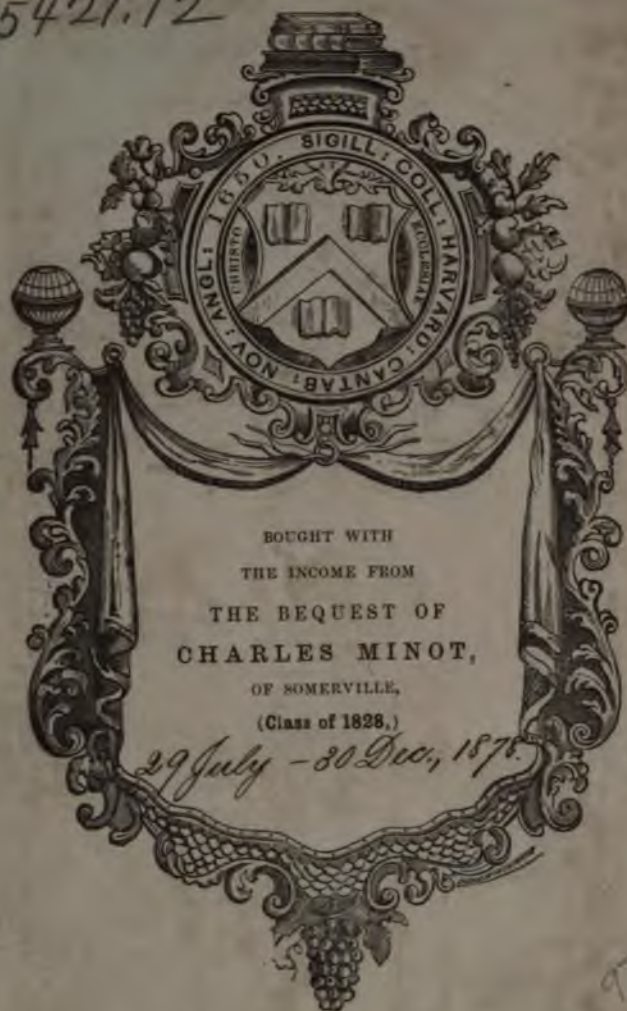
BOUGHT WITH
THE INCOME FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
CHARLES MINOT,
OF SOMERVILLE,
(Class of 1828.)

29 July - 30 Dec, 1875

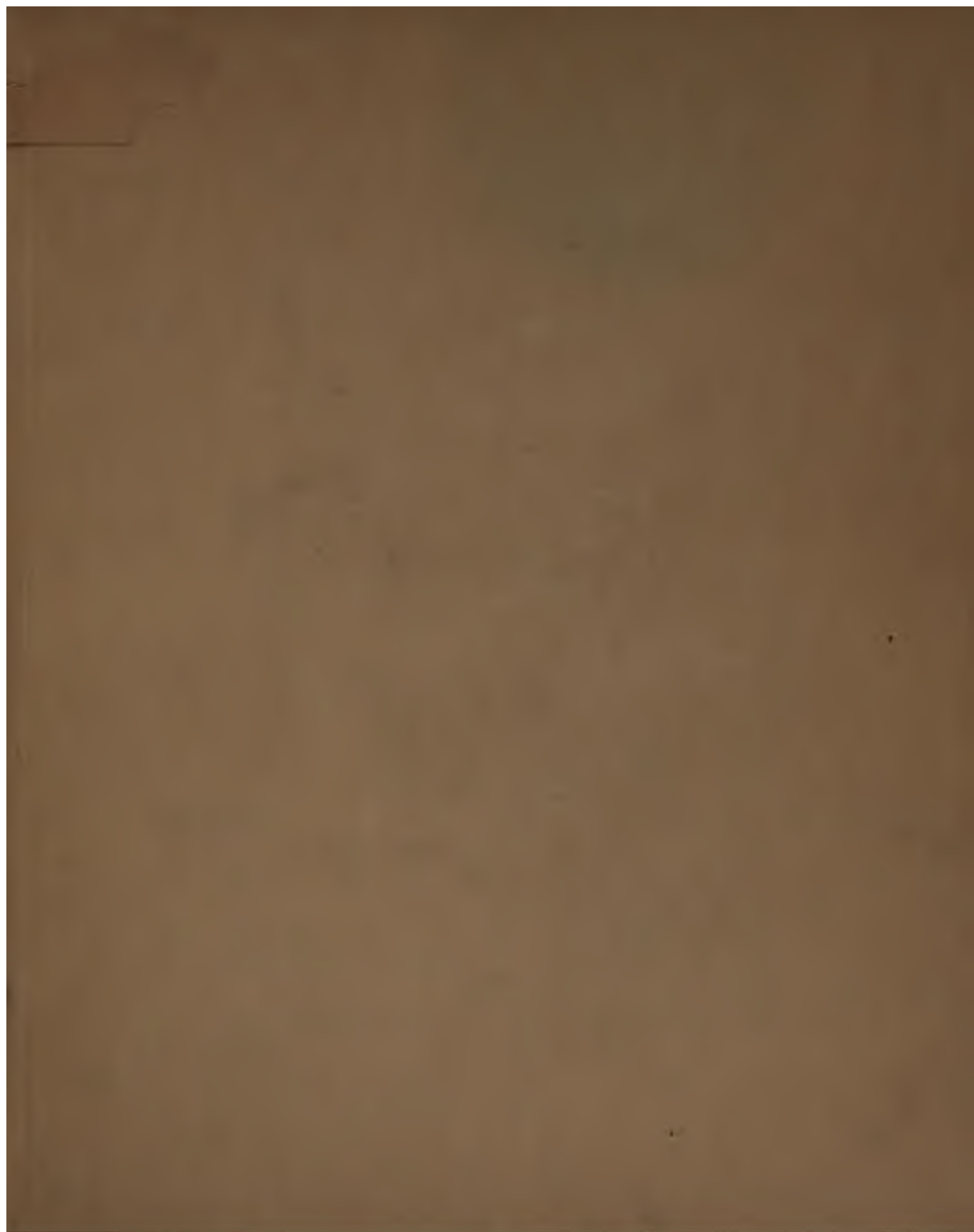
970

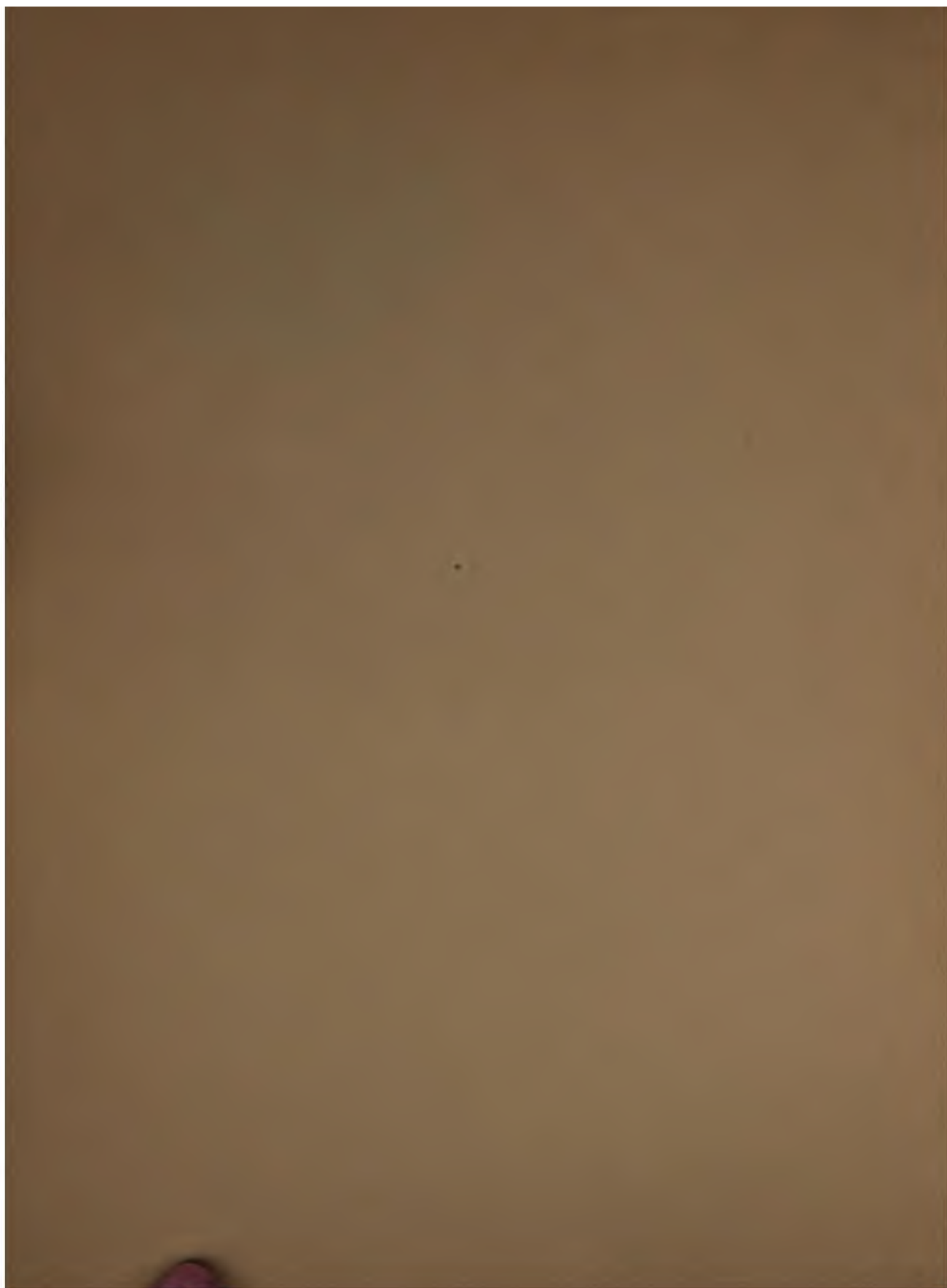


15421.12



975





1

1

THE HUNDRED SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

I. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

2. ABERDEEN, UNIVERSITY LIBRARY (p. Messrs. Wyllie and Son).
3. AINGER, Rev. ALFRED, M.A., London.
4. ANGUS, Professor, Regent's Park College, London.
5. BAILEY, JOHN E., Esq., Stretford, Manchester.
6. BAILEY, HENRY F., Esq., London.
7. BAIN, JAMES, Esq., Haymarket, London.
8. BALLIOL COLLEGE LIBRARY, Oxford (p. Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., Librarian).
9. BERLIN, ROYAL LIBRARY (p. Messrs. Asher and Co.)
10. BLACKBURN, FREE LIBRARY: Reference Department (p. Mr. David Geddes, Librarian).
11. BLACKMAN, FREDERICK, Esq., London.
12. BODLEIAN LIBRARY, Oxford (p. Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A.)
13. BOSTON, PUBLIC LIBRARY (p. Messrs. Low, Son, and Co.)
14. BONSER, Rev. JOHN, Park Gate, Rotherham (gift, p. Thomas Cooper, Esq.)
15. BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY (p. George Bullen, Esq.)
16. BROWN, Rev. John T., The Elms, Northampton.
17. BUCKLEY, Rev. W. E., M.A., Middleton Cheney, Banbury.
18. BUTE, The Most Honble. the Marquis of, London (p. J. G. Godwin, Esq.)
19. CAMBRIDGE, UNIVERSITY LIBRARY (p. Henry Bradshaw, Esq., M.A.)
20. CHAMBERLAIN, J. H., Esq., Small Heath, Birmingham.
21. CHATTO, ANDREW, Esq., London.
22. CHETHAM LIBRARY, Manchester.
23. CHORLTON, THOMAS, Esq., Manchester.
24. COKAYNE, G. E., Esq., London.
25. COLERIDGE, The Lord, London.
26. COOK, J. W., Esq., London.
27. COSENS, F. W., Esq., London.
28. CROSSLEY, JAMES, Esq., F.S.A., Manchester.
29. DAVIES, Rev. JAMES, M.A., Moor Court, Herts.
- 30 and 31. DEVONSHIRE, His Grace the Duke of, Chatsworth.
32. DERBY, The Right Honble. the Earl of, Knowsley.
33. DOWDEN, Professor, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin.
34. DUBLIN, His Grace the Archbp. of, The Palace, Dublin.
35. DUBLIN, ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY, Kildare Street.
36. DUBLIN, TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY.
37. EDINBURGH, UNIVERSITY LIBRARY (p. John Small, Esq., M.A.)
38. FALCONER, His Honour, Judge, Usk, Monmouthshire.
39. FISH, A. J., Esq., Philadelphia, U.S.A.
40. FURNESS, H. H., Esq., Philadelphia, U.S.A.
41. GLASGOW, UNIVERSITY LIBRARY (p. Rev. Dr. Dickson).
42. GOODFORD, Rev. Dr., Eton College.
43. GOULD, Rev. GEORGE, Norwich.
44. GUILD, J. WYLLIE, Esq., Glasgow.
45. HANNAH, Very Rev. Archdeacon, Brighton.
46. HARRISON, WILLIAM, Esq., F.S.A., Samlesbury Hall, near Preston.
47. HARVARD UNIVERSITY, Cambridge, Mass.
48. HOLDEN, ADAM, Esq., Liverpool.
49. INGLEBY, Dr., Valentines, Ilford.
50. IRELAND, ALEXANDER, Esq., Manchester.
51. JENKINS, E., Esq., M.P., London.
- 52 and 53. JOHNSON, RICHARD, Esq., Derby.
54. KER, R. D., Esq., St. Leonard's House, Edinburgh.
55. KERSHAW, JOHN, Esq., Audenshaw.
56. KERSHAW, JOHN, Esq., London.
57. LEATHES, F. M. DE, Esq., London.
58. LEMCKE, Professor, Giessen.
59. MACDONALD, JAMES, Esq., 17 Russell Square, London.
60. MACKENZIE, J. M., Esq., Edinburgh.
61. MANCHESTER, FREE LIBRARY, Old Town Hall, Manchester.
62. MASSON, Professor DAVID, Edinburgh.
63. MORISON, JOHN, Esq., Glasgow.
64. MORLEY, Professor, University College, London.
65. MORLEY, SAMUEL, Esq., M.P., London.
66. NAPIER, G. W., Esq., Manchester.
67. NEWTON, Rev. HORACE, M.A., Driffeld.
68. NICHOLS, G. W., Esq., Rotherhithe.
69. NICHOLSON, BRINSLEY, Esq., M.D., London.
- 70 and 71. PAINE, CORNELIUS, Esq., Brighton.
72. PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER, Esq., London.
73. PLYMOUTH, PUBLIC LIBRARY (p. A. Haldane, Esq.)
74. PORTER, Rev. JAMES, M.A., Master of Peter House, Cambridge.
75. PRINCETON, College of New Jersey, U.S.A. (gift, p. G. W. Childs, Esq., Philadelphia).
76. RIPON, The Most Hon. the Marquis of, Studley Royal.
77. SAINTSBURY, GEORGE, Esq., London.
78. SALISBURY, Rev. Dr., Thundersley Rectory, Rayleigh.
79. SCOTT, Rev. Dr. R. SELKIRK, Glasgow.
80. SION COLLEGE LIBRARY, London (p. Rev. Dr. W. H. Milman).
81. SNELGROVE, A. G., Esq., London.
82. STEVENS, B. F., Esq., London.
- 83 and 84. STEVENS and HAYNES, Messrs., London.
85. STONYHURST, COLLEGE LIBRARY (p. Very Rev. Father Purbrick, S.J.)
86. SWINBURNE, ALGERNON C., Esq., Henley-on-Thames.
87. THIRLWALL, The late Right Rev. Bp. (now for John Thirlwall, Esq., Bath).
88. THOMAS, C. J., Esq., Drayton Lodge, Bristol.
89. THOMPSON, FREDERICK, Esq., South Parade, Wakefield.
90. VERE, AUBREY DE, Esq., Curragh, Adare, Ireland.
91. WARD, Professor, Owens College, Manchester.
92. WATSON, R. SPENCE, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
93. WATTS, JAMES, Jun., Esq., Manchester.
94. WHITE, GEORGE H., Esq., Glenthorne, Torquay.
95. WHITE, Rev. C., M.A., Whitchurch, Salop.
96. WILLIAMS' LIBRARY, London (p. Rev. Thos. Hunter).
97. WILLIAMS, Rev. J. D., M.A., Christ's College, Brecon.
98. WILSON, WILLIAM, Esq., Berwick-on-Tweed.
99. WORDSWORTH, Professor, Elphinstone College, Bombay.
100. WRIGHT, BATEMAN PERKINS, Esq., J.P., Bourton House, Rowley Park, Stafford.

* * * Exclusive of a limited number of gift and semi-gift copies and separate Authors—agreeably to the Prospectus.





Chertsey Worthies' Library.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS

OF

John Davies of Hereford

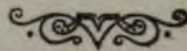
(15..-1618)

*FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
GLOSSARIAL INDEX, AND PORTRAIT AND FACSIMILE, &c.*

BY

Ballock
THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1878.

15421.12

1878, July 29 - Dec. 30.
Mint, Lond.

Edinburgh University Press:

THOMAS AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
DEDICATORY SONNET TO G. H. WHITE, Esq., GLENTHORNE, . . .	vii
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION—	
I.—BIOGRAPHICAL,	ix
II.—CRITICAL,	xx
APPENDIX,	lxi
a. MIRUM IN MODUM.	
b. SUMMA TOTALIS.	
c. MICROCOSMOS.	
d. HOLY ROODE.	
e. HUMOUR'S HEAVEN.	
f. MUSE'S TEARES.	
g. BIEN VENU.	
PORTRAIT OF DAVIES, <i>To face Title-page.</i>	



To

GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq.,

GLENTHORNE, ST. MARY CHURCH, TORQUAY, DEVONSHIRE.

‘**M**ERE *BRIC-A-BRAC* BY DULL CONCEITED FOOL!’
SO DRY-AS-DUSTS, SNATCH-AND-RUN READERS, PRATE
O’ DAVIES OF HEREFORD; AND THEN ELATE
WEEN THEY HAVE DAMN’D HIM. MEN NOT OF THEIR SCHOOL,
WITH BRAINS, AND HEART, AND JUDGMENT TRUE, TO RULE
THEIR VERDICTS—BOTH OF LATE AND EARLY DATE;
MEN WHO FAR UP TRANSFIGURED HEIGHTS HAD SATE—
DIFFER. GRANTED, THE BOOKS ARE OVER-FULL;
GRANTED THEY ARE UNSIFTED, HURRIED, MIXT
OF TARES AND GRAIN; FAIR FLOWERS WITH WEEDS ENTWINED;
YET THERE *IS* GENIUS; AND, MY FRIEND, YOU ‘LL FIND
THOUGHT, FEELING, FANCY, WIT, ROUNDED AND FIXT
AS STARS; WITH HAPPY MEMORIES AND TRAITS
OF SHAKESPEARE AND ‘THE MIGHTIES’ OF THOSE DAYS.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

JOHN DAVIES 'of Hereford'—as he almost invariably designated himself even in his latest and slight 'commendatory' verses¹—was 'about 48' in 1613, as is found onward; and so his birth-year may be placed approximately between 1560 and 1565—probably earlier rather than later. It is to be regretted that big county and local books, while super-abundant on squirearchy nobodies, have added nothing to our knowledge of him. Duncumb does not so much as mention his name. That he was born in Hereford is certain. For repeatedly he claims the 'ancient city' as his 'mother.' Thus in his Epigram 'To my deere friend, countryman, and expert Master in the liberall science of Musick, MR. THOMAS WARROCK,'—who is known to have been a native of Hereford,—he addresses him as a fellow-citizen:—

'One citty brought vs forth and brought vs vp.'
(*I. k.* p. 70.)

and when 'the Plague' was there, his filial heart went forth in passionate sympathy in his verse-salutations—'To my louing and deere mother, the citty of Hereford'—'Againe' and 'Againe, in condoling her case, being afflicted with the Plague' (*ibid.* p. 39). In the first he tells 'I had in thee an infant's part,' in the second 'Hereford thou bred'st me,' and in the third, with touch of pathetic contrition, he exclaims:—

'But O (deere Mother) I doe much amisse,
To jest with thee, now thou art plagu'd for this.
I rather should with teares deplore thy case,
And euer pray, in thy behalfe, for grace.
The Sercher of the heart knowes I lie not,
Thou in my praiers neuer art forgot.
And nothing now (except mine own misdeeds)
More grieues my heart then thou for whome it bleeds.'

Similarly, with characteristic punning on the name of his 'louing and iuditious friend' MR. FRANCIS WYE, he recalls:—

'Wye was the nimphe neere which I first did breath.'
(*ib.* p. 57.)

—a circumstance cherished doubtless from full acceptance of the proverb:—

'Blessèd is the Eye
That is betwixt Severn and Wye.'

whereon Thomas Fuller thus chats: 'Some will justly question the Truth hereof. True it is the Eyes of those inhabitants are entertained with a *pleasant Prospect*, yet such as is equalled by other places. But it seems there is a propheticall promise of Safety to such that live secured within these *great rivers*, as if privileged from Martial impressions. But alas! *Civil War is a vagrant*, and will trace all corners, except they be surrounded with Gyges his ring. Surely some eyes in that place, besides the rivers of Severn and Wye, running by them, have had *Salt Waters* flowing from them since the beginning of our late Distractions.'¹

But though born in Hereford, our Worthy

¹ See App. No. I. for an addition to the 'Commendatory Verses.'

¹ Fuller's Worthies—Herefordshire, p. 35.

—as indeed his name would have suggested—was of Welsh descent. This appears in his repartee to the ‘libellous epitaph’ on Justice Griffith ‘fixt’ on St. Marie’s Church gate in Oxford, which he inscribes ‘The Author’s reply, being a Welsh-man’ (II. p. 22, Ep. 122 and Corollary). So too in Epigram 264, to his ‘beloued friend Mr. Iohn Gough: Register to the Byshop of London,’ he claims kin with him in lineage:—

‘Would’st thou deny thy country, yet thy name
Would tell from whence thy predecessors came:
Besides thy nature would reueale thy race,
For thou art bold, kinde, free in heart and face,
As are true Troians come of Brutus’ line;
Now dare I not confesse that race is mine,
Sith it I praised so: But (worthy Iohn)
Take thou the praise I gaue; let me alone
Vntill we meete in Herford, where we shall
Haue all to take our part in praise and all.’

(*ib.* p. 37.)

More unmistakably still, in his ‘Cambria to the high and mighty Henry, by the grace of God Prince of Wales,’ he is proud to link himself to the renowned land, *c.g.*:—

‘Great Grandame Wales from whom those Ancestors
Descended, from whom I (poore I) descend;
I owe so much to my progenitors,
And to thee, for them, that vntill mine end
Thy name, and fame, Ile honor and defend.

‘So mine invention old, cold, rude, and raw
(Not able to digest ought in her maw)
May by the quicke hereditary heate
Of thy yong Muse (that yclest thoughts can thaw)
In Wales, my Countrie’s name, performe this feate,
And welcome thee to thy long empty Seate.’

(I. c, p. 19.)

It was from no idle boastfulness or mistaken estimate of so-called ‘blue blood’ that Davies thus went back upon his ‘progenitors’ in Wales. The fact was simply a pleasant one to be pleasantly remembered when fit occasion offered. He had a fine contempt for mere ‘descent’ disjoined from character. We shall be none the worse of reading at this point, consequently, his ‘good words’—‘To my intirely beloued worthy friend, Mr. Charles Walgraue’:—

‘Some rascalls brag that gentlemen they be,
Because their fathers were lords, knights, or squires:
Yet rebels are themselves to that degree;
Running for all their gentry to their sires.
Our house (say they) hath bin of ancient standing:
(But then (say I) such heirs stood not withall)
Before the Conquest long, the Sheere commaunding.
God helpe your house, for now it’s like to fall
(Say I againe) you, you will pull it downe,
Your vices’ outrage is so violent:
For vertue still doth vnder-prop renowne;
And curtesie’s in vertue resident.
If matchlesse curtesie (that winnes each heart)
Do best bewray from whence a man’s descended,
Thou art well fitted for that noble part,
Thou plaist it well, for it thou art commended:
Because in thee it is not counterfet:
Which makes thee (diamond-like) more deere then
great.’ (Scourge of Folly, p. 54, col. 2.)

By his saying to Warrock, ‘One city brought vs forth and *brought vs vp*,’ I understand that he received his early education there; and doubtless, as Anthony a-Wood states, at the ‘grammar-school,’ which, founded under the auspices of Bishop Gilbert on December 26, 1384, ‘for the purpose of affording gratuitous instruction to the sons of poor citizens,’ was strengthened by Edward VI. and Elizabeth.¹ The School-Registers seem to have perished; so that we have no entries whereby to trace his career. Wood adds—‘from the grammar-school there, [he was] sent to this University [Oxford], but to what house of learning therein, I know not.’²

The latter statement is incorrect. It is based on a mis-reading of certain of his Poems,—as hereafter will appear.

From his after-career and occupation as a Teacher of Penmanship, it is clear that, whether in Hereford or elsewhere, he must have had special pains spent on him in this art. Whether his father had his accomplishment is unknown; or whether his two brothers, James and Richard—who also were

¹ Duncumb’s Collections towards the History and Antiquities of the County of Hereford. 1804. 2 vols. 4to. Vol. i. p. 590.

² Athenæ Oxon., edition Bliss, ii. 260-5.

Writing-masters—were elder or younger, is also unknown.¹ But he must have early shown rare skill and teaching faculty herein. Our Index of Names will guide to the foremost families of England wherein he had pupils in penmanship, as well ladies as gentlemen. The Pembroke and Derby and Egerton houses were evidently more than mere patrons. In many a Sonnet he addresses parents and children alike in unembarrassed and familiar terms. He was 'intimate' with Sir Philip Sidney—a MS. of his and his sister's 'Psalms' still remaining to attest the daintiness and beauty of Davies's penmanship—and as he died in 1586, it would seem that he must somewhat early have won for himself a position in the highest society as an Instructor.² I imagine that he used to reside for months at a time in the country-houses of his patrons. But London doubtless was his chief residence. He must have gone and come to his 'pupils' at Oxford. His celebrations of 'the most famous Vniuersitie of Oxford' in general, and his special addresses to 'the most faire, most fortunate, and no lesse famous Magdalen College, in Oxford,' show that he very much earned his living from his 'pupils' in Oxford. That this was the whole of his connection with the University is certain. We must read here these successive poems:—

*To my much honored, and intirely beloved Patronesse,
the most famous Vniuersitie of Oxford.*

'To mount about Ingratitude (base crime)
With double lines of single-twisted Rime;
I will (though needlesse) blaze the Sun-bright praise
Of Oxford, where I spend some gaining dales:
Who entertaines me with that kinde regard,
That my best words, her worst deedes should reward:
For like a Lady full of roialtie,
Shee giues me Crownes for my Character:
Her Pupils crowne me for directing them,
Where like a King I liue, without a Realme:

¹ Scourge of Folly, p. 58, col. 2.

² See Witte's Pilgrimage, p. 28. In his 'Amorous Colloqui
twixt Dorus and Pamela' (II. f, pp. 28-30) he has caught
up echoes of Sidney's only poem touched of coarseness.

They praise my *precepts*, & my *Lessons* learne,
So doth the worse the better wel governe.
But Oxford, O I praise thy situation
Passing *Pernassus*, *Muses'* habitation!
Thy Bough-deckt-dainty *Walkes*, with *Brooks* beset
Fretty, like *Christall* Knots, in mould of *Iet*.
Thy sable *Soile's* like *Guian's* golden *Ore*,
And gold it yeelds, manur'd; no mould can more.
The pleasant *Plot* where thou hast footing found,
For all it yeelds, is *yelke* of *English* ground.
Thy stately *Colledges* like *Princes'* courtes,
Whose gold-embossed high-embatt'd *Ports*
With all the glorious workmanship within,
Make *Strangers* deeme they haue in *Heaven* bin,
When out they come from those *celestiall* places,
Amazing them with *glorie* and with *graces*.
But in a word to say how I like thee,
For place, for grace, and for sweete companies,
Oxford is Heav'n if Heav'n on Earth there be.
(I. c, Sonnets, p. 99.)

*To the most faire, most fortunate, and no lesse famous
Magdalen Colledge, in Oxford.*

'And can I seeme, much lesse then can I be
Grateful, if I should thee, or thine forget,
Whose *Head*, and *Members* bind me so to thee,
That thou maist giue or take me as thy debt?
Thy discrete *head's* a *Bond* that bindes my head,
My hart, my hand, and what besides is mine
To him for thee, to thee for him in Deede;
So being bound in Deede, in deede am thine.
The *Members* of thy body not of stone
Squar'd by the cunning of a mortall hand,
But living, loving, made by *Loue* alone
Haue by their loue, in ever-lasting Band
So tide me to them, that as they doe moue,
So moue I, forc'd by force of mutall loue.'
(ib. p. 101.)

Againe.

'Blest be that *Thought*, past time beyond al thought,
That first did moue that wise, as holy hart,
To reare this *Trophey* where his *vertues* fought
And conquer'd *Rage*, with whom those times took part:
A sacred *Trophey* left for *Vertue's* vse,
Not onely (as are others) for meere fame;
But as a nere-dri'd *Dugge* vnto the *Muse*,
That times, past time, might such sweets from the same.
Sing sweetly (bless'd *Babes*, that sucke the *Brest*
Of this sweete *Nectar-dropping* *Magdalen*)
Their praise in holy *Hymnes*, by whom yee Feast,
The *God* of *Gods*, and *Wainefet* best of *Men*:
Sing in an *Vnion* with the *Angels'* Quires,
Sith *Heav'n's* your house, contenting your desires.'
(ib. p. 101.)

To individual pupils he has many finely-
turned complimentary Sonnets and Epigrams.
A few examples may interest:—

To my most deere pupill, Mr. Henry Maynwarring.

'Your soule (deere Sir, for I can iudge of sprights
Though not iudge soules) is like (besides her sire)
Those euer-beaming eye-delighting lights
Which do bea'ns body inwardly attire;
For her superior part (your spotlesse minde)
Hath nought therein that 's not angelicall;
As high, as lowly, in a diuerse kinde,
And kind in either; so belou'd of all.
Then (noble Henry) loue me as thine owne,
That liues but (with thy worths) to make thee knowne.'
(Scourge of Folly, p. 26, Ep. 164.)

To my kinde and ingenious pupill, Mr. Henry Holcroft.

'You had bene better gone ten miles about,
Then come within my study, when it was;
For you (good Sir) no sooner were gone out
But straight on you a verdit I did passe:
I said (yet to my selfe) you patient were
To heare my Muse recount her idle dreames:
I said you did like Phoebus' ympe appeare,
Because you lou'd the Heliconian streames.
This said I, and much more to this effect:
And in effect this argues you to bee
Artes friend by vertue of your intellect;
Then Arte is strongly bound to honor thee:
But if I breake that bond through ignorance,
Yet is it due by that recognizance.'

(*ib.*, p. 35, Ep. 242.)

To mine approued kinde friend and scholler, Humfrey Boughton Esquire, one of his Maiesties gent. Pensioners.

'Hvmfrey thou hast my heart, for well I wot
Thou lou'st me well, sith ill I taught thee not.
But there are some (which yet I tender still)
Haue taught me now to know I taught them ill.
Ill paide, with ill? I ill apaide must bee;
Would I had taught them better, or they mee.
But noble Humfrey thy braue spirit doth learne
My Muse (by thine example) to discerne
Twixt man and man: and sith a man I finde thee,
I were a beast with braue men not to minde thee.'

(*ib.*, p. 40, Ep. 276.)

*To my deere pupill and highly honord friend,
Thomas Puckering Esquire.*

'I do protest (alas, that's easily done,
Sith all the world doth nothing but protest)
Your beames of fauor warme me like the sunne,
That darts his comforts' beames from East to West.
From East to West (so farre our fortunes flee
Each other fro) from you the rising East,
To mee, the falling West, they stretchéd bee;
Where tll they higher rise they lowely rest.
And though (like Thetis) I them enttaine
With streames of brackish teares, rais'd high by ioy:
Yet this good do they by their rest obtaine;
They do their vertue kindly so imploy,

That when they rise againe to set in mee,
I may receaue the same, and shine through thee.'
(*ib.* p. 54, col. 1.)

To my deere Scholler, Master Iohn Hales.

'Thine eye is in mine eye, and all the while
I write, it followes mee to tax my stile
If it should thee neglect, that art to mee
A friend, what euer more, (if more might be):
But were it in my powr to make thee mount
As in my pens to cast thy iust account;
Thou shouldst be what thou wouldst, or oughtst at
least,

That's equall to a lord: Ile owe the rest:

For should I say 't, some greater men would grutch,
(Being lesse of worth) as though I wrongd them
much;

But this (in mine experience) say I can,
A nobler nature neede not be in man.'

(*ib.*, p. 57, col. 1.)

Occasionally a 'pupil' over-instructed
proved ungrateful, and was hit hard in return,
as witness:—

'Against Flavius his vnconstancy and promise-breaking.

Flavius I taught you; and among the rest
Of what you learnd of me, what you protest
I taught you to obserue, because you were
A man whose reputation should be deere;
But since you taught mee (for so teaching you,
By your example) how to breake my vow:
So, you passe me in giuing skill for skill,
But to giue ill for good is passing ill.

Well go your way, I learne of you this lore,
Still to deceaue but bee deceau'd no more.'¹

(*ib.* p. 40, Ep. 278.)

This, finally, seems to me to be most cunningly and prettily done to some fair lady-pupil:—

'Some say they wonder how so well I write,
(Although my lines to no greate wonders stretch)

¹ There was considerable satiric force in our Davies. His laudation of Coryat is capital fooling. But, as a rule, he is sweet-blooded and kindly. (See II. A, p. 48.) He retorts on JOHN HEATH (II. A, Epig. 251 and note), but as one who could afford to laugh *with* him. Other contemporaries had their girds at him as 'Thuscus,' in praise of his penmanship and dispraise of his 'writing.' He passes over nearly all in judicious silence; and now he is remembered and they are forgotten. His 'Paper's Complaint,' apart from its vigour and swing, hits real blots in contemporary literature. I do not see how its 'Complaints' could be justifiably resented. Like the curious notices in Henry Crosse's 'Vertue's Commonwealth,' it gives us insight into the popular books and pamphlets of the day. To him we are indebted for the only surviving notice of genial ROBERT ARMIN (II. A, p. 71).

Sith Art, my skill, of Theft cannot indite ;
 Yet, I endite with skill aboue my reache !
 Loue learns me Art, which Art inspires my Muse :
 For *Grammer, Logicke, Retorick* : and the rest :
 (*Musicke* especially) Loues arte doth vse :
 For, loue, vntun'nd, in Tune, is best exprest !
 Loue, most diuine, makes men do miracles :
 And, most humane loue, Woonders doth produce :
 But, *Beauties* loue, in vertues Spectacles,
 Makes men do woonders most miraculous :
 Then, they a woonder do not vnderstand
 That woonder, sith an *Angell* guides my hand.'
 (Wittes Pilgrimage, p. 7, No. 8.)

Fuller has in his own quaint way described to us our Davies's art of Penmanship as follows :—' John Davies of Hereford . . . was the greatest Master of the Pen that England in her age beheld, for 1. Fast-writing, so incredible his expedition. 2. Fair-writing, some minutes' Consultation being required to decide whether his lines were written or printed. 3. Close-writing, A Myserie indeed, and too Dark for my Dimme Eyes to discover. 4. Various writing, Secretary, Roman, Court, and Text. The Poetical fiction of Bryareus the Gyant, who had an hundred hands, found a Moral in him, who could so cunningly and copiously disguise his aforesaid Elemental hands, that by mixing he could make them appear an hundred, and if not so many sorts, so many Degrees of Writing. Yet had he lived longer he would modestly have acknowledged Mr. Githings (who was his Scholler and also born in this County) to excel him in that faculty, whilst the other would own no such odious Eminence, but rather gratefully return the credit to his Master again. Sure I am, when two such Transcendant Pen-Masters shall again come to be born in the same shire, they may even serve fairly to engross the Will and Testament of the expiring Universe.'—(*Worthies*, as before.)

From year to year, now in shadow and now in shine, he pursued his calling as a Teacher of Penmanship, attaining the summit of his ambition on being appointed 'Master of Penmanship' to Prince Henry,

son of King James I.¹ It is not apparently recorded when his 'Writing Schoolmaster or The Anatomy of Fair Writing' was first published; but as the later editions (1633, 1663, 1669) are evidently from the old plates, the 'specimens' of Writing doubtless exemplify his own 'copies.' They will bear comparison with any; in my estimate look finelier and more naturally done than Gething's praised by Fuller.²

I know not if the word 'Ben-clarkes' (II. 4, p. 54) had reference to 'rare Ben's' circle of 'sons;' but it is clear that Davies had been admitted to the great 'Mermaid' feasts of soul. Shakespeare and Jonson, Beaumont and Drayton are addressed as known by him; and Bacon, and Segar, and Inigo Jones as well. Perchance the 'mighties' cracked their jokes at him; but one of wit so nimble, and words so fecund, and with the ease of movement acquired in highest places, would not be defenceless. From one curious notice of a 'duel' it would appear that once at least he had fought (cf. II. f, 'Witte's Pilgr., pp. 42-3, 'In vindicando,' etc., and II. k, p. 38, Ep. 272).

In his Chorus Vatum (*s.n.*), JOSEPH HUNTER records a document as having been seen by him, wherein Sir Lawrence Tanfield under date Feb. 6, 5 James I. [1608] certifies that 'John Davies of the parish of St. Dunstan in the West within London Writing Schoolmaster is charged to a subsidy 26/8d. that is after the rate of £10

¹ His 'Bien Venu' (1606) could not prove other than gratifying to James, who liked to hear of his gallantry in going his wintry journey to Denmark for his queen. The 'Muse's Teares' must also have touched the king. The Shakespearian student will not go unrewarded for a study and re-study of the latter poem. Evidently Davies was moved in his innermost heart as he 'penned' this inestimable lament. It is odd to find him designating James 'Jeamy;' and o'times working in Northern words, much as in his 'Eclogue' he has worked in Spenserian words with quaint piquancy.

² Among Bagford's title-pages Gething's is preserved, together with engraved examples of his handwriting. He dedicates his book in an odd Epistle to Bacon. In our Appendix No. II. will be found Davies's 'Directions' for his 'Writing School-master,' with some of the sentiments 'set.'

lands, whereas he alledgeth that he was never before charged at a higher rate than at £3 goods, which he accordingly paid and is still willing to pay; and hath also this day made affidavit that he hath no lands or tenements of the value of 20/ per annum. It is therefore ordered by the Court of Exchequer that paying 5/, being after the rate of £3 in goods, he shall be discharged of the residue; but if it shall be hereafter proved that he has £10 in lands, he shall pay the full sum charged.' Every reader of the 'Scourge of Folly' will remember how good-humouredly the Poet celebrates this attempted over-charge. We may as well read the two Epigrams now :—

Of my being put into the Kings high Subsidy-bookes.

'I haue no land (O heau'ns you know my case!)
Yet vniust cessors say I haue; and so
They in the kings high-bookes my name do place
Equal to those that for knights fellowes go:
And so they may yet set me nothing forth,
For fellowes to some knights are nothing worth.

Againe of the same.

'What! is my portion in this world but rime?
Then what reason i'st I so should raised bee
For that by which some fall but none can clymbe?
Then they were sencelesse that so sesséd mee;
For had they weigh'd my gaines in common-sence
They might haue weigh'd my purse but not my pence.
(Scourge of Folly, p. 38, Epigs. 276, 277.)

This *bit* of fact goes to show that if well-married, from the start his was a struggle with narrow circumstances and irregular supplies. I find a sweet pathos not without a throb of stout-heartedness in this allusion to his task-work at the close of 'Microcosmos':—

'Inough my *Muse* of that, which nere ynough
Can well be said, and let me (restlesse) rest;
For, I must ply my *Penne* which is my *Plough*,
Sith my life's sunne is almost in the West.
And I provided yet but for unrest:
Time flies away, these *Numbers* number time,
But *goodes* they number not: for their int'rest
Is nought but *Aire* which, though to heau'n it clime,
Is but meere *Vapor* rising but from *slime*.
(I. c, Microcosmos, p. 88, col. 2.)

Earlier in the same poem he had appealed to 'Affliction' as his daily ministrant:—

'*Affliction*, Ladie of the happy life,
(And Queene of mine, though my life happlesse be)
Give my *Soule* endlesse *peace*, in endlesse *strife*,
For thou hast powre to giue them both to me,
Because they both haue residence in thee:
Let me behold my best *part* in thine *Eies*,
That so I may mine *imperfections* see;
And seeing them I may my selfe despise,
For that *selfe-love*, doth from *selfe-liking* rise.

Enfold me in thine *Armes*, and with a *kisse*
Of coldest comfort, comfort thou my *hart*;
Breath to my *Soule* that mortified is,
Immortall *pleasure* in most mortall *Smart*:
Be ieloues of me, play a *Louer's part*:
Keepe *Pleasure* from my *sense*, with sense of *paine*,
And mixe the same with pleasure by thine *Arte*;
That so I may with *ioy* the *griefe* sustaine,
Which *ioye* in *griefe* by thy deere loue I gaine.'
(I. c, Microcosmos, p. 36, col. 2.)

More affectingly still, in his most genuine honouring of MRS. ANNE DUTTON, he moves one to unbidden tears in this autobiographical portraiture:—

'[I] am left all solitary-sad
To waile her *death*, whose *life* made *Sorrow* glad!
Oh! had it pleas'd the Heau'ns, by their *Decree*,
T' haue made my *Pupill* learn'd t' haue *dide* of mee,
(And mine example) I had beene at rest,
And she liue *blesséd* long, to dye as *blest*.
I, like a wither'd *Pine*, no *fruit* produce;
Of whom there is no *Care*, no *hope*, no *use*.
I burden but the Earth, and keepe a *place*
Of one (perhaps) that should haue greater grace:
Opprest with *Cares* that quite crush out the *Sappe*
That feeds my *Life*: now throwne off *Natures* Lappe
I solely sit, and tell the saddest *houres*,
That euer yet appeach'd *vitall powres*.
Obscur'd by *Fate*, yet made a *Marke* by *fame*;
Whereat *fooles*, often, shoote their *Bolts*, in *game*.
Yet, liue as buried (that I learn'd of thee
Dear *Pupill*) while the *World* goes ouer mee.
Praying for *patience* still to vnder-ly
The heauie *waight* of this *Worlds* iniurie.
Oft haue I beene embozom'd by *Lords*;
But all the *warmth* I found *there*, was but *Words*.
And though I scarce did *moue*, yet scarce they would
There let me *lie*, though there I lay acold;
But, as I had some biting *Vermine* bin,
Out must I, mou'd I but for *warmth* therein.
Or els so lie, as I were better out;
Sith *there* I lay as dead, yet liu'd in doubt:
In doubt I should haue nothing but a *place*
In th' outward *Roome* but of their Idle *Grace*.
In doubt black *mouths* should blot me in their *Bookes*
That make few *Schollers*; and in doubt my *Hookes*

Would hold no longer to hang on (O Griefe!)
 This hanging's worse then hanging of a Theefe!
 An Halter soone abridgeth bale and breath;
 But hanging on mens sleeves, is double death.
 To hang in hope of that which doubt doth stay
 Is worse then hanging till the later-DAY.
 Doubt stayes that meede that merit hopes for, oft,
 Lest Meede should but make Merit looke aloft;
 Or, quite leaue working, sith it hath no meede;
 Therefore the great doe still with-hold this Meede:
 For, to themselves they say; *If we should fill*
The well-deserving-empty (working still)
They would but rest: than, well wee'l them intreat
Yet keepe them hungry, still to worke for meat.'

(Muse's Sacrifice, p. 66, col. 1.)

From his coming to London he must have worked his vein of poetry. But it was not until 1602 that he appeared in print. In that year he published 'Mirum in Modum,' in the following 'Microcosmos,' which reached a second edition in 1605; and in the same year (1603) 'Humour's Heau'n on Earth;' and so onward to the very close. As fully noticed onward (II. Critical) his first Verse was religious or 'sacred;' and this reminds us to note that in all probability he was of a Roman Catholic family. That later he was a Roman Catholic we learn from an incidental mention of him by Arthur Wilson in those curious Memoirs preserved by Peck in his *Desiderata Curiosa*; but it seems very certain that he was born and bred such, albeit, as we shall see, the special *dogmas* of his Church sat lightly on him, and never narrowed his sympathies or perverted his patriotism. Wilson's notice is as follows:—
 'I could not write the Court and Chancery hands. So my father left me for halfe a yeare (this was about 1611) with Mr. John Davies, in Fleet Street (the most famous writer of his time) to learne those hands. Who being also a Papist, with his wife and familie, their example and often discourse gave growth to my opinions,' etc.—(Desid. Cur. p. 461.)

Of the additional outward facts of his life—*i.e.* to the scanty ones thus far given—there remain little more than his successive marriages.

That he had a high ideal of marriage, let this Sonnet testify:—

'The Match is double made, where *Man*, and *Wife*,
 Of diuerse *Bodies*, make one perfect *Minde*;
 Striving to bee as farre from *Hate* as *Strife*:
 In kindnesse constant of a diuerse kinde.
 Hee, gladd of hir, Shee of his selfe, more gladd;
 Sith as hir better halfe, shee Him doth hold!
 Each giues, to each, yet haue more then they hadd!
 For, loue, and wealth so growes more manifold!
 Doubling one life, sith they of Two, make One,
 Where *Loues* Desires rest pleased, in vnrest:
 For true Loy rests, vntir'd, in *motion*,
 And by their *motions* that is still exprest:
 He rules sith Shee obaies, or rather Shee
 Obaying, rules: Thus, *Soules* may married bee!'

(Wittes Pilgrimage, p. 22, Sonnet 7.)

His first wife was Mary Croft, daughter of Thomas, son of Robert Croft, of Okeley Park, county Salop, who was fourth son of Sir Edward Croft, of Croft Castle, by Joyce, daughter and heir of Sir Walter Skull, of Hope, county Warwick. Our poet himself describes his wife as a 'Croft of Croft;' but this was only true as descending from the fourth son of the Croft Castle house—not of the elder son who inherited the estates.¹ When and under what circumstances Davies was married to Mary Croft of Okeley Park has not been traced. She bore him—at least—one son, Sylvanus. She died on 1st January 1612. In the 'Scourge of Folly'

¹ There is a Mary Croft in the Pedigree of Croft of Croft, who with her sister Alice has been entirely undisposed of hitherto by the Genealogists. There are other Marys in the pedigree; but their histories are well known. This one stands on the pedigree simply as 'Mary,' and at precisely the right date for her to have been the wife of our Davies. She was one of the daughters of Edward Croft of Croft, M.P. for Leominster, 1571-1586, who died 29th July 1601, by his wife Anne, daughter of Thomas Browne of Attleborough, county Norfolk (she was buried at Stretton Grandsome 1st April 1575). She must have been very young at her mother's death, as her elder sister Joyce was baptized 20th April 1570. In 1610 she was probably about thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old. Her sister Margaret married Robert Acton of Ribbesford, county Worcester, and her sister Amy married Sir Fulke Conway. Her only surviving brother was Sir Herbert Croft, M.P. for county Hereford, 1592-1617, who died a monk at Douay in 1622. He was father of the Right Rev. Herbert Croft, Bishop of Hereford, memorably associated with Andrew Marvell. I am indebted to my ever-obliging friend, Dr. Chester of Bermondsey, for most of these details; but as *supra* this was not our Davies's direct marriage-line.

he has numerous references to her as his 'Mal' and 'wife.' Throughout there seems to me a *souçon* of sarcasm, declarative I fear of *mésalliance* from her 'gentler' blood. In proof read Wittes Pilgrimage, Sonnets 96, 97 :—

'He that would faine reduce an high-borne Wife
Vnto the Compasse of his meane estate,
Must not at first, stick for a little Strife,
To make his peace to haue the longer Date :
For, as some Curtall ouer-lusty Mares,
Then Water them, wherein they seeing it,
Let fall their Crest, sith their Tail so ill fares,
That Fooles, and Asses ride them without Bit :
So, from the *Colon* to the *Period*
Of this *Similitude*, what should ensue
Is eas'ly gest : But ah, I am forbod
By high-borne Wiues, low matchd, to tell it you :
But, by their leaues this must I needs affirme,
A Ring, too wide wel bow'd doth sit more firme.'

'Foole that I am, to seem so passionate
In that which Wiues, and Woes, and Years haue cal'md
Why, now should *Venus* know my Bodies State?
Or, with her *Balsamum* my Wounds be Balm'd?
No more, no more : it is ynough that I
Haue won Repentance, with the losse of Tyme,
In running o're these Rules of Vanity :
And not repeate them, erst in Rules of Rime.
Now, many winters haue Frost-bit my Haires,
Congeal'd my Bloud, and cool'd my vitall Heat,
I youthful-follies should ore'flow with Teares ;
And, make a rod of *Rue* my selfe to beate :
But, trust me Loue, how ere I write of Thee,
I am in hate with thee, and thou with me.'

But Stow has preserved for us the memorial-inscription which her husband caused to be put on a pillar. It follows thus :—

ST. DUNSTAN'S WEST: *A Table hanging upon a Pillar in the middle row of Pewes, with this Inscription.*

On the death of the Discreet and Vertuous, Mistresse *Mary Davies*, daughter of *Thomas Croft*, of Okley-Parke, in the County of Salop, Esquire, and Wife of *John Davies* of Hereford : she died on New-yeeres day, 1612.

Here lies her dust,
who in a span of life,
Compass the vertue
of the worthiest Wife :

If oddes there be
(well measur'd) twill be found,
She more acquir'd ;
so her bright stocke renown'd :
And to those Wives
that glory most doe gaine,
She was a mirrour
that no breath could staine.
Though she a Female were,
her judgement was,
To truest Masculines
a truer Glasse :
For she by Nature, Grace,
and Wisdome too,
Shew'd by a Woman,
which best men should doe
In their best actions :
for she acted nought
That came not from a grave
and gracious Thought,
But Nature (though familiar,
yet most strange,
Shewing how much
she doth delight in change,
In thousand fashions
doth her selfe array)
Permits nought heere
to stand at constant stay.
And Time and Death
with her therein conspire,
Else had these Ashes still
held vital fire.
But these just lines
in Time and Death's despight,
Shall leade all times
to do her vertue right.

A good name is better than a good Oynment, and the day of death, than the day that one is born, Eccles. 7. 3.

(Stow's Survey of London by Munday, etc., 1633, folio, p. 881.)¹

¹ He had also kindly regard to his first wife's family of Croft, and prepared the following for Sir James Croft :—

Six lines this Image shall delineate,
Hight *Croft*, high-borne, in spirit and vertue high ;
Approv'd, belov'd, a Knight, stout *Mars* his mate,
Loves fire, Warres flame, in Heart, Head, Hand, and Eie
Which flame, Warres Comet, Grace now so resignes,
That first in Heaven, in Heaven and Earth it shines.

PROSOPOPEIA.

The *Wombe* and *Tombe*
in Name be not so neere

He did not long remain a widower. For among the MS. collections of DR. CHESTER is a marriage-licence from the Bishop of London's office dated 19th July 1613, for 'John Davies Gent of St. Dunstan in the West, widower, aged about 48, and Dame Julian Preston of St. Peter in the Tower of London, a widow for 4 years past.' They were to marry at Stratford Bow, Middlesex. Their union was a brief one: for on the 25th May 1614, letters of administration were issued (again drawing from Dr. Chester's MSS.) from the Prerogative Court of Canterbury to 'John Davies, to administer the Estate of his wife Dame Juliana Preston *alias* Davies of St. Peters in the Tower of London deceased.' As from other sources it is known that our Davies was resident in 'St. Dunstan' parish, there is no ground for doubt that this was him. His wife was widow of Sir Amyas Preston Knight (married to him 26th May 1581 as Julian Bury, widow); and it is noticeable that he should twice over have been married in (comparatively) high social rank. That he married a third time is established by his Will, wherein he names his wife 'Margaret' and in such terms as to indicate that she too was in good circumstances.

His Will is the last remaining memorial of him; and it is satisfactory to be able to reproduce it from the Camden Society's careful volume of Wills, as thus:—

*As Life to Death,
and Birth is to the Beere.
Oh! then how soone to Beere
are Captaines brought,
That now doe live, and dye—
now with a thought?
Then, Captaines, stay and
reade, still thinke on me,
For, with a thought,
what I am, you may be.
As Mars neere Mors doth sound,
So Mors neere Mars is found.*

I. Da. of H.

(*ib.* p. 371. Faringdon Ward Within, p. 370-71. A Table hanging on a Pillar in the South Ile.)

WILL.

IN the name of God, Amen. The nyne and twentieth daye of June, anno Domini one thowsand sixe hundred and eighteene, and in the yeres of the raigne of oure soveraigne Lord James by the grace of God Kyng of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faithe, etc., the sixteenth, and of Scotland the one and fiftithe, I, JOHN DAVIES, of the parishe of Sainct Martin-in-the-Feildes, in the countie of Midd[lesex] gent. beyng sicke of bodye, but of good and perfect mynde and memorye, thanckes be given to God therfore, do make and declare this my last will and testament in manner and forme folowing, that is to saye: First and principallie I doe committ and commend my soule into the handes of Almightye God, trusting assuredlie thorough the merittes and passion of Jesus Christe my Savvoure and Redemer to have full remission of all my synnes; and I will that after my decease my bodie be buried in the parishe Church of Sainct Dunstan-in-the-West, London, as neere as convenientlie may be in the place where Mary my late beloved wife lyeth. And, touching and concerning suche temporall blessings as God of his goodnes hath endewed me withall, I give and bequeathe the same in manner and forme folowinge, that is to saye: first, I bequeathe unto my twoe servauntes, Mary Baldwyn and Jane Callis twentie shillinges a peece. Item, I give and bequeathe to my brothers James and Richard, and to my sisters Margaret and Anne, to each of them one ryng of the valewe of twentie shillinges apeece. Item, I give and bequeathe unto my beloved freinde, — Cox, draper, my ryng of goulde with a deathea heade in yt. Item, I give and bequeathe unto my sonne Silvanus Davies all my bookes. Item, I give and bequeathe unto my beloved wife Margaret the lease of the house and garden wherein I nowe dwell in St. Martin's Lane, together with all such brasse, pewter, and ymplementes of houshold stuffe whatsoever as my saied wife at the tyme of her mariage broughte unto me, and also suche plate and jewells as were hers before marriage, and to the sole use and behoofe of the saied Margaret my saied wife. Likewise I give unto my saied wife my picture. Item, I give to be bestowed in breade for the poore at the tyme of my buriall fortie shillinges, viz. twenty shillinges for the poore of the parishe of St. Martin's aforesaid, and twentie shillinges for the poore of the parishe of St. Dunstan aforesaid. Item, I give and bequeathe unto my saied wife my chaine of goulde, and a paire of goulde braceletes, and a chayne of pomander, together with all my plate and

the moytie or halfe parte of all my goodes, viz., pewter, brasse, bedding, linnen, woollen, and other goodes whatsoever. Item, I further will and bequeathe unto my saied sonne Silvanus Davies the lease of one howse in Fleete Streete, London, knowne by the name of the Worlde End, with all such goodes and appurtenances as are myne. Moreover I bequeathe and give unto my saied sonne all my rynges, and one jewell nowe remayning togeather in a box, and the other moietie or halfe parte of the saied household stuffe which were myne before I married with my saied wife. Item, I likewise bequeathe unto my saied sonne Silvanus Davies all suche moneys which are remayning in the handes of George Wood of the parish of St. Clement Danes, and those pledges in lieu thereof to be restored. Item, I do lastlie ordayne and make my saied wife Margaret and my said sonne joynt executors of this my last will and testament, and do make the saied — Coxo the overseer of this my saied will and testament; and I do hereby disannul and make voyd all other former willes whatsoever by me made. And I hereby conjure and desire my saied wife and sonne, my said executors, as they will awnswere the same at the dreadfull daye of judgment, to be either to other conformable and willing to performe this my last will according to the true intent and meaninge hereof, and that my saied wife shall paye the saide legaceys within sixe monethes next ensewing the day of my decease. In witnesse whereof to this my last will and testament I have hereunto set my hande and seale the daye and yere first above written.

JOHN DAVIES.

Sealed and delivered in the presence of Richard Williamson, Scr[ivener], Thomas Griffith, (the marke of) Anne Griffith, (the marke of) Elizabeth Bibbye.

Proved at London before Master Edmund Pope, Doctor of Laws, etc., on the 7th day of July 1618, by the oath of Margaret Davies and Silvanus Davies, the executors in the will named.¹

I for one like to think that the 'provisions' of his Will warrant us in concluding that the long years of struggle and straits had been mellowed towards the close, and that he was not put to it, as before, for 'daily bread.' His

¹ Wills from Doctors' Commons. A Selection from the Wills of Eminent Persons proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 1495-1695. Edited by John Gough Nichols and John Bruce. Camden Society, 1863, 4to, pp. 87-89.

burial-entry at St. Dunstan's—agreeably to his own request—thus runs: '1618. July 6. bur. John Davies of Hereford.'¹ And so he passed away, his heart, like Jacob of old to Rachel, yearning away back to his 'first love' and wife. I accept as declarative of his serene attitude while the shadows deepened around him, his noble, almost Shakesporean-ringing, lines earlier:—

'The Frosty Beard, inclining al to white,
The Snowy Head: or Head more white then Snow,
The Crow-foot neere the Eyes, Browes, Furrow'd quite,
With Trenches in the Cheeks, Experience show.
These are the Emblems of Authority;
Which ioyned to those do much augment her might:
These are the Signes of Reasons Soueraignty,
And Hyeroglyphicks, spelling Iudgement right.
These are the Trophies rear'd by Times left hand
Vpon the spoile of Passion, and her Powres:
We, by these Symbols, Wisedome vnderstand,
That vs directeth, and protecteth ours:
All these in me begin to come in sight,
Yet can I hardly rule my selfe aright.

(Wittes Pilgrimage, p. 25, No. 30.)

The Reader will find reward in now turning to "Respite finem" as a parallel—with touches such as EDWARD YOUNG might have given, and *shot* with gleams of after-fame (II. f, p. 45).

One or two points in the Life now told may perchance not un-usefully be accentuated.

a. It has been seen that he was a Roman Catholic. Once only does the Papal spirit peep out,—in his denunciation of the 'Bible-bearing Sectarie.' We must read this:—

'Each Bible-bearing Sectarie will say
hee's in the *Truth*; and proues it by her *Word*:
Thus, is the *Word of Truth* wrencht eu'ry way;
and made a *Text* that *Falshood* doth afford.

Yet, *Truth's* but *one*, though *Falshood's* manifold;
and when *Truths Saints*, with her *Word*, do conspire
To finde her out; that *Truth* embrace we should,
though we should mount to her in *Coach* of fire.

No *Exposition* of the *Truth* is true,
but what *Truth* makes her *friends*, alone, to make:

¹ Collectanea Topograph. et Genealog., vol. v. p. 205.

Who know Her best, and what to Her is due ;
 but, *fooles*, wise in their owne *Eyes*, both mistake :
 For many *Eagles Eyes* haue better sight
 Then our blinde *Bats*, that hardly see the *light*.
 (Muse's Sacrifice, p. 86.)

Over-against this I place his most suggestive allusions to Mary and to Elizabeth, as thus :—

'*Queene Mary* (for, she *was* that which shee *was*,
 Namely our *Queene*, and neere to our late *Queene*)
 Her faults in silence we will overpasse ;
 Let them be buried with her, sith I weene
 Sh' hath bin well *taxt* whose memorie is greene :
 Shee now is *Crown'd*, and *Crown'd* to others' cost ;
 With *Spaine* shee matches, being overseene ;
 Her *Kinge* forsakes her, *Calis* quite is lost,
 All goes awry ; which makes her yeeld the *Ghost*.
 (Microcosmos, p. 59, col. 2.)

In our *Queene's* no lesse *long* then *peacefull* reigne
 Blest (as appeer'd) by that blest *Prince of Peace*,
 Was scene much more then *wisedome feminine*,
 If wee respect how soone shee made to cease
 The *olde Religion* for the *oldes* increase :
 That suddaine *change* that did the *soule* acquite
 Of *olde devotion* (which *none* release
 Vpon the suddaine) still to stand in might,
 May make a *Newter* deeme sh' was in the right.
 (Microcosmos, p. 62, col. 2.)

He was evidently an Englishman first and a Roman Catholic second. Only so could he or would he have turned aside to pay homage to the Martyrologist—John Foxe (Scourge of Folly, No. 46). His Will opens precisely as a Protestant's might.

b. His 'Select Husband for Sir Thomas Overbury's Wife' deserves recognition for its brave and manly yet gentlemanly outspokenness. There is in it a flame of righteous indignation, and the affectionateness of a nature moved to its core over the tragedy enacted under his eyes. He was loyal in the fullest sense of the much-abused word, perhaps even to superstition, *e.g.* :—

'O ! 'tis a blisfull glitt'ring glorious state,
 Able to make Mortalitie diuine ;
 Which, with inspection, binds the hands of Fate,
 And, like the Sunne, among the Stars doth shine,
 Till Nature doth the Flesh inanimate ;
 And in the mouthes of Men men's fames enshrine :

Then, if in Earth be any diuine thing ;
 It's more then God, if it be not a King.'
 (I. e, p. 10, st. 43.)

All the more edged and effective are his rebukes of sin in highest places. It demanded fearlessness so to utter what was in him ; and I honour him to-day for it. (See p. 12, and especially pp. 13-14.)

c. Equally do I honour him for standing true to 'eclipsed names.' Thus intrinsically and extrinsically alike, I must pronounce it very noble in John Davies to have 'revived' the illustrious memory of Robert, Earl of Essex. I count the sonnet concerning him as in many ways priceless :—

'Of late I went vnto the Tower to see
 A friend of mine, and beeing there, I found
 The chappell open : where was shewd to mee
 Where Essex was interd, thats so renownd.
 Vpon whose graue were pues but newly pight,
 To keep all eyes from seeing where he lay,
 Least they to teares dissolue might with the sight ;
 So, hees a foot-scoole made for them that pray,
 And men preyd on him too while he had breath ;
 So men pray on him both in life and death ;
 But noble Essex, now thy lou's so free,
 That thou dost pray for them that pray on thee.'
 (Scourge of Folly, p. 57.)

d. The 'Scourge of Folly' and the 'Proverbs' have occasional *spots* of impurity. But, as elsewhere I prove (II. Critical), his *motif* was lofty and his ordinary work cleanly in an unclean age. You will read very many equal in quantity contemporary ere you will find another so substantively pure and good and true. Some of the 'Proverbs' are given unexpected and not infelicitous turns.

e. Our Index of Names suffices to demonstrate the friendly terms on which he lived with his contemporaries. I had prepared a good deal on the more famous ; but have decided to refer the student-reader thither, except that in our Critical division I necessarily enlarge on his relation to Shakespeare.

f. Our Portrait—facing vol. I. title-page—was doubtless after the 'picture' named

in the Will, and equally doubtless was by Locky, who has Epigram-compliments in the Scourge of Folly for it. (II. k, p. 37, col. 1.)

g. Let the *motif* of his Verse, even his Satires, be remembered. This he has expressed with delightful autobiographic touches, as thus :—

'Though my Muse in iest hath ryot runne,
Taxing these times for sinne, in earnest, done,
Yet may I say (my conscience telling mee)
I speake but truth, which should from blame be free ;
How ere myselfe I willingly may wrong
I nere (since Iudgement made my witt more strong)
Had pow'r to hurt the simplest liuing creature,
So much my spleene's beholden to my nature ;
So that with Marius I am carelesse quite,
What tongues shall twattle of me (wrong or right),
If right it shall approue myne honesty,
If wrong, my carriage carries it the lye.
I stand not at the mercy of men's lips,
That so they foyle, they care not with what slips :
Let all tongues walke through all mine actions, I
Will stand the while as vpriht as a dye ;
Where euen squares shall passe among the best
To win their loue in earnest and in iest.
I know there is not one (if made of dust)
Can say I ere deceaud him in his trust ;
Nor wrongd him wilfully, vnlesse I wrong
Those whom I truly tax with my pen's tongue :
Yet sith their names suppressèd are, I know
They owe them not vnlesse the faults they'l owe.
If so they will, they wrong themselues, and mee,
To take offence before it giuen bee.

I must confesse that nature in me plac'd
A pleasant disposition, though disgrac'd
With fell disasters that do make the spright
To shunne as hell, all places of delight :
For gamesome moodes now come from me as hard
As if they were with bolts of iron barrd.
Yet see how Nature (soueraign of each creature)
Breakes ope those barres to shew her subjects nature ;
And makes him maugre euery stop and stay,
To play with crimes as cat with mouse doth play.
Well, farewell Folly, Ile shake hands with thee ;
And farewell Mirth, that dost but martir mee ;
Into the world we came not to make merry,
(Though many of vaine mirth are neuer weary)
But for more holy and religious ends,
Which breed immortal mirth, that nere offends.
Hereafter, what my Muse shall thinke vpon,
Shall to that mirth (by Heau'n's helpe) tende alone.
Meanwhile these merry-sorry lashes may
Driue Time and Time's Abuse, with sport, away.'
(Scourge of Folly, p. 65.)

And so I bring to a close our little Memoir of JOHN DAVIES of Hereford, with WILLIAM BROWNE's 'praise' of him along with GEORGE WITHER :—

'Davies and Wither, by whose Muses power
A naturall day to me seemes but an houre,
And could I ever heare their learned layes,
Ages would turne to artificiall dayes.
These sweetly chanted to the *Queene of Waves*,
She prais'd, and what she prais'd, no tongue depraves.'
(Britannia's Pastorals, Booke 2, Song 2.)

II.—CRITICAL.

TURNING now from
'the short and simple annals of the poor'
in our little Memoir (I. Biographical, pp. ix-xx)
—alas! scanty enough, yet compared with
all preceding, matterful—to the Poetry,
which is for the first time collected and
edited in these volumes, I wish, *in limine*, to
state that it demands eclectic literary sym-
pathies and persistence in reading to the

end, and the courage of one's opinion, to
recognise the claims of JOHN DAVIES OF
HEREFORD to his own place among the
Makers of England. I should be the last to
deny that if you simply dip here and there
you will meet with an 'intolerable deal of
sack,' and that bodiless. Nevertheless, I
must maintain that if the reader-student go
forward he will not fail to find also 'half-

pennyworths of bread' such as Sir John, Prince Hal, or Peto, never tasted. Or, to put it unmetaphorically, there are admittedly superfluities of commonplace that render any lofty claim for Davies as a Poet impossible; but after every deduction and concession of weary fecundity and miscellaneousness, I venture to affirm that there are 'brave trans-lunarythings' in this recovered body of poetry that only a Singer of genuine quality could have devised. Then *extrinsically* there is a *raison d'être* for our revival in the manifold *memorabilia* in it of contemporary persons and occurrences, manners and customs. Nor, after the facts of his life, may we withhold from him that praise due to a high-hearted, bravely-outspoken, and patriotic Englishman, who in sorest straits of poverty and harsh circumstance bore himself manfully and in integrity when others were venal and compliant and unclean.

I proceed to make good our advisedly-worded claim—measured and limited, but definite—for our Worthy.

First of all, I would ask any Reader who is desirous to be satisfied—with least expenditure of time and pains—of the real poetical faculty of John Davies, to give a couple of sequestered hours to 'The Triumph of Death' in 'Humours Heau'n on Earth' (Vol. I. 6, pp. 41-49). If there be not in this poem the sign-manual of POWER of a very noticeable type, I confess I am incapable of discerning what is and what is not powerful. I trust that our quotations—and throughout I shall quote rather than argue—will send the Reader to the complete poem; for only so will its weird realism, touched of subtle imaginativeness, be fully grasped. The opening is as follows:—

'So, so, iust Heau'ns, so, and none otherwise,
Deale you with those that your forbearaunce wrong :
Dumb Sin (not to be nam'd) against vs cries
Yea, cries against vs with a tempting tong,
And it is heard ; for, Patience oft prouokt
Conuert to Furie's all-consuming flame ;

And, fowlest sinne (thog ne'r so cleanly cloakt)
Breaks out to publike plagues, and open shame !
Ne'r did the Heau'ns bright Eie such sins behold
As our long Peace and Plenty haue begot ;
Nor ere did Earths declining propes vphold
An heauier plague, then this outrageous Rot !
Witnesse our Citties, Townes, and Villages,
Which Desolation, day and night, inuades
With Coffins (Cannon-like) on Carriages,
With trenches ram'd with Carkases with Spades !
A shiu'ring cold (I sensibly do feele)
Glides through my veines, and shakes my hart and hand
When they doe proue their vertue, to reueale
This plague of plagues, that ouerlades this Land !
Horror stands gaping to deuour my Sense
When it but offers but to mention it ;
And Will abandon'd by Intelligence
Is drown'd in Doubt, without her Pilot Wit !
But thou, O thou great giuer of all grace,
Inspire my Wit, so to direct my Will
That notwithstanding eithers wretched case,
They may paint out thy Plagues, with grace with skil,
That so these Lines may reach to future times,
To strike a Terror through the heart of Flesh ;
And keep It vnder that by Nature climbs,
For, Plagues do Sin suppress when they are fresh,
And fresh they be when they are so exprest,
As though they were in being scene of Sense ;
Which diuine Poësie performeth best,
For all our speaking Pictures come from thence.
The obiect of mine outward Sense affords
But too much matter for my Muse to forme ;
Her want (though she had words at will) is words,
T'expresse this Plagues vnutterable Storme.
Fancie, thou needst not forge false Images
To furnish Wit t'expresse a truth so true ;
Pictures of Death stoppe vp all Passages,
That Sense must needs those obuious obiects view.
If Wit had power t'expresse what Sense doth see,
It would astonish Sense that heares the Same ;
For, neuer came there like Mortalitie,
Since Death from *Adam* to his Children came !'
(p. 41, cols. 1, 2.)

Kindred with this, and verifying the sub-heading of the poem, 'The Picture of the Plague according to the Life, as it was in Anno Domini 1603,' is this—one of various—Dantesque descriptions of the 'daily sights' of the stricken city:—

'Now, Death refreshéd with a little rest
(As if inspiréd with the Spirit of Life)
With furie flies (like Aire) throgh man and beast,
And makes eftsoons the murraine much more rife !
London now smokes with vapors that arise
From his foule Sweat, himselfe he so bestirres :

Cast out your Drad, the Carcasce-carrier cries,
Which he, by heaps in groundlesse graues interres !
Now scowres he Streets, on either side, as cleane
As smoking shows of raine the streets do scowre ;
Now, in his Murdring, he obserues no meane,
But tagge and ragge he strikes, and striketh sure.
He laies it on the skinnes of Yong and Old,
The mortall markes whereof therein appeare :
Here, swells a Botch, as hie as hide can hold,
And Spots (his surer Signes) do muster there !
The South wind blowing from his swelling cheeks,
Soultry hot Gales, did make Death rage the more,
That on all Flesh to wreake his Wrath he seekes,
Which flies, like chaffe in wind, his breath be-
fore !

He raiseth Mountaines of dead carkases,
As if on them he would to Heau'n ascend,
T' assuage his rage on diuine Essences,
When he of Men, on Earth, had made an end.
Nothing but Death alone, could *Death* suffice,
Who made each Mouse to carry in her Coate
His heauy vengeance to whole Families,
Whilst with blunt Botches he cuts others throate !
And, if such Vermine were thus all imploide
He would constraine domestike foules to bring
Destruction to their haunts ; So, men destroid
As swiftly as they could bestirre their wing !
So Death might well be said to flie the field, [=across]
And in the House foile with resistlesse force, [=fence]
When he abroad all kinde of Creatures kill'd
That he found liuing in his lifelesse Course !
Now like to Bees, in Summers heate, from Hiues,
Out flie the Citizens, some here, some there ;
Some all alone, and others with their wiues :
With wiues and children some flie, All for feare ;
Here stands a Watch with guard of Partezans
To stoppe their Passages, or too, or fro ;
As if they were nor Men, nor Christians,
But Fiends, or Monsters, murdring as they go !
Like as an Hart, death-wounded, held at Bay
Doth flie, if so he can, from Hunters chase,
That so he may recouer (if he may)
Or else to die in some more easie place.
So might ye see (deere Heart) some lustie Lad
Strooke with the Plague, to hie him to the field,
Where in some Brake, or Ditch (of either glad)
With plesure, in great paine, the ghost doth yield !
Each Village free, now stands vpon her guard,
None must haue harbour in them but their owne :
And as for life and death all watch, and ward
And flie for life (as Death) the man vnknowne !
For, now men are become so monstrous
And mighty in their powre, that with their breath
They leaue no ils, saue goods, from house to house,
And blow away each other from the Earth.
The sickest Sucklings breath was of that force
That it the strongest Giant ouerthrew ;
And made his healthie corpse a carrion Corse,
If it (perhaps) but came within his view !

Alarme, alarme, cries *Death*, downe, downe with All ;
I haue, and giue Commission All to kill :
Let not one stand to pisse against a wall,
Sith they are all so good, in works so ill.
Vnioynt the body of their Common-weale,
Hew it in peeces, bring it all to nought ;
With Rigors boistrous hand all Bands canceale,
Wherin the heau'ns stand bound to Earth in aught.
Wound me the scalpe of humane Policie,
Sith it would stand without the help of heau'n
On rotten proppes of all impietie ;
Away with it, let it be life-bereau'n.
With plagues, strike through Extortions loathed loines,
And riuert in them glowing pestilence ;
Giue, giue Iniustice many mortall foynes,
And with a plague, send, send the same from hence.
Wind me a Botch (huge Botch) about the Necke
Of damn'd disguis'd, man-pleasing Sanctitie :
And Simony with selfe same Choller decke.
Plague these two Plagues with all extremitie,
For these are Pearles that quite put out the eies
Of Piety in Christian Common wealths ;
These, these are they, from whom all plagues do rise,
Then plagues on plagues, by right must reauue their
healths.' (pp. 42, 43.)

Glancing onward you come on companion-
pictures, as thus :—

'There might ye see death (as with toile oppress
Panting for breath, all in a mortall sweat)
Vpon each bulke or bench, himselfe to rest,
(At point to faint) his Haruest was so great.
The Bells had talkt so much, as now they had
Tir'd all their tongs, and could not speake a word ;
And Griefe so toild her selfe with being sad,
That now at Deaths faint threats, shee would but bourd.
Yea, Death was so familiar (ah) become
With now resolued *London* Families,
That wheresoere he came, he was welcome,
And entertain'd with ioyes and iolities.
Goods were neglected, as things good for nought ;
If good for aught, good but to breed more ill :
The Sicke despis'd them : if the Sound them sought
They sought their death, which cleaued to them stil !
So Sicke, and Sound, at last neglected them,
As if the Sound and Sicke were neere their last ;
And all, almost, so far'd through the Realme
As if their Soules the Iudgement day were past.
This World was quite forgot ; the World to come
Was still inminde ; which for it was forgot,
Brought on our World this little day of Dome,
That choakt the Graue with this contagious Rot !
No place was free for Free-man ; ne for those
That were in Prisons, wanting Libertie ;
Yet Prisoners frēst were from the Plagues and Woes
That visite Free-men, but too lib'rally.
For, al their food came from the helthy house,

Which then wold giue Gods plags from thence to keep ;
 The rest, shut vp, could not like bountie vse,
 So, woefull Pris'ners had least cause to weepe.
 The King himselfe (O wretched Times the while !)
 From place to place, to saue himselfe did flie,
 Which from himselfe himselfe did seeke t' exile,
 Who (as amaz'd) knew not where safe to lie.
 Its hard with Subiects when the Soueraigne
 Hath no place free from plagues, his hea 1 to hide ;
 And hardly can we say the King doth raigne,
 That no where, for iust feare, can well abide.
 For, no where comes He but Death followes him
 Hard at the Heeles, and reacheth at his head ;
 So sincks al Sports that wold like triumphs swim,
 For, what life haue we, when we all are dead ;
 Dead in our Spirits, to see our Neighbours die,
 To see our King so shift his life to saue ;
 And with his Councell all Conclusions trie
 To keepe themselues from th' insatiate Graue :
 For, hardly could one man another meete,
 That in his bosome brought not odious Death ;
 It was confusion but a friend to greet,
 For, like a Fiend, he baned with his breath.
 The wildest wastes, and places most remote
 From Mans repaire, are now the most secure ;
 Happy is he that there doth find a Cote,
 To shrowd his Head from this Plagues smoaking
 showre :

A Beggars home (though dwelling in a Ditch
 If farre from *London* it were scituate)
 He might rent out if pleas'd him to the Rich,
 That now as Hell their *London* homes doe hate.'

(p. 45, cols. 1, 2.)

With the same—as I think—indubitable
 and original power, and a quaintness that I for
 one like, is this other word-photograph, edged
 with light of fancy :—

'The heau'nly Coape was now ore-canopide,
 Neere each ones Zenith (as his sense suppos'd)
 With ominous impressions, strangely died ;
 And like a Canopie at toppe it closed,
 As if it had presag'd the Iudge was nie,
 To sit in Iudgement his last doome to giue,
 And caus'd his cloth of State t' adorne the Skie,
 That All his neere approach might so perceiue.
 Now fall the people vnto publicke Fast,
 And all assemble in the Church to pray ;
 Earely, and late, their soules, there take repast,
 As if preparing for the later day !
 Where, (fasting) meeting with the sound and sicke,
 The sicke the sound do plague, while they do pray ;
 To haste before the Iudge the dead and quicke,
 And pull each other so, in post, away.
 Now Angells laugh to see how contrite hearts
 Incounter *Death*, and scorne his Tiranny ;
 Their Iudge doth ioy to see them play their parts,
 That erst so liu'd as if they ne'r should die.

Vp go their harts and hands, and downe their knees,
 While Death went vp and down, to bring them
 down ;

That vp they might at once (not by degrees)
 Vnto the High'st, that doth the humble crowne !
 O how the thresholds of each double dore
 Of Heau'n and Hell, were worne with throngs of ghosts :
 Ne'r since the Deluge, did they so before,
 Nor euer since so pollisht the side-posts.
 The Angells, good and bad, are now all toil'd
 With intertaining of these ceaseless throngs ;
 With howling some (in heat and horror broild)
 And othersome in blisse, with ioyfull Songs.
 Th' infernall Legions, in Battallions,
 Seeke to inlarge their kingdome, lest it should
 Be cloid with Collonies of wicked ones ;
 For now it held, more then it well could hold !
 The Angells, on the Christall walls of Heau'n,
 Holpe thousands ore, the Gates so gluttred were ;
 To whom authoritie by Grace was giu'n
 (The prease was such) to helpe them ouer there.
 The Cherubin eie-blinding Maiestie
 Vpon his throne (that euer blest had bin)
 Is compast with vnwonted Company,
 And smiles to see how Angells helpe them in.
 The heau'nly streets do glitter (like the Sunne)
 With throngs of Sonnes but newly glorifide.
 Who still to praise their Glorifier runne
 Along those streets full fraught on either side.
 Now was the earthly Mammon, which had held
 Their Harts to Earth held most contagious ;
 A Beggar scordd to touch it (so defilde)
 So, none but castawaies were couetous.
 Now Auarice was turnéd Cherubin,
 Who nought desir'd but the extreamest Good ;
 For, now she saw she could no longer sinne,
 So, to the Time she sought to suite her moode.
 The loathsome Leacher loath'd his wonted sport :
 For, now he thought all flesh was most corrupt :
 The brainsicke brawler waxt all-amort ;
 For, such blood-suckers Bane did interrupt.
 The Pastors now, steep all their words in Brine,
 With woe, woe, woe, and nought is heard but woe ;
 Woe and alas, they say, the powres diuine
 Are bent, Mankind, for sinne to ouerthrow.
 Repent, repent (like *Ionas*) now they crie,
 Ye men of *England*, O repent, repent ;
 To see if so yee maie inoue Pitties Eye,
 To looke vpon you, ere you quite be spent.
 And oft whilst he breathes out these bitter Words,
 He, drawing breath, drawes in more bitter Bane :
 For now the Aire no Aire but death affords ;
 And lights of Art (for helpe) were in the wane.
 Nor people praying, nor the Pastor preaching,
 Death sparéd ought, but murd' red one and other,
 He was a walme, he could not stay impeaching,
 Who smoakt with heat ; and chokt all with the smother.
 The babe new born he nipt strait in the head,
 With aire that through his yet vnclóséd Mould

Did pierce his braines, and throgh them poison spread,
 So left his life, that scarce had life in hold.
 The Mother after hies, the Father posts
 After the Mother ; Thus, at Base they runne
 Vnto the Gole of that great Lord of Hoasts,
 That for those keeps it, that runnes for his Sonne.
 The Rest Death trippes, and takes them prisoners ;
 Such lose the Gole without gainesaying-strife ;
 But, all and some, are as Deaths Messengers,
 To fetch both one and other out of life.
 The Sire doth fetch the Sonne, the Sonne the Sire,
 Death, being impartiall, makes his Subjects so :
 The Priuate's not respected, but intire
 (Death pointing out the way) away they go.
 The ceremonie at their Burialls
Is Ashes but to Ashes, Dust, to Dust ;
 Nay not so much ; for strait the Pit-man falles
 (If he can stand) to hide them as he must.
 A Mount thus made, vpon his Spade he leanes
 (Tiréd with toile) yet (tiréd) prest to toile
 Till Death a heape, in his inn'd Haruest, gleanes,
 That so he may, by heapes, eft feed the Soile.'

(pp. 45. 46.)

The same characteristics belong to this—in my judgment—most arrestive grouping and delineation ; wherein you have not only seeingness but imaginative emotion :—

' . . . Who hath any life, with Death to fight ?
 At all, cries *Death*, then downe by heaps they fall :
 He drawes in By, and Maine, amaine he drawes
 Huge heapes together, and still cries, At all :
 His hand is in, and none his hand withdrawes.
 For, looke how leaues in Autumne from the tree
 With wind do fall, whose heaps fil holes in ground ;
 So might ye (with the Plagues breath) people see,
 Fall by great heapes, and fill vp holes profound.
 No holy Truffe was left to hide the head
 Of holiest men ; but most vnball'wed grounds
 (Ditches and Hie-waies) must receiue the dead :
 The dead (oh woe the while) so oreabounds !
 Here might ye see as 't were a Mountaine
 Founded on Bodies, grounded very deepe,
 Which like a Trophee of Deaths Triumphs, set
 The world on wonder, that did wondering weepe :
 For, to the middle Region of the Aire,
 Our earthly Region was infected so,
 That Foules therein had cause of iust dispaire,
 As those which ouer *Zodome* dying go !
 Some common Carriers, (for their owne behoofe
 And for their good, whose Soules for gaines doe grone)
 Fetching from *London* packs of Plags, and stuffe,
 Are forc'd to inne it in some Barne alone.
 Where, lest it should the Country sacrifice,
 Barne, Corne, and Stuffe a Sacrifice is sent
 (In Aire-refining Flames) to th' angrie Skies,
 While th' owners do their Faults and Losse lament.

The Carriers, to some Pest-house, or their owne,
 Carried, clapt vp, and watcht for comming out ;
 Must there with Time or Death conuerse alone,
 Till Time or Death doth free the world of doubt :
 Who thogh they Carriers were, yet being too weak
 Such heauy double Plagues as these to beare :
 Out of their houses som by force do break,
 And drowne themselues, themselues from plags to
 cleare.'

(pp. 47. 48.)

For my own part I have to own that it is difficult to know where to leave off quoting from this *unique* poem. It might well have made the reputation of any poet. Historically, too, this verse-*'Picture'* seems to me of priceless worth. What a poor thing is Stowe's gossip-notice (*'Annals,'* ed. 1605, pp. 1415, 1425) beside it ! It was this *'Plague'* that hindered the King (James 1.) from riding from the Tower through the city, as had been customary before coronations. Between December 23, 1602, and December 22, 1603, there died of the plague 30,578 persons (Stowe, *s.v.*). SHAKESPEARE was probably engaged on *Measure for Measure* and perhaps *Othello* during his enforced retirement and leisure at this time.

I have used the epithet Dantesque of *'The Triumphs of Death.'* I did so because it seems to me *the* word that adequately conveys the impression left on one by the homely, sharply-cut, compressed and vivid picturesqueness of description in the poem. Nor is it so improbable as on first blush it looks, that Davies was acquainted with Dante's prodigious poem. For elsewhere in *'Humours Heau'n on Earth'* there is—unless I much mistake—Dantean inspiration. Thus in his *'figuration'* of the *'house'* in *'Gehennae's hold'* of Thanatus, there are swift touches and epithets that betoken study of the *'Inferno.'* Let these out of many confirm this, and in their odd *fantastique* of power evince further our Poet's gift and quality :—

' A ruinous Rowme, whose bottom's most profound ;
 A Pit infernall full of endlesse dole ;

A lothsome Lake where choaking damps abound ;
A dungeon deepe, a dreadfull darkesome hole,
Wher noight but howlings, shriks, and grons do sound,
And human flesh still makes a quenchlesse Cole :
The common Burse, where none but Bugs repaire,
An Harbor full of horror and despaire.

' Whose light is dark, which darke is palpable ;
Whose pleasur's paine, which pain no pen can tell :
Whose life is death, which death is damnable :
Whose peace is strife, which strife is discords well :
Whose ease is toile, which toile vnthinkable :
Where most obedience, learnes most to rebell :
Where all confusion raignes in endesse date,
In a tumultuous State-disord'ring State.

' Where toads, and vipers, snakes, and vermine vile
(Whose hissing make an hellish harmony)
With slimie gleere, the place do cleane defile,
Swimming in Suddes of all sordiditie,
While one on others backe themselves they pile
To touch the top of toplesse misery :
Where heate, and coldnes, are in their extreames,
And frozen harts do floate in sulphred streames.

' The wals are hung with Cobwebs, which containe
Soule-catching hellhounds, clad in Spiders shape ;
The Roofe, of burning Brasse, which droppes like raine ;
From which no one below could ere escape :
The pauement's ful of groundlesse gulfes of paine,
Which thogh they stil deuoure, they stil do gape ;
Whose glowing Mawes cannot concoct the meate
Which there lies boiling in an hell of heate.

' Here, weeping warbleth notes that anguish show ;
And gnashing Teeth tunes ligges vntuning ioy ;
Here, Seas of boiling Lead their Bounds oreflow,
To make a boundlesse deluge of annoy :
The Sands whereof the Soules orewhelm'd with woe
Which thogh destroi'd, yet death cannot destroy :
For, endlesse lords of death still live do giue
To those that in that death there still do liue.

' From whose wide open Throats great flames they cast ;
Which thunder forth with sense-confounding noise ;
The din whereof makes Horrors heart agast,
Which in that den no other blisse enioyes :
Such Gall of Gall affords no better tast,
Which stil doth feed, with that which stil annoyes :
Such boistrous Bugs can yeeld no other glee, [=bug-
But mirth is mone whereas such Monsters be. bears]

' Whose foul blasphemous mouths are fraught with spite,
That boils with heate of baneful poison there ;
Which spite they spit against the Cause of Light.
Such is the enuy which to It they beare :
And from their glowing eies flie sparkles bright,
As they no eies but *Vulcans* Forges were :
The sight whereof the sight doth so annoy,
As thogh that sight that sense wold quite destroy.

' Imagine now you see (as there is seene)
Millions of Legions of this foule mouth'd crue,

With fangs more huge than Elephants, more keene
Then Crocadies chiefe grinders, to pursue
Soules diuing in those deepes to be vnseene ;
Which, ouergorg'd, them vp againe do spue :
When these dogs watch to take them in the rise,
With teeth to teare, and feare them with their cries.

' Here may you see a Goblin, grisly grim,
(With hooke and line) stand fishing for a Soule ;
Which, in those boiling Seas, do sinking swim ;
Baiting their hooks with Salamanders foule :
Which, being hang'd he hales it to the brim,
And, all the while, as hunger-band, doth howle :
Which fingred, forthwith, in the diuells name,
In go the fangs, that inch-meale teare the same.

' Then others watch (as Spiders for a Flie)
In obscure Nookes, to catch a flying Ghost ;
That to those nookes to hide it selfe, doth flie ;
Which caught, they binde it, lest it should be lost,
And, to their webs of woe, with ioy they hie ;
Where the poore Soule is still in torment tost :
In whom they all their deadly poison poure
Which more then kills them, sith they it endure.

' Now, sullen Silence raignes as all were dead,
Then, sodainely a world of Clamor rings ;
Whereby the much more horror still is bred ;
For, sodaine feare with it most horror brings.
No heart so heauie as the hart of Lead ;
Yet sodaine feare doth start it when it Stings.
The Lightnings flash doth feare more than the flame,
That stil is seene, and stil is seene the same.

' Heere, in a Chimney, all of burning Bricke
Sits Grimnesse, and a red-hote Spit doth turne ;
Whereon a humane Creature melting, stickes ;
Whose grease doth make the fire the more to burn ;
Which Turne-spit, oft, his filthy fingers lickes,
And, with this liquor, doth his lippes adorne ;
Basting the roast with what more torment giues,
Whiles the poore Creature dies, because he liues.

' But, that which is most horrid to be heard,
But much more hatefull to be felt, or seene ;
These Cookes oft gash their flesh, to interlard
The same with sulphure, with woe waxen leane ;
Lest the soft marrow the hard bone should guard,
From feeling woes incomparable keene :
So bone, and marrow, sinew, nerue, and vaine
Do there endure paines, farre exceeding paine !'

(p. 20, st. 157-169.)

' It's but a moment since we hither came,
Yet feele what paine Eternity inflicts ;
And though eternally we feele the same,
Yet vs with what we ne'r felt it afflicts
Proteus-like still paines new fashons frame ;
And one another euer interdicts :
Is this the Soule we thought with flesh should die,
Which feeles these mortall plagues immortally ?

d

' Here, some with hands fast frozen to their mouth,
Do seeke to thaw them with their warmest breath ;
But lo, the frost that breath so fast pursuth,
That it doth freeze in coming from beneath :
So, hand and mouth thereby the faster growth ;
Yet liue they still, though frozen quite to death :
For, like to Alabaster Tombs they stand,
Frozen to death, yet liue at Death's command.

' Here, boistrous Bugbeares do at foot-ball play
With a still-tost and tumbled groning Ghost,
So catch them heat ; which done, they dance the Hay
About it (breathlesse) being ouer-tost ;
So, with transmuted formes, it to dismay
With feare that may afflict the seeing most :
While that poore Soule lies panting like an Hare,
Among foule hounds that seeke the same to share.

' Now *Matacheyns* they daunce with visage grim,
And at ech change they change their horrid shapes :
And at ech turne, they torture life and limb
Of this tormented Soule, that, gasping gapes,
As if the Ghost were yeelding at the brim
Of deepe Not-beings Pit ; which yet it scapes :
At point of death to liue immortally,
Is still to liue, and liuing, still to die !

' Now comes a chaséd Ghost that flies, for life,
Before a foule-mouth'd crie of hellish-hounds ;
And being caught, twixt them is deadly strife,
Which of them all shall giue it deadliest wounds :
Each of whose teeth is like a Hangmans knife,
Which torments, if not utterly confounds :
O ! thinke then what an hell of feare that hart
Must hold, that such infernall Hounds do start.

' Here winds, that whistle while they freezing are,
(As if they merry were for freezing so)
Bring, with their working, pitchy clouds of Care,
Wherewith they are involu'd that thither go ;
Those biting frosts too, there make all things bare,
Which make the same a naked world of woe :
Where nought but nipping frosts are felt and seene,
Ne'r-vading griefes do flourish euer greene.

' Here stands a Fowler, fowle, with Nets of Wire,
To take a flight of Soules that staruing flee ;
Late fled from where they neuer can retire ;
So, when in that fast-holding Net they bee,
He dragges them to the frost, or to the fire,
Where either are in the extream'st degree :
This is the welcome which they first receaue,
That of their life mis-spent haue tane their leane.'

(p. 22, st. 174-180.)

' Here in a corner sits an vgly Forme
That on the matter of a liuing Corse
Finds matter of much mirth ; which is t'informe
Himselfe of all the sinews, and their force ;
Who with a knife the flesh doth all deforme,
To pull out nerues and sinews in their course :

Which like strings, broken, hanging at a Lute ;
So hang these nerues the Body all about.

' Here may you see some others driuing nailes
Vnder the nailes of endlesse sorrowes slaues ;
Some others, threshing them (like flax) with failles ;
Then moow them vp, in groundlesse gulfs by thraues :
Some playing on their hart-strings with their nailes ;
Some others, broaching them on ragged staues ;
And all and some more busie farre then Bees,
To gather hony from the gall of these.

' If Paine her vtmost pow'r awhile forbear,
(As seld she doth ; for, there she's still in force)
It is suppli'd with feare, surmounting feare,
For loe, in Azur'd flames, with voices hoarse,
Farre off approaching grisly Formes appeare
Which feare far off ; and neare at hand, much worse :
For, Fantasie with paine is more orecome,
When it is coming, then when it is come.

' And all about in darknesse, thicke as darke ;
Are seene to shine (like Glowworms) vgly eies ;
Which (like a Partridge sprong) ech soule do mark ;
So that to scape no Soules pow'r can deuise :
For should they mount, (as doth the nimble Lark)
A gastly Griphon doth them strait surprise :
Or should they sincke into Pits bottomlesse,
There shuld they meet the like with like distresse.'

(p. 23, st. 184-187.)

Crude mediæval Theology no doubt there is in these *outré* conceptions (or misconceptions) of such grotesque horrors of doom as BREUGHEL among painters saddens us with ; but apart from these, which the Poet's (probable) Papal training accounts for, I cannot for a moment refuse recognition of a certain indefinable POWER and strange plasticity and fitness of wording. Connect these quotations with st. 191, and the Dante inspiration will be placed beyond doubt :—

' These present paines the Wit do (piuing) waste ;
But those to come the Will do matire most :
The Memory is plagu'd with pleasures past,
And Vnderstanding with the pleasures lost :
Which on the Soule the Soule of Sorrowes cast ;
For endles Ioyes to lose, crosse-wounds our Ghost :
To hane bin well, doth but encrease our curse
But, to lose endlesse, being well, is worse.

(p. 24, st. 191.)

There you have an echo of the pathetic wail of Francesca in the 5th Canto (ll. 121-3) of the Inferno :—

. . . . ' Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.'

So elsewhere.¹ With these PROOFS before him, the Reader, I hope, will concede to me that *prima facie* I have vindicated a right to be heard in making this latter-day claim for Davies as—spite of appearances—a living Poet and no mere antique or curiosity to be turned to only for archaic ends.² Let no one gainsay this without at the least deliberately studying the whole of 'Humours Heau'n on Earth.' If, after so doing, any one care not to go further, I really have nothing more to say to him—persuasively. My verdict on such an one must be that of ALEXANDER WILSON on those who are unmoved by ALLAN RAMSAY'S 'Gentle Shepherd' and other Doric lays :—

'Whae'er can thae (o' mae I needna speak)
Read tenty ow'r, at his ain ingle-cheek;
An' no fin' something glowan thro' his blood,
That gars his een glowr thro' a siller flood;
May close the beuk, poor coof! and lift his spoon;
His heart's as hard's the tacketts in his shoon.'³

But although—for the reason given—I have thus far limited myself to one of Davies's productions, I by no means wish it to be regarded as solitary or very much exceptional. There is nothing from him that does not in some way reveal the Maker as opposed to the mere Rhymer. Perhaps these vital

¹ Cf. Shakespeare's (Richard III., iv. 4) speech of Q. Margaret :—

'Having no more but thought of what thou wert
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.'

also Milton (Paradise Lost, l. 55) :—

'For now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him.'

² 'For archaic ends.' I should stand prepared to defend reprints of everything that has come down to us in English print to 1640. Having survived so long, nothing up to 1640 or thereabouts should (*meo iudicio*) be allowed to perish or to abide in the hazards of single or very few copies. The most apparently worthless thing yields something towards the *desiderata* of our time, viz., a worthy Dictionary of our noble language and a first-hand and adequate history of our national literature. For Davies I assert much more. Is it needful to protest beforehand against the absurdity of (mis)representing me as making out Davies to be a Dante *supra*? It would almost seem so.

³ Grosart's Poems and Literary Prose of Alexander Wilson, Vol. ii. p. 20, 'The Laurel Disputed' (2 vols. 1876: Gardner, Paisley, 8vo.)

portions would make no great show in a book of (so-called) Beauties or Specimens; for they are not 'purple patches.' But THROUGHOUT as you read you are inevitably struck by them—ever and anon—that is if you have anything of intellect against which thinking, feeling, imagination, fancy, may strike and spark.

Reverting to 'Humours Heau'n on Earth,' I must observe that the portraiture and descriptions are not all of the Dante-Breughel sort. Contrariwise—as in his 'Scourge of Folly' and 'Wittes Pilgrimage'—there is play of humour and sparkle of wit and ripple of pleasant laughter. This you expect from his finely-touched verse-dedication to his 'hopeful Pupil' Algernon, Lord Percy. To him he says :—

—'Sith that Childhood more in Tales delights
Then saddest Truths; Ile tell thee merry Tales,
Of Lords and Ladies with their merry Knights,
Their merry Blisses, and their sory Bales:
The outside of these Tales are painted o're
With colours rich, to please thine eage sence;
But lin'd with naked Truth (yet richly poore)
More fit for thy more rich *Intelligence*.'—(p. 4.)

This 'more rich Intelligence' was to come later :—

—'Yet when Time shall throwly close thy Mould,
Wherein all rare Conceits still cast shall bee,
Then shalt thou (with cleere eies) darke lines behold,
That leade thee to all knowledge fit for thee.'—(*ibid.*)

Accordingly 'Humours Heau'n on Earth' takes the form of two tales. The first thus commences :—

'Vpon a time (thus olde wiues Tales begin,
Then listen Lordings to an old wifes Tale)
There were three men, that were, and were not kin
(Reede me this Riddle) at the Wine or Ale,
Did striue who most should grace the deerest Sin,
For which the daintiest Soules are set to sale:
For Soules that are most delicate for Sense,
Gainst stings of honied sinnes haue least defence.'
(p. 6, st. 1.)

Thereupon the 'three men' are introduced; and I can imagine DAN CHAUCER himself enjoying the portrait of the first, Poliphagus :—

' His Buttons, and the Holes that held them fast,
His brest made stil to striue which best could hold
But yet that breast made one another brast,
And so it selfe did swell as burst it would ;
Who was some two elles compasse in the waste,
And had not seene his knees since two daies old :
No Points he vs'd ; whose bumme and Belly burst,
Held up his Sloppes, as strait as they were trust.

' A paire of button'd Buskins casd his Legges,
Which were all Calfe from Hams unto the Heele ;
And after him (like clogges) the same he dregges :
His Shoes were lin'd, that he no cold might feelee ;
The Soales whereof thick Corke asunder gegs,
Made broad (without Indents) lest he might reele :
And ouer all, he ware a slabberd Gowne,
Which cloakt his Buttockes, hugely ouergrowne.'

(p. 6, st. 5, 6.)

Beside this I place Epithymus :—

' *Epithymus* (the wanton) on his Crowne,
A Crowne of Roses ware lasciuiously ;
A falling Band Cut-worke (richly sowne)
Did his broad Shoulders quite ore-canopy :
A waste-coate wrought with floures (as they had growne)
In colour'd silke, lay open to the cie :
And, as his Bosome was vnbuttoned quite,
So were his Points, vntrusst for ends too light.

' His Doublet was Carnation, cut with greene
Rich Taffataes quite through with ample Cuttes ;
That so his West-coate might ech where be seene,
When lusty Dames should cie this lusty Guttess :
And many Fauours hung the Guttess betweene,
And many more, more light, in them he shuttess !
So that a vacant place was hardly found
About this Fancy, so well-fauour'd round.

' His Hose was French, and did his doublet sute,
For Stuffle and Colour, to which sow'd there were
Silke-stockings, which sate strait his thighs about,
To make his leg and thigh more quaint appeere :
Their colour was, as was the upper Sute,
Saue that the quirkes with gold and gawdie geere
Were so embosst, that as the Gallant goes,
The glosse did light his feete to saue his toes.

' His Shoes were like to Sandalls, for they were
So caru'd aboue with many a curious Cut,
That through the same the stockings did appeere,
And in the Lachets were such Ribbands put,
As shadow'd all the foote from Sunne well neere,
Though, in Rose-forme, the ribband up was shut :
And to make vp aright this Woman-Man,
He at his face still fencéd with a fan.'—(p. 6, st. 8-11.)

Equally distinct and 'from the life' is
Hyselophonus :—

' But *Hyselophonus* unlike to him,
Was richly clad, but much more graue it was ;

For, he could not endure such colours trim,
Yet vs'd trimme colours to bring drifts to passe :
A Backe too bright, doth argue Braines too dim :
For, no such Asse as is the Golden Asse :
But he that State to catch, doth know the knacke,
Hides all his haughtie thoughts in humble blacke.

' His Hat was Beauer of a middle sise,
The Band, silke-Sipers foure fold wreath'd about :
A shallow Cambricke Ruffe, with Sets precise,
Clos'd with a button'd string, that still hung out ;
Wherewith he plai'd, while he did Plottes deuise :
To gull the Multitude, and rule the Rout :
His Sute was Satten, pinckt, and lacéd thicke,
As fit, as faire, without each peeuish tricke.

' His Cloke cloth-rash with veluet throughly lin'd,
(As plaine as Plainenesse) without welt, or garde,
To seeme, thereby, to be as plaine in Mind ;
For he to seeme good, still had good regarde :
His rapier hilts wer blackt, which brightly shin'd,
A veluet Scabbard did that weapon warde :
The Hangers and the Girdle richly wrought,
With Silke of poorest colour, deerely bought.

' His stockings (suitable vnto the same)
Were of blacke silke, and crosse-wise garteréd :
The knot whereof a Roses forme did frame,
Which neare the ham the sable leaues did spred :
His Shoes were veluet, which his foote became.
Thus was he clad, from foote vnto the Head,
Who still was still, as one of iudgement staied,
Before he heard, and poiz'd, what others saide.

(p. 7, st. 12-15.)

There are further Spenser-inspired Imper-
sonations that if they do not hold their own
against even the 'Poet of Poets,' *certes* do
compared with Phineas Fletcher's in his
'Purple Island' and others. Let these
speak for themselves :—

Chronus and Thanatus.

' Which Man, and Masters habites we might paint
Though we but Chalke, and Coles, and Ashes had :
For, *Chronus* clad is like a mortall Saint
In skinnes of Beasts, to shew how life doth fade ;
(Which of their age did seem to make complaint)
Girt with an Halter, or with Girth as bad :
Vpon whose Head, in stead of Hat, there stoode
An Houre-glasse, as an Embleme of his moode.

' His Haire was white as was the driuen Snow,
And from his Head it seem'd to hang, by drifts
Turn'd vp againe ; eu'n as the same doth show
When it doth hang, so driuen vpon Clifts :
His Beard, beneath his girdle-stead did grow,
Which, platted, in his bosome oft he shifts :
Whose right hand did a Sithe, still mowing weld,
And in his left, an Horologe he held.

'His Man hight *Thanatus*, bare to the bones,
Was more then naked from the toppe to toe :
All hairelesse, toothlesse, eielesse : stocks, or stones,
Are all as quicke, though he much more can doe :
And all he said, *I was as you are, once ;*
Which was in sullen silence spoken to :
Vpon a Spade he leanes, as if he did
By his day-labour liue, call'd *Wincke, all hid.*'
(*Humours Heau'n on Earth*, p. 16, st. 109-111.)

Nosus.

'This *Nosus* was a true Anatomie
(Though *Thanatus* be truely call'd the same)
Of mortall griefe, or curelesse maladie,
Whose Head was hamp'ed (which him ill became)
With homely clowts (tide as vnhanzomly)
And with a Staffe he went as he were lame :
A Gowne (with Potions stain'd) he, girded, ware,
Who panted as he went, and went with care.

'Foure paire of Stockings did his Legs comprize,
And yet his Shancks (God wot) but little were,
Although the vpper Stockings were of Frize,
Thicke Frize, or Rugge, or else of warmer geare :
Whose Slippers were with Cotton lin'd likewise ;
And yet of taking cold he still did feare :
Who lookt as he had not an houre to liue,
And eu'ry steppe he trode, his Soule did griue.

'His Face was of the Colour of that clowt
That did his head inuolue, saue that his Face
Did look more white : his Eies both seeméd out,
For, they were sunck, and shrunk out of their place :
His Nose was sharper then an Adders snout ;
His Tong, and Teeth were furr'd, in lothsome case ;
His Lips were chapp'd, his Beard was driueld ore,
And euer breath'd as he should breathe no more.

'And therewithall he was so waiward still
That none might please him, but he fault wold find
With the best words and deeds of meere good-will ;
His bodies paines so peruerse made his mind :
His wozen whez'd when his breath it did fill,
As, through the straitest passage doth the wind :
And when he spake, his tong was furr'd so thicke,
That oft his words within the same did sticke.'

(*Ibid.* p. 17, st. 117-120.)

Equally noticeable are these Impersonations in 'Microcosmos,' e.g. :—

Envy.

'But some there are that envy others' good,
Without respect of their owne benefit,
Only because they think their *fate's* withstoode
When others on the least good fortune hit,
Or doe the least good, getting praise for it :
This is the *envie*, than which none is worse,
Ev'n that of *Sathan*, for *Men* most vnfit,
This is the *envie* that incurses his curse,
That from *Heav'n* for the like did *Angels* force.

'For *envie's* eies pry most of al on praise,
The noblest goods, goods of the noblest *Minde*
They most envie ; and still themselues they raise
To highest *vertue*, where they (fixt) it finde ;
Heereat the teeth of *envie* most doe grinde :
For looke how much the *Minde* the *Corpes* excels,
And the *Minde's riches* are of rarer kinde ;
So much the more the hart of *envie* swels,
At those that haue these goods, then any els.

'Shee is *Pride's* second-selfe, or other name,
Monsters distinct, yet vndiuidual ;
In *heav'n* and *earth* hath wel appeer'd the same,
For both made heau'nly *Lucifer* to fall ;
So doe they *Lucifers* terrestrial :
Pride's more apparant, for it needs must swel ;
But *envy* euer lines *Pride's Pectorall* :
Pride's as the high'st, *envie* the lowest hell ;
Worse *Hags* then either, can in neither dwell.

'*Pride*, before all desires to be preferr'd ;
If *amie* therefore be preferr'd before,
Shee instantly is with fel *envie* stirr'd ;
And the more rife, her *envie* is the more.
Though *Meeknes* mount, *pride's* hart doth ake therfore :
For shee thinkes, only shee doth al excel,
Then others' excellence her *heart* must gore :
As others' *heav'n on earth*, is *Envie's Hell* ;
So others' rising makes *Pride* still to swell.

'For, where there is no *sunne*, no shadow is ;
And, where's no *weale*, or *glory*, *envy's* not :
Shee feedes on her owne hart, and others' blisse,
Shee skornes to looke so low as to their lot
That are of *Fortune*, or the world forgot :
Therefore shee lurkes about the *Courtes of Kings*,
(Whose *Crownes* are ever subiect to her shot)
There like a *Snake*, that hisses not, shee stings,
And oft ere shee is seene *Confusion* brings.

'For, not without iust cause doe *Poets* faine
That shee (as one of the infernall broode)
Doth *poison* sucke, to vomit it againe,
And makes of *Snakes* her flesh-consuming foode ;
Which makes her like a blind-worme, without bloud :
Who often creepeth like this abiect *Worme*,
Not wotting which way, each way but the good :
And in *Preferment's* way shee doth enorme
All feete shee meets with, which none can reforme.

'*Envie* therefore the hart doth macerate,
Because the *Tongue* dares not the griefe disclose,
That makes that griefe still on the hart to grate,
Which the *leane* looke alone in silence shoes ;
Yet eies shrink in (as loth to tell the woes)
And looke ascue, as if in looking straight
They might directly so discover those,
All which makes woe to haue the greater waight
The soule and bodie so to over-fraight.

'One said, beholding one with *envie* pin'd,
I know not by thy lookes (which all doe loth)

If they fare well or *thou* ill ; for thy *Minde*
Is vext alike, alike thou look'st for both :
Which *subtill speech* included *simple troth* :
For, *envi's* griev'd no lesse for others' good
Then for her proper *ill* and is as wroth
For others' *praise*, as if hers were with-stood,
And for both, sucks alike her *Subiectes'* bloud.

'Shee envies all to *all*, except *envie*,
And that shee envies to, if it exceede ;
Like *Argus*, shee nere sleepes but when her *eis*
Is charm'd by *Mercurie's* sweete-sounding *Reeds* ;
For envie flattered is well agreed :
When all respect is had of *her* and *hers*,
And all neglected els, her *All* to feede,
No more, till shee neglected be, shee stirres ;
Then as before her selfe shee straight bestirres.

'The *sunne* at highest shee resembles right
(Though base shee be and darke as nether *Hell*)
For as the *sunne* obscureth *things* most bright,
And makes the light of *things* obscure, excell :
So *envie* seeks *men famous* most to quell,
And praiseth most, *men* least deserving praise,
Such as their dearest *fame* to *shame* doe sell ;
All such (if any at all) shee most doth raise,
And all *men* els, doth most of all dispraise.'
(*Microcosmos*, pp. 75, 76.)

Jealousy.

'But *iealousie* conceau'd through cause vniust,
Be it in *Weddlocke*, *Freindshippe*, or where not,
Makes *Loue* a *Languishment* ; for false *mistrust*
Is not by *God*, but by his *Foe* begott,
Which *Loue* with *Lust* doth evermore besott ;
Hence come the *Quarrells* twixt the mari'd *Paires*,
When they through *iealousie* are overshott,
This makes *Affraies* too oft of great *Affaires*,
And ruynes that which loyal *Loue* repaires.

'The fell disturber of *Loue's* sweete repose,
Copsmate of *Care*, tormenter of the *Minde*,
The *Canker* of faire *Venus'* sweetest *Rose*,
The *Racke* that over-racks the over-kinde,
The over-watchful Eye of *Loue* still blinde :
The *Hart* of *Caution* wherein ay are bredd
The vital *Sp'rites* of *Arte* to *State* assign'd ;
Soule of *Regard*, alive when it seemes deade,
All this is *iealousie* that holds the *Heade*.

'The *Caucasus* whereto *Loue's* *Hart* is bound,
The *Vulture* which the *thoughts* thereof deuoures,
The *Primum mobile* which turneth round
The *Braine*, which to the rest vnrest procures,
A *Sore* which nought, that's good for ought, recures,
That's *Mummy* made of the meere *Hart* of *Loue*,
A temp'rall *Hell*, whose torment still endures,
The Pennance of *Mistrust*, which *Louers* proue ;
All this is *iealousie* which I reprove.'

(*Ibid.* p. 77.)

In relation to these and other Impersonations I may adduce a good instance of the religious (Christian) meaning which writers of that age and later (as Milton) attributed to the Grecian mythology. It occurs in 'Holy Roode' (I. d, p. 12, col. 2, l. 11):—

'Who brought this strong Alcides downe so lo?
T'was I his Deianire that seru'd him so.'

Take these in another vein :—

Beauty.

'What Heart's so cold that is not set on fire,
With a trans-lucent beaming sunne-bright face?
But, of that face to haue the hearts desire,
The Heart cannot desire a greater grace
Who couets not bright Beauties golden wire,
His Sprite is abiect, and his thoughts are base :
Sith those wires winde about the turning thought,
And tie it to rich pleasures, dearly bought.

'To see a Body more than Lilly-white,
With azur'd veines imbrodred here and there,
To see this blissfull Body naked quite,
And to behold Loues Hold some other where ;
What Thing, with ioy, can more entrãce the sight,
Sith to the sight Loues Heauen doth appeare?
Then adde to this, a Looke that saith approach,
It wil the Vessell of all sweetnesse broch.

'O to embrace her that embraceth all
That Beauty can embrace, is to infold
In mortall Armes, Armes supernaturall :
O pow'r both Gods and Men (insnar'd) to hold,
And make them, as they please, to rise, or fall,
Seruing Loues Soueraigne as Vassals should ;
For, Gods, and men do most obsequiously,
By nature, serue diuine Formositie.'
(*Humours Heauen*, p. 8, sts. 27, 29, and 30.)

Lechery.

'Giue me a Wench that hath the skill and wit,
To let me (loue-sicke) bloud in Lustes right vaine ;
And can with pleasure, ease me in the fit,
Yet ease me so that Loue may still complaine
Of heate, that is for Lusts life onely fit,
Which to the life of Loue yeelds pleasant paine ;
That can so humour me, and what feele,
That she may hurt me still, my hurt to heale.

'Such a Crafts-mistris, in the Arte of Loue,
Doth crowne the Touch with an imperiall kisse :
For, she makes Touching tast ioy farre aboue
The reach of Arte to tell men what it is
For feelinglie, she can both staie, and moue
About the Center of Loues boundlesse blisse.

Then boundlesse is the Touches excellence
That, by a Lasse, can so beheu'n the sense.'

(*Ibid.* p. 9, st. 33-34.)

Combined with that POWER and vividness of realism which I have affirmed for Davies as exemplified in our quotations, there is an odd QUAINTESS OF PUTTING THINGS that to me is noteworthy. For the quaintness is no trick of words, but in the thought, or fancy, or allusive-touch. Whoever gives himself to the study of this Poetry will be 'held' by this if o' times he also rebel as one does in inevitable laughter over—punning. Thus I turn to 'Wittes Pilgrimage' (II. *h*) and almost *ad aperturam libri* I chance on oddities and daintinesses alternating, as thus :—

Love Souran.

'Loue, like a Center, in a Circle standes
As neere to *Beggars* as Hee doth to Kings :
And like a *Kinge* them both, alike, Commands,
As Hee commands, likewise all other Things !
What *Hart* is of such steely temperament
(Or much more hard :) (for, *Steele* the *Magnet* loues)
But gently bowes, when it by Loue is bent ?
Only thy Heart (hard *Haart* !) Hee nothing moues !
Nature nere made what hath no grace in it ;
Then, thee she made not, that art so vnkinde :
So, thou art *nothing*, sith all *Beings* fitt
The *Endes*, to which, as *Meanes*, they were assign'd :
Women, are *Meanes* that *Men* *Bee*, bee not then
As *Nothing* but with *Something*, bring some *Men*.'

(p. 9, No. 25.)

Love-delays.

'Let not (deere *Sweete*) the wheeling of the *Spheares*
(That spight thy *Christaline* translucencie)
Winde vp thy lifes-Threed on the *Spowle* of yeares
Ere thou dost as thy Mother did for Thee :
Least that thy *Glasse* thy *Beautie* doo accuse
Before the soueraign'st *Sence*, for being desflour'd
By *Time* ; which Thee, as thou did'st, Him, abuse :
Which by thy *Beautie* will be ill endur'd.
Why mak'st an *Idoll* of *Diuinitie*
(Thy *Beautie* !) and with It the *Pagan* play,
By offering vp thy selfe, to It, and dy
In *Flames*, but of *Selfe-loue*, condempn'd eache wale ?
Then, better thou hadst nere bin borne, sith birth
Thy diuine *Beautie* so condempn's to *Earth*.'

(p. 9, No. 27.)

Myth of the Moon.

'It is as true, as strange (els *Triall* faines)
That whosoever in the *Moone-shine* sleepest,

Are hardly wak't, the *Moone* so rules the *Braines* ;
For Shee is *Soueraigne* of the *Braines*, and *Deepest* :
So thou (faire *Cynthia*) with thy borrowed *Beames*,
(Borrow'd of *Glorias* Sunne, great Lord of *Light* !)
Makst me still sleepe, in loue, Whose golden *Dreames*
Giue *Loue* right Currant, sith well-Coyn'd, Delight.
I cannot wake, while thou, on me, dost shine,
Thy shyning so, makes me so sweetly *Dreame* :
For, still me thinks I kisse those lippes of thine :
And, - - - nothing els, for, I will not blasphemae :
But thought is free, and *Dreames*, are *Dreames*, and so
I dreame, and dreame, and dreame, but let That go.'

(p. 10, No. 31.)

Going and Taking.

'*Ha* ! there Shee goes, that goes away with me ;
And here stand I, that haue her in my *Hart* :
Shee flees from me, and yet I with her flee :
For no *Diuision* can vs wholly part.
Faire fall thee buxome *Aire* that yet dost hold
The sent of her late presence, for thy grace :
Thou dost sweete *Aire*, but what the *Heauens* wold,
If they so happy were it to embrace.
Who breaths this *Aire*, their breath most sweet must be,
Through it, before the *Aire* made most vnsweet :
On It Ile liue, till Shee returne to me,
To take the *aire* which from hir first did fleet :
And then in *Words* she shall receaue the Same
That shall be sweetned with hir praise, and Name.'

(p. 14, No. 59.)

Woing- Words.

'While *Words* I weigh, in *Scales* of my *Conceite*,
To know their weight that merit most respect,
And, while I vse some *Arte* (without *Deceite*)
To place them where they may haue most *effect*,
I finde the weightiest *Words* are farre too light
To weigh the *Will* resolu'd not to be waid ;
And, though their *place* make infinite their might,
Yet stirre they not a *Mind* peruersly staid :
Then, whie seeke I to moouue you by my *Words* ?
I know not I, because I know so much :
Yet this lost labour my *Loue* you affords,
Which, if It draw not, shall your hardnesse touche :
For, were you *Steele*, the *Magnet* of my *Loue*
Would draw you too't ; but harder you I proue.'

(p. 15, No. 64.)

Blushes.

'Thy *Beauties* blush, like fairest *Morne* in *Maie*,
(Faire-Honied *Sweet*) doth so intrance mine *Eies*
That while thou dost those *Roses* rich display
They see *Heau'n's* hue through thy skins *Christal* skies,
And did my fault nor thine enforce the same
I stil could wish to see that *Heau'nly* Blush :
Yea, I would see that glory to my shame,
So that my faces shame would cause that flush.
Then blame me not if (when thy *Cheeks* I see
Died in a *Tincture* that is so diuine)

My Cheeks: it selfsame Colour Dyed be
To make thine spread their Dy, by dying mine:
Then, blush thou not, for blushing in this wise
Sith that Hue from, and for thy grace doth rise.
(p. 16, No. 73.)

Putting-off.

'It may be as you say but yet say I
It should be otherwise then still you do:
You saie you Lone, I will not saie you lie,
Because you Lone, and Lone to linger to:
For, if you lou d me could I lone so long,
For meer Delaies disguised in Lones Araie?
Could I for so much right reape so much Wrong,
If you lou'd not alone to show delay?
Delaie, in Lone, is dangerous you know:
Then It you lone sith mine that daunger is:
Who seeing lone wears me in Deed, and Show,
You lone Delaie, to wast me quite, by This:
But, if you lone to wast me so, by That,
Hate me, another while, to make me Fat.
(p. 17, No. 85.)

Musing.

'Time, faster then my *Thought* away doth hast;
Who thought not to have lost It, but for *gaine*:
But, as that *thought* was present, *Time* was past;
So, left mee but to thinke that *Thought* was vaine.
While I am musing how my *Time* to spend,
Time spends It selfe, and me: but how, I muse!
So, still I muse, while *Time* draws on mine ende:
Thus, *Time* doth me, and I do it abuse.
I thinke, and while I thinke, I idly, acte:
(Yet, *Thought's* no idle action of the *Minde*)
So, idle *actions Time*, and *me* have wrackt
Yet, in these *Ruines*, I my making finde:
For, I am made, by musing, what I am,
That's one that lynes the *Ornaments of Fame*.
(p. 21, No. 3.)

Marriage.

'The *Match* is double made, where *Man*, and *Wife*,
Of diuerse *Bodies*, make one perfect *Minde*:
Striving to bee as farre from *Hate* as *Strife*:
In kindnesse constant of a diuerse kinde.
Hee, gladd of hir, Shee of his selfe, more gladd;
Sith as hir better halfe, shee Him doth hold!
Each giues, to each, yet haue more then they hadd!
For, loue, and wealth so growes more manifold!
Doubling one life, sith they of Two, make One,
Where *Loves* Desires rest pleased, in vnrest:
For true loy rests, vntir'd, in *motion*,
And by their *motions* that is still exprest:
He rules sith Shee obaies, or rather Shee
Obaying, rules: Thus, *Soules* may married bee!
(p. 22, No. 7.)

Confidences.

'Then, if we show (what vnshown haue we would)
To any other, we bewray thereby

We ween theil keep that closer then we could:
So, shew our Secrets for more secesie.
But do the Geese, that into *Cicily*
Ouer the mountain Taurus fly by night,
Gag them with Stones, for Gaggling as they fly,
Lest Eagles breeding there should stop their flight?
And shall men haue lesse Wit then witlesse Geese
To make that known that Wit wold close conceal,
And put no Gag into their glib Mouth-peece,
But (like Tame Guls) by gagling it reueale?
Then, if my Tongue were of this twatling kinde,
It should more tast my meat, then feel my mind.
(p. 25, No. 28.)

Alone.

'To Liue alone, alone is not to liue;
To die alone, alone is not to die:
For, Death is Life to such a luelesse one
That liues alone, and lothes all Company.
Who liues alone, alone doth lyeing Die,
Who dies alone, alone doth dying liue:
For, *Life* gaue life for sweet Societie,
And Death, for Life, and Life, for Death did giue.
Earth's not alone, for *Earthlings* creepe vpon it;
And *Water's* not alone, for *Fish* liue in it:
Ayre's not alone, for *Sprights* liue in, not on it:
And, *Cricketts* Liue with *Fire*, as all haue seene it:
Since these are all, from whence all Creatures spring,
Who liues alone, liues not like any Thing!
(p. 26, No. 34.)

I know not if every one will agree with
me in my next exemplification of fine quaint-
ness (from 'Holy Roode;') but to me there
is at once piety and pathos, and a dart of
grandeur in the vision of the empurpled
globe and each separate sinner in it.
Judge:—

'And deeply die each object of my Sense,
In tincture of thy sonnes all sauing Blood:
By which Aspect my Mindes reminiscence
May ruminare the vertue of that good
That is our *Summum Bonum* and the rate
Of Sinne, Gods wrath, and iust, though beauly, hate.
O holy God! then looke, O looke on me
Through the through-wounded Sides of thy deere
Sonne;
O let my Scarlet Sinnes, pure purple be
In his deere Blood, my Sinnes Purgation:
For eu'n as through *redde Glasse*, *Things red do*
seeme,
So, through that Blood, my *Workes* thou good wilt
deeme!
(Holy Roode, pp. 28, 29.)

I like this exceedingly:—

'Although we doe not all the Good we loue,
But still, in loue, desire to doe the same ;
Nor leaue the sinnes we hate, but hating moue
Our Soule and Bodies Powres, their Powres to tame ;
The Good we doe, God takes as done aright ;
That we desire to doe, He takes as done :
The sinne we shunne, He will with Grace requite ;
And not impute the sinne we seeke to shunne.
But, good Desires produce no worser Deeds ;
For, God doth both together (lightly) giue :
Because he knowes a righteous Man must needs
By Faith, that workes by Loue, for euer liue :
Then, to doe nought, but onely in Desire,
Is Loue that burnes, but burnes like painted Fire.'¹
(Holy Roode, p. 29, sonnet 2.)

The 'Muse's Sacrifice' is full of this quaintness, perfumed with praise and prayer. I cannot conceive any one really giving a quiet hour or two to its pious musings without enjoyment. I ask this to be read and re-read :—

'A Broken Heart (*deare LORD*) thy Grace respects,
as Loues best Sacrifice ; then, breake my Heart
To make it sound thereby, in his Affects ;
and Sinne (*that wounds It still*) from It to part.

'How is it (*Lord*) that whoso seekes thy Face
must with the whole-heart seeke the same to see ?
Yet Broken-hearts as soone doe get thy Grace ;
so, whole or broken, are all One to Thee.

'Then, breake my heart, to make it whole ; that so
(*being broken quite, and made whole afterward*)
It, in thy Kingdome, still may currant goe,
made flat to take thy Print, with Pressures hard :
That, though the Fiend abuse thy Forme in mee,
It, through thy Test, may currant passe to Thee.'
(Muse's Sacrifice, Preambles, pp. 7-8.)

Admirers of GEORGE HERBERT will like 'Of Lifes breuitie, the Fleshe's frailtie, the World's Vanitie, and the Diuel's Tyranny' (pp. 20-22). It may be placed beside the later 'Sweet Singer's' 'Providence'—as more fully onward. On the same lines with 'Humour's Heau'n on Earth' (I. e) and 'Wittes Pilgrimage' (II. h) are 'Mirum in Modum,' and 'Summa Totalis,' whereof Edward Sharpell's praise holds more than of the 'Humours.'

¹ Cf. *d*, p. 29, col. 2, son. 2, repeated *supra*, with alteration of one word, l. 4, 'force' for 'Powres.'

'When I thy Reasons weigh, and meat thy Rimes,
I find they haue such happy weight and measure,
As make thy Lines extend to After-times,
To leade them to a Masse of Wisedome's Treasure.
With weighty Matter so thou load'st thy Lines,
As to dimme sights they oft seeme dark as Hell ;
But those cleere eies that see their deepe designes,
Do ioy to see much Matter coucht so well.'

(I. e, p. 5.)

Surely these are finely quaint, and something more :—

'Man cannot make a Moath, much lesse a Man.
For as no hand but his, that *Man* did make
Could make an *Angell* ; so no other can
Make the least haire, or make it white, or blacke.
If not a haire, nor colour if it lacke,
Can Man create, how make himselfe can he ?
No, no, he cannot that Taske vndertake,
For through his ignorance he needes must see,
His blessed *Being* that made him to *Be*.'

(Mirum in Modum, p. 25, col. 2, last stanza.)

'A greater signe of death cannot appeere,
(If sage Hipocrates we credit may)
Then when we see the Sicke to gripe the geare,
That lies vpon them, or with it to play :
They are past helpe (God helpe them) then we say.
So they which still are fingring worldly things,
And greedily gripes all that's in their way,
Whether they Subiects bee, or frolicke Kings,
Are at *Deathes* grizly gates, and *Swan*-like sings.'

(*ib.* p. 30, col. 1, st. 3.)

Corresponding with the last in quality is the pair of sonnets with which 'Summa Totalis' (I. b) closes :—

'Good *Preachers*, that liue ill [like Spittlemen]
Are perfect in the way they neuer went :
Or like the *Flame* that led *Gods* Children,
It selfe not knowing what the matter ment :
They be, like *Trumpets* making others fight,
Themselues not striking stroke ; sith liuelesse Things :
Like *Land-marks*, worne to nought, beeing in the *Right* :
Like well-directing ill-affected *Kings* :
Like *Bells* that others call where they come not :
Like *Soape*, remaining *blacke*, and making *white* :
Like *Bowes*, that to the Marke the Shafts haue shot,
While they themselues stand bent, vnapt for flight :
For, where their *Wordes* and *Works* are not agreed,
There what they mend in *Word*, they marre in *Deed*.

'What wit hath *Man* to leaue that *Wealth* behind
Which he might carry hence when hence he goes ?
What *Almes* he giues aliue, he, dead, doth find ;
But what he leaues behind him, he doth lose.
To giue away then, is to beare away ;¹

¹ Cf. I. *d*, pp. 30, 31, Sonnet 5, last line.

They most do hold, who haue the openest Hands :
 To hold too hard makes much the lesse to stay
 Thogh stay there may more then the Hand commands.
The Beggars Belly is the batfullst Ground
That we can sow in : For, it multiplies —
 Our *Faith*, and *Hope*, and makes our *Loue* abound ;
 And, what else *Grace*, and *Nature* deere prize :
 So thus, may Kings be richer in their Graue
 Then in their *Thrones* ; thogh all the world they haue !'
 (Summa Totalis, p. 26.)

Here is another, surely finely-touched :—

' The motion which the nine-fold sacred quire
 Of angels make ; the blisse of all the blest,
 Which (next the Highest) most fills the high'st desire
 And moues but soules that moue in Pleasures rest.
 The heauenly charme that lullabies our woes,
 And recollects the mind that cares distract ;
 The liuely death of ioyfull Thoughts o'rethrowes :
 And brings rare ioyes but thought on, into act,
 Which (like the soule of all the world) doth moue.
 The vniuersall nature of this All ;
 The life of life and soule of ioy and loue ;
 High Raptures heauen ; the That I cannot call
 (Like God) by reall name : And what is this ?
 But musick (next the Highest) the highest blisse.'
 (Scourge of Folly, p. 56.)

Quaint all through is this in 'Microcosmos' (I. c.) :—

' For as a *burre* the longer it abides
 Vpon a *garment* being cott'nd hy,
 The more the *Wooll* windes in his hookéd sides :
 So *sinne* the longer it in *Flesh* doth ly,
 The faster to the same it's fixt thereby.
 If *Nature* then *sinne* soone doth entertaine,
 Vse violence to *Nature* by and by,
 That it perforce may from the same refraine ;
 For what *skill* cannot, *force* may yet constraîne.
 And as the *Bur*re to *Wooll* so being fixt,
 With *skill*, or *force* cannot be parted thence,
 But that some part will with the *Wooll* be mixt :
 So, *sinne* where it hath had long residence,
 Will leaue *remains* there, maugre *violence* :
 But *Irons* from the *loadstone* cleane will fall
 With but a touch : and so wil *sinne's* offence
 From those in whom it's not habitual
 With but a touch of *Faith*, though nere so small.'
 (Microcosmos, p. 37. col. 2.)

So too here :—

' There was a *Time* when, ah that so there *was*,
 While not there *is* ? There *is* and *was* a *Time*,
 When *Men* might cal *Gold*, *Gold* ; & *Brasse*, but *Brasse*,
 And saie *it*, without *check*, in *Prose* or *Rime*.
 Yet should I cal thee *Gold*, some (*Brasse* perchance)
 Would saie I err'd because I nere *toucht* thee,

And so did cal *thee* through meere ignorance,
 Or (which is worse) through abiect *Flatteree*.
 I am too ignorant (I doe confesse)
 To iudge thy *woorth*, which worthiest *Men* commend,
 Yet may I say (I hope) and not transgresse,
 Th' art *Vertue*, *Valour*, *Truth*, and *Honor's* friend ;
 All *which* presume thou art not *gilt* by *guile*
 Because thy noble *name* denies the *vile*.'
 (Microcosmos, p. 100, Sonnet to Nevill.)

There is also daintiness and delicacy, and even subtlety, in some of the quaintnesses that I have marked in my reading of Davies. I can only give a few :—

Love-transport.

' Yet by the accidentall rising fall
 Of one Haires glitt'ring Sunne-beames, on thine Eyes
 Mine Eye lookt ouer Heau'ns Christall wall
 To see from whence that bright Beame should arise :
 And, as shee lookt beyond the milky Waie
 That leads to Ioues high Court, she might descrie
 Ten-thousand Sunne-beames, rang'd in faire array,
 With Loue, and Wonder to surprize the Eye :
 To which being drawne by those pure Threddes of Gold,
 Shee, (as the Flie is by the Spider wrapt)
 Stirring to go, the more They hir infold
 So, where she restes, with *Loue* and *Wonder* rapt :
 Where being blinded with those radiant *Raies*,
 I could not see the Rest, the rest to praise.'
 (Wittes Pilgrimage, p. 6.)

Forbidden Hopes.

' *Forbidden Hopes*, ô why were yee forbid,
 Since yee direct your aime at Blisse of Bliss ;
 Which is most euident, yet most is hid,
 Apparant on hir lips, hid in hir kisses ?
 Can labour of the lips deserue such meede ?
 Or bodies trauell earne such recompence ?
 That with but scarce a view, each sence doth feede
 And with a touch reuiues the buried sence ?
 Is Sence made capable of such high grace ?
 And yet forbid to hope the same to haue ?
 Is Heauen most conspicuous in her Face ?
 Yet must not Sense there hope it selfe to saue ?
 Ah what is this, but sense to Sense to giue
 To make it feele in death, what tis to liue ?

' *Forbidden hopes* ? (the comforts of my Care,
 Yet Care that kills all comforts cheering me)
 I am no more my selfe the whiles you *are* :
 And, yet much more then so, the whiles you *be*.
 If ye stay with me, from my selfe I runne :
 If you part from me, past my selfe I fly ;
 Stay, or part from me, death I cannot shun :
 With, or without your helpe, I needs must dy.
 I needs must dy, for life inspiring you :
 And dy, if dy you do by whom I liue :

I do decay when I do yee renew ;
 I grieve with you, but more without you grieve :
 O then what choise remains to wretched me
 But to be nought, or not at all to Be.

' *Forbidden-Hopes*, the *Heavens* of my *Hell*,
 O cease your Heau'nly-Hellish Regiment :
 My *Hart* (the Hellish Heau'n wherein you dwell)
 You rule at once with ioy, and Dryryment !
 Sith Contradictions ye do then maintaine
 And that they Reas'n resist that suche defend :
 Then o part not my single Hart in twayne,
 To make it double, for this double end.
 The ioyes you yeeld, are forg'd but by *Conceits* ;
 The griefes you giue haue euer reall byn :
 Your pleasures are accomplisht by *Deceits* ;
 Which, with their ending, endlesse Woes begin :
 Sith endlesse Woes your ending, pleasures giue,
 Dy, dy (damn'd *Hopes*) and let me die to liue.

' *Forbidden-Hopes*, why flutter you in *Aire*,
 Aboue the Compasse of your *Sphaere* assign'd ?
 More Fitt (how ere vnfitt) were deepe dispaire,
 Then *Hopes forbidden* to the mounting *Minde*.
Forbidden-Hopes why gaze ye on the *Sunne*,
 (Like Bastard *Eglettis*) that quite blind your *Eyes* ?
 For *Iustice Sonne* such hopes hath oft orerune,
 And molt those *Hopes forbidden* in their rise.
Forbidden-Hopes, while do yee impe your *Winges*
 With Feathers cull'd from the Birdes of *Loue* ?
 Sith *Dones* are harmelesse without Gall, or Stings :
 But both at once you make your Subiect-proue :
 Then, o from whence haue such strange *Hopes* their
 being,
 That see by blindness, and are blinde by seeing !'
 (Wittes Pilgrimage, pp. 7, 8.)

This Sonnet might have been written by
 Sir Philip Sidney. It has a Sidneian ring.

Love-Dreams.

' So shootes a Starre as doth my Mistries glide
 At Mid-night through my Chamber ; which she makes
 Bright as the Sky, when Moone, and Starres are spide ;
 Wherewith my sleeping Eyes (amazéd) wake.
 Which ope no sooner then hir selfe shee shutts
 Out of my sight, awaie so fast shee flies ;
 Which me in mind of my slack seruice putts ;
 For which all night I wake, to plague mine Eyes ;
 Shoote Starre once more, and if I bee thy Marke
 Thou shalt hit mee, for thee Ile meet withall :
 Let myne Eyes once more see thee in the darke,
 Els they, with ceasslesse waking, out will fall :
 And if againe such time, and place I lose
 (To close with thee) lett mine Eyes neuer close.'
 (ib. p. 16.)

Fancy.

Busie *Inuention*, while art thou so dull
 And yet still doing ?

Are no Conceits enconst within thy Scull
 To helpe my woing ?
 Canst not, with *Iudgments* aide, once sally out
 with Words of power
 My Ladies dreaded Forces to disrout
 and make way to her ?
 Or, can'st thou vse no Stratagem of Witt
 That may entrappe her ?
 To yeeld vnto Conditions faire, as fitt
 els loue enwrappe her ?
 Fy, Fy, thou lin'st my hedd-peece to no end
 sith by thy *Lynings*
 I cannot, in Loues warres, my Witt defend
 from foule declyning.
 Doth *Loue* confound thee, that thy Founder is,
 (Bewicht *Inuention* ?)
 Can she which can but make thee pregnant, misse
 of hir intention ?
 The powers of *Witt* cannot defend thee then
 From Shames confusion ;
 But must thou die, with shame, and liue agen
 By *Hopes* infusion.
Hope, hold my Hart, and Head ; for, they are sick
Inuention dyeth :
 Loue-sick they are and neede an *Emperick*
 which *Loue* denieth.
Inuention, now doth draw his latest breath
 for comfort crying,
 Hee dies, and yet, in dying, striues with Death
 To liue still dying !
 Ring out his knell, for now he quite is dead
 Ding, dong, bell, well ronge !
 Sing out a Dirge for now hee's buried
Farewell Hee, well songe !
 This *Epitaph* fix on his senslesse Head,
Here lies Inuention
That stood his louing Master in no steade
In Loues contention.
 Yet, for his Soule (lest it should quite bee dam'd)
 Some Dole bestow yee ;
 Giue my poore Witts (which he hath fowly sham'd)
 what he doth owe me.
 So *Mortus, et sepultus* now, he is,
 Heau'n graunt his rising,
 Bee not to vtter darknesse, but to Blisse
 of highe Deusing.'

Forbidden Hopes.

' Die, die *Forbidden Hopes*, o die ;
 For, while you liue, in Death liue I,
 Sith from *Forbidden Hope*
 Death first had life ; and scope,
 (Ambitious hope, forbidden :)
 Then, if thou liu'st, needes die I must ;
 For, Death doth liue in hope vnust :
 Or at the least *Dispaire*,
 Whereof *Death* is the *Haire* ;
 Then die, or still liue hidden.'

(ib. p. 20.)

Once more, let the vigour and condensation of language be noted in this:—

Difficilia quae pulchra.

'THE Coæternall, consubstantiall WORD,
Self-WISDOMS wisdom, Image of the HIGHST,
Sole KING of Kings, of Lordes the onely LORD
And, heaunly HEAD of CHRISTIANS, IESVS
CHRIST,

In compleate Time, tooke FLESH, by MIRACLE,
Of a pure VIRGIN; through HIS Work that was
The Prompter of each sacred ORACLE,
That did fore-Show how THIS should come to passe:
With his vnuallued Wonder-working BLOVD,
To manumise vile Man, a Slaue to Sin,
Was borne in Beth'lem without Liuelihood;
And, without all that State doth glory in.
His THRONE, a Manger, and, a Crach, his Cradle:
His ROBES, coarse Ragges, poore Reliques of meane
Lynnen.

His WAITERS Beasts, his COVRT, a stinking Stable:
That yet no Begger euer borne had been in:
Where, yet, fourth-with, by Angels glorifying,
Shepherds agnition, worship of the WISE,
The guiding STARRE, Old Symeons Prophesying,
And Doctors wondering, ALL, HIM GREAT Agnize,
Who, in his youth, grew quickly old in grace
With GOD, and Man; for GOD, and Man was HEE;
Baptis'd by him which made and gaue Him place,
That HEE to all might Pieties Patterne bee:
Conquering his FLESH with fasting, unconstrain'd,
The World with meeknesse, and the Fiend, with Prai'r:
And when the WEEKS of DANIELL end attained
Hee taught and sought RIGHTS Ruines to repaire:
Sometimes, with Words, that wonder-mazéd men,
Sometimes, with Deedes, that Angels did admire:
With mercy, still, with Iustice, seldome when
He made (as HEE was) God and man entire.
He taught EARTH, Truth; and HELL, to know her
error:

He showed the MEEDE ordaind for Good and Bad:
Then to confirme All [to Alls ioy, and terror]
Hee calmd the Elements; reformd the madd:
Heald all Diseases: brought, to life the Dead:
Hee quickt' obedience: secret thoughts, to light;
To Sinnes restraint, or to be banishéd,
And lastly to the Deuil, feare and flight!
These [notwithstanding] and much more then these,
(For, all the World the Bookes would not comprise
That of his Acts should hold the working-Seas,
Which to a boundlesse Magnitude do rise!)
Hee was, (alas when he had vnder-gon
All Paines and Passions (Sin all onely saud)
Proper to Man [yet had his God-head showne]
By his owne People scornéd and depraud!
Yea, by his owne (his owne chiefe Officer
Iudas betraying Him) He was accusd,
Arraign'd, condemnd, bound, scurged, hald here, and
there,

With Thorns, Crownd, crucified, and worse abusd,
So He, [All being fulfild: the Sun obscurd,
The Earth, all, quaking, Graues self-opening,
And, NATVRES Frame dissoluing] Death, endured:
Life, thereby to his Enemies, to bring!
Then being interd, loost Hell and rose againe
In triumph, hauing conquered Death, and Sin:
And forty Daies, (with HIS) on Earth did raigne
A Man-GOD glorified, without, and in!
And, of his age, the three and thirtieth yeare,
He, in the sight of his Saints, did assend
To Heaun with glory, triumph, ioy and cheere,
And sits on his right Hand that Him did send!
From whence [being now our Spokes-man] He shall
come,
(When all this All shall melt in funerall fire)
On Quick, and Dead to giue his finall Doom:
When, as their Works shalbe, shalbe their Hire.
Then, Good, and Bad diuided, endlesly,
The Worlde refind and all things put in frame.
To this greate Iudge, the totall EMPERY
Shalbee giu'n vp, of this Great-double FRAME!
To whome Celestiall, and Terrestriall knees,
And knees infernall, shall for euer bow:
And, eu'ry Tongue confesse, and Eye that sees,
That HEE is All, in All, in High, and Low,
Vnto His glory that Was, Is, and shall
(In all Æternity) be ALL, in All!

(Wittes Pilgrimage, p. 51.)

Further, here is a daintily-wrought bit of nature-painting:—

'The princely *Ports* no sooner ope are set
But diuelish *Enuie* glides through all vnseene:
But hates as hell, the *Neat-heards* Cabinet
Whilst (Princely *Peasant*, with his *Sommers* queen)
Hee frolicks it, as free from *dread* as *debt*;
And liuing so, a *king* himselfe doth weene:
But, if he erre, it is an error sweete,
To meet *kings* thoughts, and not their *cares* to meete.

'In Maple *Mazer*, or *Beach*-bowle he quaffes,
And lifts it not to mouth with shaking hands:
His *Loue* and *Hee*, eats, drinks, and sleeps, and laffs,
And shee obeyes, and hee in loue commands:
'Twixt them are neither *Jealousies* nor *Chafes*,
For breaking *Wedlock*, or *Subiections* Bands:
But they enioy *Loue*, *peace*, and *merriment*,
And therewithall, the *kingdom* of *Content*.

'They fear not *Fortunes* frowns, nor way her fawns:
Their great'st ambition is to liue to loue:
Much *Coy* they need not, much less *pretious pawns*.
That by a *Cow* can liue, and pleasures proue
Yea, feede with her, on *Sallets* in the *Launds*,
In *Weeds* yclad, as homely spunne as woue;
Milke being their best *meat*, and sower whay theyr *wine*,
And when they hunger, then they sup and dine.

'They can no skill of *States* deepe *policies*,
 Nor will they wade in deepes so dangerous :
 This makes them liue so free from Tragedies
 That are to *Heau'n* and *Earth* so odious :
 They *Actors* are in Past'rall *Comedies*,
 That tend to *Loue* and *Mirth* harmonious,
 O heavenly-earthly life, life for a *king* :
 That liues with *nothing*, as with eu'ry-*thing*.'
 (Select Husband, p. 18.)

Finally, where except in Donne will you meet with combined (coarse) realism and flame of moral indignation, comparable with this 'punishment' of Nefarius ?—

'Ho, Sirrah, boy (which some young Witt do call)
 Looke mee a rodde that may fetch bloud with all ;
 I haue an execution to performe,
 So giue it mee ; and now pull out the forme.
 Nefarius bee content, and take your paine
 With patience if you can ; if not refraine
 From crying like a schoole-boy ; for I must
 Whippe you for lying now you lie vntrust :
 I haue tane you with the manner (too too vilde)
 Vntrusse : to spare the rodd's to spill the childe.
 What ? Wilt thou lye as nere man did before
 With one too vile to bee a common whore ?
 Fy ! out vpon't : a gilden gentleman
 Lye with a rogue-reiected curtezan !
 Keepe downe your heeles ; nay, take away your hands ;
 And answer mee (in breefe) to these demands.
 Haue not you twice two hundred pounds a yeere ?
 Yes. A handsome man ? Yes. Sound flesh not deere ?
 No. Nor hard to get ? O no. Then filthy beast !
 How can thy bumme (here bare) but blush (at least)
 For lying with an ougly common sinck ?
 Come hold him downe, Ile whippe him till he stinck.
 To call thee asse, baboone, goate, boare or calfe,
 Is farre too good ; for thou art worse by halfe.
 Then I will call thee cattell : that is all
 That is most nastye, fowle and bestiall.
 Nay yet lie still, I haue but yet begun
 To teach you how you shall such carrion shunne.
 Thou art a reall diuell, whose chiefe blisse
 Is in the place that most-most filthy is.
 It grieues me I haue nought more nought then he
 To which I may most iustly liken thee.
 Go to, I say, lie still : or Ile haue bands :
 What ! lie you at your guard ? pull vp his hands :
 Downe with his heeles : so, so : now golden asse,—
 The simily's too deare,—thou snake of brasse !
 Tushe, brasse is pure gold in comparison
 Of thy base-metled minds corruption.
 O ! that I could (that all the world might see)
 Fetch bloud at euery blow I fetch for thee.
 O forlorne filthy foole, what shall betide thee ?
 Thou art so beastly no man can abide thee.
 Well, I am sorry but I cannot weepe,
 To see thee looke so like a rotten sheepe.

Peace lowing cow-babe, lubberly-hobberdy-hoy ;
 Spit out, choke not, cry lowder, there lo, thou boy !
 Now wipe thine nose (sweete babe !) vpon thy sleeue :
 What wilt i' faith ? Why well sedd I perceiue
 Th' wilt do as thou art bidde : O spare thy mouth,
 And leaue thy sobbing tender-harted youth.
 Froth of infirmity and Slutteries skumme :
 Why how now ? Yelling yet ? No more, peace, mumme.
 So let him go : Now Sirrah by this time
 You know what tis to be well whipt in rime.
 Goe mend your manners ; fough, go get the gon ;
 Now spare mee as I spare correction.
 Put vp your hose, leaue yexing : so tis well :
 Now none can know thee whipt, but by the smell.
 Another time (if you of force must whore it)
 Take mee a cleaner, or Ile scowre you for it.
 And if thou mendst not then, then I protest
 Ile whip thee cleane past Time and Death, in iest.'
 (Scourge of Folly, p. 32, Ep. 212.)

I have thus far quoted very much in full, that the contextual manner as well as specific felicities might be apprehended. But another characteristic of our Poet is—terse, compacted couplets, stanzas, half-stanzas, lines and half-lines, which, if not exactly those 'jewels five words long' that sparkle on the 'stretcht fore-finger of Time' (if I may dare to omit the Laureate's 'all'—'all Time'—by which *meo judicio* he spoils an else brilliant impersonation in his Princess, p. 42) are such as cleave to the memory. Seeing that they likewise lift DAVIES OF HEREFORD above that mere *bric-a-brac* literature with which un-golden asses have brayingly classed him, in utter ignorance of his books—beyond their title-pages—I deem it well to bring together a number of these, with a heading for each. There is disadvantage for the Poet in such detached quotations. Your dew-drop quivers and sparkles in the rose's heart : removed, it is no more than a little water wetting the place. Consideration, therefore, must be given to the fact that in their places these *bits* are much more effective. Commentary is scarcely needed :—

Contemplation.

'Yet *Contemplation* may by force of loue
 Whilst yet the *Soule* is to the *Body* tide,
 (Wing'd with *Desire*) ascend her selfe aboue,
 And with hir *God* eternally abide,

So neare, as if she toucht his glorious side :
 For as one drawing nigh materiall fire,
 Doth feele the heate, before the flame be tride,
 So who drawes nigh to God by Lones desire,
 Shall, to, and with, that heau'nly *Flame* aspire.'
 (Mirum in Modum, p. 14, col. 1.)

Morning.

'Now, o're the *Eastern* Mountaines Heddes heigh
 We see that *EYE* (by which our *Eies* do see)
 To peepe, as it would steale on *Theusish Night*,
 Which from that *EYES*-sight, like a *Theefe*, doth flee,
 Least by the *Same* it should surprized be :
 Then, is it time (my *Muse*) thy wings to stretch
 (Sith they are short, too short, 'he worse for thee)
 For, this daies Iournie hath a mightie Reach,
 And manie a compasse thou therein must fetch.'
 (Summa Totalis, p. 17, col. 2.)

Riches rightly held.

'*Riches* (like *Thornes*) laid on the open Hand
 Do it no hurt ; but, gript hard, wound it deepe :
 So, while a *Man* his *Riches* can command
 He may command the *World*, and safely sleepe :
 For, all men bound to him, to him will stand ;
 And from all *Wants*, and *Woes* him safely keepe :
 But, they whose hands are clos'd by *Auarice*,
 Ly open to all *Hate*, and *Preiudice*.'
 (ib. p. 22, st. 3.)

Kingly Kings.

'Well wott'st thou *Princes*' liues haue much more force
 Then purest *Lanes*, their *Subjects* to refine ;
 For, *Subjects* follow still their *Sov'raigne's* course,
 As, *Swaine*-like *Marigolds* doe *Sol* divine,
 Who lose their grace when hee doth ceasse to shine :
 This makes thee shun, what may eclipse thy light,
 Because thou lead'st *all* by that light of thine,
 And striv'st to glitter in all vertue bright,
 That *all* might haue thereby direction right.'
 (Microcosmos, p. 15, col. 2, st. 3.)

Dreams.

'Dead *sleepe*, *Deathe's* other name and Image true,
 Doth quiet *Passion*, calme *Griefe*, *Time* deceine ;
 Who pay'ng the debt that is to *Nature* due
 (Like *death*) in quittance thereof doth receiue
 Supply of *powres*, that her of *powre* bereaue :
 So *sleepe* her *foes*' wants friendly doth supply,
 And in her *wombe* doth wakefull *thoughts* conceiue,
 Making the *Minde* beyond it selfe to spie,
 For, doubtless *Dreames* haue some divinitie.'
 (ib. p. 33.)

Affliction.

'*Affliction*, Ladie of the happy life,
 (And Queene of mine, though my life happlesse be)
 Give my *Soule* endlesse *peace*, in endlesse *strife*,
 For thou hast *powre* to giue them both to me,
 Because they both haue residence in thee :
 Let me behold my best *part* in thine *Eies*,

That so I may mine *imperfections* see ;
 And seeing them I may my selfe despise,
 For that *selfe-love*, doth from *selfe-liking* rise.'
 (Microcosmos, p. 36, col. 2.)

Passions.

'For, *Passions* passing ore that break-neck Hill
 Of *Rashnesse*, ledd by *Ignorance* their *guide*,
 By *false-Opinion's* Hold of Good and Ill
 Taking their course, at last with vs abide,
 While from our selves they make our selues to slide :
 So that we seeke not that sole sov'raigne Good,
 But many *Goods* we seeke ; which being tride
 Doe but torment the *Minde* with irefull moode,
 Because they were by her mis-vnderstoode.'
 (ib. p. 39, col. 1.)

Human Face.

'Thus *loy* and *Sorrowe* send with equal pace
 True *tokens* of their presence in the *Hart*,
 (By *Nature's* force conducted) to the *Face* ;
 Where they the *pow'rs* convince of *Reason's* Arte,
 And in the *Front* with force they play their part :
 If in the *Hart*, *Griefe* be predominant,
 The browes will bend as if they felt the smart ;
 If *loy*, the face will seeme therefore to vant,
 Then how *Hart* fares, *Fooles* are not ignorant.'
 (ib. p. 40.)

Godly fear.

'Wee must then armed be from *Feare*, by feare ;
God's feare, that strong *Vulcanian Armor*, must
 Guard such good *Soules*, as doe regard it heere ;
 Because such *feare* is euer full of *trust*,
 That feares no threate of any mortal *thrust* ;
 For, Hope in him, doth make the daring *hart*,
 Which *hope* no *hart* can haue that is vnjust ;
 For *Conscience prickes* will make the same to start
 When the least *Leafe* doth wagge, by *winde*, or *Art*.'
 (ib. p. 42, col. 1.)

Gentle Forces.

'Great *Minds* like *Horses* that wil easily reare,
 Are easi'st ruléd with a gentle *Bitt* ;
 And rev'rence *Princes* should not gaine with feare,
 Nor *Love* with *Lowlinesse*, for *State* vnfit,
 For none of both with policy doth sitt :
 This *skill* is very difficult, because
Vertues of diff'rent kindes must kindly knitt
 Their *powres* in one, which *Witt* togeather drawes,
 And guards the *Prince*, no lesse then *Guards* or *Laws*.'
 (ib. p. 47, col. 1.)

Authors' Power.

'In common policy, great *Lords* should give,
 That so, they may (though great) much more receaue :
 The more like *God*, the more they doe relive ;
 And, the more *Writers* they aloft doe heave,
 The more *renowne* they to their *Race* doe leane :

For, with a *droppe* of *ynke* their *Penns* haue pow'r
Life to restore (being lost) or *life* bereave,
 Who can devour *Time* that doth *all* deuoure,
 And goe beyonde *Tyme*, in lesse than an *hour*.'
 (Microcosmos, p. 49, col. 2.)

Democracy.

'For *Slaves* (though *Kinges*) in disposition
 Are most vnmeet to manage *Kingdomes*' states ;
 And so are *Men* of base condition
 Vnfit to make inferior *Maistrates* :
The Floures of Crowmes fitt not *Mechanick Pates*,
 No more then costly plumes doe *Asses*' heads ;
 They are call'd *Crafts-men*, quasi craftie *mates*,
 Let these rule such (if they must governe needes)
 For they at best are nought but holosome *weedes*.'
 (ib. p. 52, col. 1.)

Honour.

'For *Honor* is high *Vertue's* sole *Reward*,
 For which all vertuous *Men* all *paine* endure :
 If then such men from *Honor* should be barr'd,
All to be vicious it would soone procure ;
 For *Vice* doth raigne where *Vertue* hath no pow'r :
 Where *Honors* are bestow'd without respect
 On good and badd, as cloudes bestowe their *shower*,
 There must of force ensue but badd effect,
 For who 'l be good, if *Grace* the *good* neglect ?'
 (ib. p. 52, col. 2.)

Retribution.

'God's Mill grindes slowly, but small meale it makes.'
 (ib. p. 60, col. 1.)

Nature.

'Yet if a *Child*, confin'de t'a *Dungeon* deepe
 Vntil he had attained *Manhood's* yeares,
 Should on a *Sommer's*-day from some high *steep*
 Vpon a suddaine see these glorious *Fayres*,
 His *Eyes* would ravisht be, how ere his *Eares* ;
 For *Eares* should solac'd be, aswell as *Eyes*—
 With the melodious nimble-winged *Quiers* ;
 Nay I suppose such *ioy* would him surprise,
 As he were plung'd in ioyes of *Paradise*.'
 (ib. p. 64, col. 1.)

Outward and Inward.

'But *outward beauty* loue procures, because
 It argues th' inward beauty of the *Minde* ;
 For *goodnes* is th' effect, *Beauty* the Cause,
 And both together commonly we finde ;
 For *Nature* both together stil doth binde.
 A good *Complexion's* disposition
 Is, for the most part, vertuously inclinde ;
 But *Weomen's* beauty by permission
 Being often tempted breedes suspicion.'
 (ib. p. 65, col. 2.)

Mere Learning.

'*Latine* and *Greeke* are but *Tongues* naturall,
 Which helpe, but not suffice to make men wise ;

For the effect of *speech* is al in all ;
Sound Sentence, which from wise *Collections* rise
 Of diuerse *Doctrines*, which *Witt* wel applies :
 Then he that hath but *Tongues* (though *all* that are)
 And not the *wisdomes* which those *Tongues* comprise,
 May amongst *fooles* be held a *Doctor* rare,
 But with the wise al *Tongue*, and nothing spare.'
 (Microcosmos, p. 79, col. 1.)

The Poet.

'I cannot but confesse the *Skill's* diuine ;
 For, holy *Raptures* must the *Head* entrance,
 Before the *Hand* can draw *one* lasting *Line*,
 That can the glory of the *Muse* advance ;
 And sacred *Furies* with the *thoughts* must dance,
 To leade them *Measures* of a stately kinde,
 Or locond *Gigges* : Then, if *Pride* with them prance
Shée wil be foremost, then *shame* comes behinde,
 Both which disgrace the *motions* of the *minde*.'
 (ib. p. 81, col. 1.)

Gold-Worship.

'O ! gold, the god which now the world doth serue,
 (This *Midas*-world that would touch nought but gold
 Gilding her body while hir soule doth sterue)
 How glorious art thou (held fast) to behold ?
 Thou mak'st a *Beast* a *Man*, and *Man* to swerue
 More then a *Beast* ; yet thou dost all vphold :
 For, whom thou tak'st into thy *Patronage*,
 It matters not what is his *Title-Page*.'
 (Humour's Heau'n on Earth, p. 38, st. 85.)

Light and Darknes.

'When *Theeues* an house doe breake, to rob by night ;
 (sith tis a *Worke* of *darknesse*) first, they will
 (That they may not be knowne) put out the *light* ;
 and so the *good* are handled by the *ill*
Lights of the *World* the *Good* are said to be ;
 but *bad-men* (*Sonnes* of *darknesse*) put out still
 Those *lights*, lest men their darkest *deedes* should see ;
 For, all that *euill* doe, the *Light* doe lothe :
 So, loue they *darknesse* ; and, doe darkly both.'
 (Muse's Sacrifice, p. 73, col. 2.)

Wrong Judges.

'Vnto the *light* it's no reproch at all
 though *Bats* and *Owles* abhorre it ; nor, is it
 Disgrace to *Wisedome*, if but *Ideots* shall
 condemne the same for *Folly* : they want *Wit*
 To iudge of *Wisedome*, which is too too bright
 for men to looke on that in *darknesse* sit ;
 To iudge of *coulers*, blinde-men haue no *light* :
 The fault 's not in the *coulers* they are so ;
 But in their *Eyes* that can no *coulers* know.'
 (ib. p. 73, col. 2.)

*Against Sosbius the impudent Leacher, defending his
 sinne and glorying in the same.*

'Samocrate, Naso, and Vigidius
 Wrote of the remedy of lust or loue ;

. . . but Sosbius
Hath written so to cure that ytching sore,
That he makes vertue most venerious.
(Scourge of Folly, Ep. 1.)

Against Lassus the ridiculous quarreller.
. . . 'With his owne shade (if foes should fail) hee'le
strive.'
(*ib.* Ep. 16.)

Against gaudy-bragging-undoughty Daccus.
. . . 'Hee's a leaden rapier in a golden sheath.'
(*ib.* Ep. 17.)

Of Grantus his grosse wit and wombe.
'But Grantus' youth and belly are so great
That he would starue if witt were all his meate.'
(*ib.* Ep. 28.)

Art-despair.
. . . 'Arte may paint the coales or flames of fire
But light and heate aboue all arte aspire.'
(*ib.* Ep. 31.)

Spurious upholding of honor.
'Alas poore man ! his honor is so thin
That it is neither toucht, felt, heard or seene.'
(*ib.* Ep. 32.)

Mock-praise of Coryat.
. . . 'Fy, O fy, that we
Should see that sight, and not enamord be
(Of thy so subtil skill ; that sets them out
As nurses do their babes) bare all about.'
(*ib.* p. 12.)

Afraniaes impudency.
'The lesse shame she hath the more's her shame.'
(*ib.* Ep. 59.)

Brainless Patrons.
'Why should not poetry please these great Kesars?
It is because those Kesars are not Caesars.'
(*ib.* Ep. 78.)

*To Henry Earle of Northumberland in the Towre,
with the Author's book.*
. . . 'when Time seemes longest in his traine,
And thou wouldst cut it off, or speede his race,
Blow but these idle bubbles of my braine
Into the aire, and he will mend his pace :
The lightest ioyes beguile the heauiest griefe.'
(*ib.* Ep. 107.)

'Words, words, words.'
'They'l quickly giue good words, but deeds delay,
Which in effect is slowly to say nay.'—(*ib.* Ep. 139.)

Of choosing a Wife.
. . . 'the golden-meane is best :
Giue me a wife halfe wise, halfe faire, halfe blest,
And not too curst wise, faire, light, yong, nor olde.'
(*ib.* Ep. 181.)

The Nine Worthies.

'Then Death though in the graue thy glory bee,
Their fame shall there interre both it and thee.'
(Scourge of Folly, Ep. 185.)

Kings.

'So they that haue autorite, may sinne
As if they sinnéd by authority.'—(*ib.* Ep. 193.)

Rontaes base pride . . . and too much affected niciknity.
. . . 'All her fingers (ringd like curtaine-rods)
Successiue appeare her stuffe to shoue.'—(*ib.* Ep. 198.)

Laurentia's painted tawny face.
. . . 'al the coulours on the ground
In her pease-porridge-tawny face is found.'
(*ib.* Ep. 200.)

Essex.

'Refulgent Essex, in the teeth of Death
(Death spitting fire-wing'd bullets all the way)
Engag'd his life (to giue his honor breath.)'
(*ib.* Ep. 223.)

Poets' Power.

'Thus Poets (if they list) can hurt with ease
(Incurably) their foes which them displease.'
(*ib.* Ep. 245.)

*Against Lubus his indirect purchasing and greedy
gathering.*
. . . 'you great paines do take
To damne your soule, your sonne a Sir to make.'
(*ib.* Ep. 246.)

Light Women.

'The seemely bodies of vnseemely soules.'
(*ib.* Ep. 247—197.)

John Heath Davies's assailant.
. . . 'that heath-bredde Muse is but a drabb
That (Ioab-like) embraceth with a stabb.'
(*ib.* Ep. 251.)

Over-weening worthlesse Florus.
. . . 'cyphers beeing nothing, nought bring forth,
But (cyphers-like) set out the others woorth.'
(*ib.* Ep. 289—279.)

Degradation.

'O Hercules, what meanst thou so to spinne,
To loose the glory which thy fights did winne.'
('Prouerbs,' 8, p. 41.)

Drollery.

'" Ill can they pipe that lacke their upper lips :"
But worse do they pipe that lack their nether lips.'
(*ib.* 267, p. 47.)

Keeping-counsel.

' "Three may keepe counsell if two be away :"
And so may all three, if nothing they say.'
(*ib.* 331, p. 48.)

Lawyers.

' "Some cannot see the wood for trees :"
As well as lawyers lawes, for fees.'—(*ib.* 355, p. 49.)

Robert Armin.

'So thou in sport, the happiest men dost schoole—
To do as Thou dost,—wisely play the foole.'
(*Sc. of Folly*, p. 61.)

To I[ohn] H[earth], Epigrammatist.

'Thou lawdst thine Epigramms for being chaste :
No maruell ; for the dead are ne're embrac'd.'
(*ib.* p. 62.)

Deceit.

'The forehead's falshood is more seen then known.'
(*Witte's Pilgr.*, No. 61.)

Seeing but not doing.

'O Reason, what cleer Eyes hast thou to see
Our Euils ! and how blind in shunning them.'
(*ib.* No. 71.)

Mere Talk.

'As good no Speech, as speaking for no good.'
(*ib.* No. 80.)

Cruel Disdain.

'To keepe good name, wilt thou lose thy good name.'
(*ib.* No. 93.)

True Statesman.

'So, a right Statesman must of force be bred
In a long Night of Silence, and sad thought.'
(*ib.* No. 17, p. 24.)

Telling Secrets.

Then, if we show (what unshown have we would)
To any other, we bewray thereby
We ween theil keep that closer than we could :
So, shew our secrets for more secresie.'
(*ib.* No. 25, p. 25.)

Marriage.

'The weaker by the stronger must be easd ;
As by the weaker the stronger must be pleasd.'
(*A Select Husband*, p. 8.)

Justice.

'Justice scales are turn'd but with a touch.'
(*ib.* p. 9.)

Dress.

'The habit sheweth how the heart is bent :
For still the Heart the Habit doth prescribe.'
(*Humours Heau'n*, st. 3.)

Wisdom.

'Then Wisdome's reach doth tend to Emperie.'
(*Humours Heau'n*, st. 40.)

Sudden Feare.

'The Lightning's flash doth feare more than the flame
That stil is seene, and stil is seene the same.'
(*ib.* st. 167.)

Nihil.

'Bubbles . . . Then which no Being's nearer kin to
Nought.'
(*ib.* p. 22, No. 5.)

The Striker of Christ.

'Nere durst the Diuell tempt Him with such force,
Then though the Fiend be selfe ill, thou art worse.'
(*Holy Roode*, p. 7.)

Faith.

'Strengthen thee Weakling (for, He all things can)
To march vpon the Seas foot-failing floor.'—(*ib.* p. 9.)

A Grove.

'All in a gloomy shade of *Sicamour*,
that did his leaues extend (like *Shields*) to beare
The Beames of Phebus.'—(*Muse's Sacrifice*, p. 83.)

The Inactive.

'Yet though they liue that moue, they liue as dead
Much like *Quick-silver* ; dead, although it moues.'
(*Sum. Tot.*, p. 13.)

Spider.

'The Spider spins with her vnfin'g red fist.'
(*Micr.*, p. 91.)

Beauty's Bosom.

'her Brest
Where Beautie's Billowes rest still in vnrest.'
(*Wittes Pilgr.*, p. 31.)

Dawn.

'Now Heauen's bright Eye (awake by Vespers sheene)
Peepes through the purple windowes of the East.'
(*Sum. Tot.*, p. 9.)

Approach of the End.

'my Ship, through Fate's crosse waue
Now grates vpon the Grauell of my Graue.'
(*Muse's Sacrifice*, p. 90.)

I do not withdraw my high praise of this last surpassingly fine and pathetic metaphor that I have since recalled an earlier use of it by SOUTHWELL in his marvellous Letter to his Father :—'The full of your spring-tide is now fallen, and the stream of your life waneth to a low ebb ; your tired bark beginneth to leak, and grateth oft upon the gravel of the grave.' (F. W. L. edition, p. lxxv.)

Ambition.

'Ambition, (the Soule's Shirt, sith that the Vice
Shee last puts off) . . .'
(Muse's Teares, p. 5, col. 2.)

Timid.

'For, such as wilbe Sheepe, the Wolfe deuoures.'
(*ib.* l. 25.)

Prince Henry.

'Nature in him admir'd what she had wrought,
At least she might, if shee, (most wonderfull
Of things created) could admire at ought.'
(*ib.* p. 6, col. 1.)

The Soul Sovereign.

'The Spirit doth owe the Flesh a Sou'raigne's care
Not a Slaue's seruice.'—(*ib.* p. 7, col. 1.)

Epitaph for Prince Henry.

'Fortune, and Art, and Nature straue
To giue much more than e'er they gaue
To Him that lies heare vnderneath.'—(*ib.* p. 11.)

Queen-Mother.

By Grace's guidance and by Nature's might
Still to refresh the *Red Rose*, and the *White*.
(*ib.* p. 15, col. 2.)

Lust.

'Hence comes it that from Loue we fall to Lust
(Fowle Lust that's but the Excrement of Loue).'
(Wittes Pilgr., p. 47, col. 2.)

Last Rest.

'O Rest—the Image of that Saboth sweete
Wherein sweete Saints do from their labours rest.'
(*ib.* p. 51, 2.)

Here finally is a common-place well-ex-
pressed. It is carried out amply in Calderon's
'El Gran Teatro del Mundo.'

Life a Play.

'Wee all (that 's kings and all) but players are
Vpon this earthly stage ; and should haue care
To play our parts so properly, that wee
May at the end gaine an applauditee.
But most men ouer-act, misse-act, or misse
The action which to them peculier is ;
And the more high the part is which they play,
The more they misse in what they do or say.
So that when off the stage, by death, they wend,
Men rather hisse at them then them commend.'
(Scourge, p. 60, to Armin.)

His 'Extasie' (c, pp. 89-95) has even subtler
imaginative touches than anything in the
preceding illustrative quotations. It will
well reward 'pondering' at leisure, and in

completeness. Here I can only give select
portions. This is the vivid opening :—

'Whether *entranc'd*, or in a *dreame* of dreames,
Procur'd by *Fancy* in our *sleep's* extreames,
Or whether by a strong *imagination*,
Bred in the Bowels of deepe *Contemplation*,
My *soule*, when as my *bodie* waking was,
Did see, *what* doth ensue, in *Fancie's* Glasse :
I know not well ; but this ful wel I know,
If it no *substance* were, it was a *show* :
A *show* whereat my *Muse* admir'd much,
Which *she* with her best *sense* can scarce lie touch ;
It was so strange and full of *mystery*,
Past apprehension of her *ingeny*.
Me thought I saw, (at least I saw in *thought*
As on a *River's* side I lay long-straught
Eyeing the *Waters'* eie-delighting *glide*)
An heauenly *creature* more then *glorified*
Vpon the *wau'es* come tripping towards me,
Who, scarce the *water* toucht, did seeme to flee :
Her *face* was louely, yet mee thought *shee* lookt
As one that had long *time* and *travell* brookt.
The *Robe* she ware was *lawne* (white as the *Swanne*)
Which siluer *Oes*, and *Spangles* over-ran
That in her *motion* such reflexion gaue,
As fill'd, with siluer *starres*, the heav'nly *wau'e*.
Her *Browes*, two *hemi-circles* did enclose
Of *Rubies* rang'd in artificiall *Roes* :
Whose precious *haire* thereto was so confixt,
That *golde* and *Rubie* seem'd intermixt.
Vpon her *head* a siluer *crowne* shee ware,
(Depressing so that rising golden *Haire*)
In token that shee knew no *marriage Bed*,
Which nerthelesse was richly garnish'd
With rarest *Pearle*, that on the arch'd *bents*
That rose from that rich *Crowne's* embattlements,
Did shine like that braue party-coulord *Bow*,
That doth *Heav'n's* *glorie*, and their *mercy* show.
About her *Necke* hung *Nature's* *Miracle*,
A *Carcenet* of glorious *Carbuncle* ;
Which did the *Sunne* eclipse, and clos'd mine *Eyes*,
That they could not behold her other *guise*.'
(Microcosmos, p. 89, col. 1.)

Again :—

'Neere to her *Body shee* (*fantasticke*) ware
A thinne vaile of *Carnation* coulour'd *ware* :
On which, with *Starres* of *gold* embost, was drawne
As t' were an vpper *Smock* of purest *Lawne* ;
Which seem'd as if a *Silver Cloude* had spredd
Over the face of *Phabus* blushing redd :
Vpon all which shee ware a *Gabberdine*,
For *forme* as strange, as for *stuffe*, rich and fine :
To which ther was a certaine kinde of *Traine*,
Which (*vselesse*) was turn'd vp threefold againe :
The *Wings* wherof, (where her *Armes* out were let)
Were of pure *gold* with *Smarags* thick besett :

So were the *verges* of it sett with *stone*,
 As costlie as the *Whore's* of *Babilon*.
 On either side from her *Armes* to her *Wast*,
 It was vnsow'd, and made with *Buttons* fast
 Of orient *Pearle*, of admirable size,
 Which loopes of *Azur'd silke* did circulize :
 So as yee might betweene the *Buttons* see,
 Her *smocke* out-tuft to show her leuitee.
 The *Sleeves* whereof were meanelly large, yet so
 As to the *handes* it lesse and lesse did gro :
 About whose *wrists* being gath'ed in fine *pleates*,
 It was made fast with orient *Bracelets*
 Of *Pearle* as bigge as *Plumbes*, and intermixt
 With other *Iemmes*, of diuers *hues* transfixt ;
 Which ore her *hands* hunge as superfluously
 As (like the rest shee ware) most combrously.
Morisco-wise her *Garment* did orehang
 Her *Girdle*, set with *stone* and many a *spang* :
 Which nerethlesse could not be seene at all,
 By reason of that *Robe's* ore-folding fal :
 Saving that when the *Winde* blew vp the same
 It might be seene like *lightning's* sodaine flame.'
 (ib. p. 90, col. 1.)

Once more :—

' Hard by shal runne, from Artificial *Rokes*,
 Confected *waters* sweete, whose *falling*, mockes
 The voice of *birds* ; which made by *science* shal
 Tune their sweete *notes*, to that sweete *water's* fal.
 Here shal arise an hand-erected *Mounie*,
 From whose greene *side* shal glide a siluer *fount*
 Encreasing *breadth*, as it runnes, by *degrees* ;
 Hemd in with *Couslips*, *Daffadils*, and *Trees*
 That ore the same an *Arche* of *Bowes* shal make,
 Through which the *Sunne* shal parcel-gild the *Lake* !
 Beneath which, in this little siluer *Sea*
 Shal bathe the daughters of *Mnemosine* :
 Singing like *Syrens*, playing *Lyres* vpon
 Beheav'ning so this hand-made *Helicon* !
 Behinde the *Trees* coucht, drown'd in *Daffadillis*
Oxslips, wilde *Cullambines*, and water *Lillis*,
 Shal *Blues* and *Fairies* their abiding make,
 To listen to these *Ladies* of the *Lake* !
Action here shal metamorphiz'd bee,
 Great *Obron* there shal ring his *companee* :
 And *here* and *there* shalbe varietie
 Of what so ere may charme the *eare* or *eye* !
 Vnder a gloomy *Bowre* of stil-greene *Baies*,
 That stil *greene* keepe their *mortall maker's* praise.'
 (ib. pp. 93. 94.)

Again :—

' *Nought* shal bee wanting in this *Earthlie Heav'n*,
 That *Art* and *Nature* to *Delight* have giv'n ;
 Or by the pow'r of *Spirites* may bee fulfill'd,
 To ravish *sense* with al that *Heav'n* may yeeld !
 For I wil dive into th' infernal *deepes*
 Where *Plato*, *Prince* of *riches* revell keepees,

And make *him* dance attendance on my *Traine*,
 T' effect thy *pleasure*, deere sweete *Souveraigne* !
 There shalt thou see (without al cause of *feare*)
 The glorious *worthies* of the *world* that were :
 How *Cesar* in rich *Triumph* entred *Rome* ;
 And *Scipio* when he *Africk* had orecome !
 There shal the stately *Queene* of *Amazons*
Penthesilea, with her *Minions*,
 Present thee with a *Maunde* of *fruite* divine,
 Cull'd from the golden *Trees* of *Proserpine* !
Hector, *Achilles*, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Pyrrhus*, *Helena*,
 Or whom soever thou desir'st to see
 Shal at a *beck* doe homage vnto thee !
 Ile ripp the *Bowells* of the subtle *Aire*
 And bring the *Sp'rits* therin (in *fashion* faire)
 To counterfet the *Musick* of the *Spheaves*,
 And with *Heav'n's* harmony to fil thine *Eares* !
 To fetch for thee, from the extreame extent
 Of *Earthe's* huge *Globe*, what ere may thee content !
 To flie vpon thine *errand* with a trice,
 To fetch thee *fruite* from *Earthly Paradise* !
 To entertaine thee, when alone thou art,
 With al the *secrets* of each hidden *Art* :
 And whatsoere the heav'nly *Cope* doth cover,
 To thee (that thou maist know it) to discover !
 The *Stone* so sought of all *Philosophers*,
 The making of which *one*, so many marrs ;
 Thou shalt directly make it at thy pleasure,
 T' enrich thy *kingdome* without *meane* or *measure* !
 The great *Elixer* (making *small ones* great)
 Like *dust* thou shalt make common in the *Streets* !
 And if thou wilt, *high waies* shal *paved* bee
 With burnisht *gold*, made onely but by thee !
 If thou would'st haue the *Aiër* turn'd, and tost,
 To strike a terrour in each *Clime*, or *Coste*,
 These *Sp'rits* that *Lord* it ore that *Element*,
 Shal doe the same for thee incontinent !
 And when thou wouldst spare their *societie*,
 They, with a *vengance*, through the *Aire* shal flie
 Without the least *hurt* done to thee, or *thine*,
 Except it be in making *you* divine !
 There shal no *kingdomes* *Cares*, that *life* destroie,
 And like *Hell-paines* the *Hart* and *Minde* annoy.
 Once dare to ceaze vpon thy blisseful *Hart* ;
 For I wil charme them so, by *Pleasure's Art*,
 That they shal seeme as *dead* and never sterr,
 Thy *solace* to disturbe in *peace*, or *warre*.
 Ile reave sweete voycéd *Boies* of what they may
 Ill spare, (if spare) to sing thy *Cares* awaie.
 Ile make some others spend their total *time*,
 To make sweete *strings* expresse the *twangs* of *Rime* :
 Which tickle shal thy *hart-strings* with such *mirth*,
 That thou shalt saie, ha, this is *Heav'n* on *Earth* !'
 (ib. p. 94, col. 1.)

Finally :—

And while you rest, the sacred *Muses* nyne,
 (Singing ful sweetely *Ditties* most divine,

That for *Hart's* ioy wil cause the *Eyes* to weepe)
 Shal lullable your blisful *Soules* asleepe.
 Continual *Iusts*, and roial *Turnaments*,
 Furnisht with al *Eye-pleasing ornaments* :
Mummings, Masks, Plaies ; Plaies that shal play with
Care

As *Catt* with *Mouse*, to kill *her* comming *There*.
 What booteth it to weare a golden *Crowne*,
 If thorny *Cares* it *line*, to make thee frowne :
 Away with *Care* therefore, awaie with *thought*,
 What shouldst thou doe with *that*, that's good for
nought :

Let *them* go waite on *Byshops*, to whose *See*
 They doe belong, but let the *Prince* be free.
 Wilt thou be *Servant* to the common *Trash*,
 That often leaves their *Master* in the lash ?
 Or spend thy *Witte*, and *Sp'rits* for such *Rifraffe*,
 And so consume the *Corne* to save the *Chaffe* ?
 Wilt thou *orewhelme* thy selfe in all *anoy*,
 That they may *swime* aloft in *Seas* of *Ioy* ?
 What ! wilt thou place thy *pleasure* in thy *paine*,
 And make thy *Subiect*, be thy *Soveraigne* ?
 Wilt loose thy *roiall* sole *prerogative*,
 To make vngrateful base *Bash-rags* to thrive ?
 O be indulgent to thine owne deere *Hart*,
 And of *Heav'n's* blessings take a blisful *part*.
 Do not deprive thy selfe of that rare *blisse*,
 That vnto *none* but *thee* peculier is.'

(Microcosmos, p. 95. col. 1.)

The vigilant Reader will come on various similar brighter and higher strains—often most unexpectedly—in this Poetry.

Passing onward—I was bold enough in my announcement of Davies to affirm that in his 'Mirum in Modum,' and 'Summa Totalis,' and 'Microcosmos,' and elsewhere, there was METAPHYSICAL-ETHICAL SPECULATION AND SELF-SCRUTINY of kin with his greater namesake's 'Nosce Teipsum.' I reaffirm this, as another of his characteristics. Explain it as one may, there is in this humble and un-academically trained Poet very noticeable 'intermeddling' with the crucial problems of nature and human nature and destiny—with 'common-sense' (=consciousness) as the final appeal. It very soon appears that John Davies of Hereford did think—for himself. I fear it must be conceded that he occasionally potters among the dust and chaff when he should soar, and that perchance some of his

'mysteries' are only those mists that inevitably shroud the unknowable. Yet, as in DR. HENRY MORE, you have luminous flashes and sudden darts of insight and real 'singing,' not mere saying.

That his metaphysical-ethical thinking was no idle word-play or poetical exercise is manifest from the choice at such a time to 'sing' of such themes. Popularity or remunerative sale was out of the question ; and yet his first publications were all of this type. I must believe that the man was uttering-out real experiences of intellectual and spiritual doubt. Whoso gainsays, let him read with uncovered head this invocation in 'Mirum in Modum,' whose grandeur is only excelled by its fine awe and reverence :—

'O Thou maine *Ocean* of celestiall light,
 (From whom all *Lights* deriue their influence)
 The light of *Truth* infuse into my sprite,
 And cleere the eyes of my Intelligence,
 { That they may see my *Soules* circumference,
 { Wherein the *Minde* as Centre placéd is.
 Wherein thou retest Center of true *Rest*,
 Compass'd with glory, and vncompass'd blisse,
 Which do thy *Lodge* with glorious light inuest
 —Then lighten thy darke *Inne*, O Glorious Ghest.'
 (Mirum in Modum, p. 5, st. 2.)

In accord with all this is his semi-apologetic explanation of the *motif* of his Satires and Epigrams in the 'Scourge of Folly.' There is a solemn touch in the lines 'Of the Booke' in their vision of the

'two-fold Hyre of those that publish Bookes.'

We may pause to read them :—

'In minde beholding (with the which I see)
 The two-fold Hyre of those that publish Bookes,
 Most good, if good, most bad if bad they bee,
 Assigned by *Him* that all *Mens* workes ore-lookes ;
 And how some weene (and weene as Wisdome would)
 Saint *Pauls* *Epistles* dayly *Soules* conuerting,
 In Heau'n inuest him with new *Crownes* of gold,
 When others, whose leawd Bookes *Soules* stil peruerting,
 Are euer plagu'd with fresh supply of paines,
 Eu'n as the harmes they do, do still increase :
 Which Harmes (like hammers) hãmerd so my *Braine*:
 That from my purpose I resolu'd to cease :

But when I thought how much a smart Reproof
 With men preuailes, from faults them to deterre ;
 I thought these Bobs might serue for somes behoofe,
 Whose vitious manners stray from Vertue farre.
 But yet, Reproof should shunne all publike shame,
 If sacred Lawes of *Loue* were well obseru'd :
 Its true (most true) and I checke none by name,
 But shew, vnseene, the shame they haue deseru'd :
Then come what will, it's out : (Fates speed it well)
Hanging in Iudgement's Scoles, 'twixt Heau'n and Hell.

(Scourge of Folly, pp. 6, 7.)

There is grave sad humour too in his
 'Againe,' as in the italicised exclamation:—

'At Stacioners Shops are lyes oft vendible,

Then should my Booke sell well, sith full of lyes ;
Ah, would they were.—(*ib.* p. 7.)

It was with a clean and clear conscience,
 therefore, that in addressing his friend Donne
 he affirmed that his 'rimes' did 'byte at
 none but monsters like to men' (*ib.* p. 18).
 Still more brave and self-respecting is his
 firmly-wrought 'Conclusion'—already quoted
 in this Introduction (§ I. Biographical, p.xx.)

Very sweet and tender and softly pas-
 sionate is his 'Longing of the Soule to be with
 God ;' and it, like his 'Mirum in Modum,' is
 the self-evidencing expression of his own as-
 pirations. Let these yearning 'good words'
 attest the reality and ardour of his piety
 amid all his odd and wildered specula-
 tion:—

The longing of the Soule to be with God.

'Soule-searching Lord, and sole self-searching God,
 Let my poore Soule thy *unknowne* sweetnesse know.
 Thy staying *Staffe*, & sin-correcting *Rod*
 On me, on me (sweet *Loue*) in loue bestow.

'Strength of my weaknes, my great weaknes strength,
 guide thou my Goings, stay my stumbling feete :
 My stumbling feet establish (*Lord*) at length,
 in pathes that are as pure, as sure and sweet.

'Eye of mine Eye, let my dimme Eye behold thee,
 (Dim'd with the hellish *mist* of damn'd desires)
 Ioy of my heart, O let my heart infold thee,
 and take my *Spirit*, that still to thee aspires.

'O Beauties *Beautie*, wound my heart with Loue :
Life of my life, let my life liue in thee ;
 In thee I haue my being, liue and moue,
 Of me but thou, then who should *mouer* be

'Celestiall *Bridegroome*, kisse thy Spouse, my Soule,
 With kisses sweet of vnconceiuéd *peace* ;
 On thy transpiercéd *palme* her name enrowle,
 With thy sinne-purging *bloud* my sinnes release.'
 (Muse's Sacrifice, p. 12.)

The devout Reader will not regret giving
 half-an-hour to 'The Thirst of the Soule
 after God,' 'An Acknowledgement of God's
 Gifts,' and 'A Thankfull Remembrance' in
 the same.—'Muse's Sacrifice' (pp. 14-16).

That Davies had read 'Nosce Teipsum'
 is clear from his pleasant words to Sir John
 Davies. That he had read him to purpose
 is also clear in the result. Familiar with
 both, I surely do not deceive myself when I
 catch the key-note of 'Nosce Teipsum' all
 through the 'Divine Meditations' in the
 'Muse's Sacrifice?' Will the Reader listen
 to 'The Soule desireth to know God?'—

'Then know my *Soule*, know what (by kind) thou art
 thy *Makers Type*, and viue *Similitude* ;
 Whole in the *Whole*, and whole in eu'ry *Part* ;
 another *God*, of boundlesse magnitude !

'How can thy *Palate* then, taste any thing
 (without distast) that is not most diuine ?
 Why drink'st of this Worlds Dike, and leau'st the
Spring,
 that euer ouer-flowes with *Angels Wine* ?

'All vnder *Heau'n* is too vnsweete for thee ;
 for, it's but *Elementall* ; still, in strife :
 Nay, nought in *Heau'n*, but the sweet *Trinitie*,
 can feede thee fat, or keepe thee but in life.

'That foode, whose *sweetnesse* rauisheth the *sense*
 of sweetest *soules* diuine *Faculties*,
 Must feed thy *Will*, and thine *Intelligence*,
 else can they not to *grace* or *glory* rise.

'That Lord, whose *Beauty Sunne* and *Moone* admires,
 whose *Maiestie* the *Hoasts* of *Heau'n* adore :
 Whose *Grace* is praised by the *Angels* Quires,
He that was, is, and shall be euermore :

'God, infinite in pow'r and *Maiestie*,
 hath made thee but to fill thee with his Loue ;
 Which being infinite in quantitie,
 thine *All*, and *Parts* (all whole in each) can moue.

'Hee, onely Hee, can thy *desires* fulfill,
 albe't they did excede *Immensitie* :
 And, being *Three* in *One* can fitly fill
 thine *Vnderstanding*, *Will* and *Memory* !

'Then, O my *Soule* runne out, this *Guest* to meet ;
 and him into thee gladly introduce

Who is as sweet as great, and good as sweet ;
that vs'd augments, and fades for want of vse.

' Then, locke him in the *Closet* of thine Heart,
where thou, in secret, maist vnfold thy Loue :
There clip him fast, let him not thence depart,
till Hee with him, from hence, doe thee remoue.

' Who will be soone intreated There to stay,
because it is the *rest* of his *desire* :
And needes hee must take *thee* with *him* away,
if Nuptiall Loue doe make you two intire.

' Which dignitie, of my Celestiall *Soule*,
when well I weigh (deare Lord) I maruell not
' Though in my *Mud*, thy Sonne himselfe did roule,
to seeke, in my true shape, to knit this knot.

' But muse I may at mine ingratitude,
my madnesse, dulnesse, and grosse impudence ;
That doe neglect thy *Loues* beatitude,
and prostitute my *Soule* to foule *Offence*.

' That I should, carelessly, his Loue neglect,
that is the beaming *beauty* of thy *State* ;
And woo the vgly *Dinell*, in effect,
thy sacred *Image* to adulterate.

' This doth exceede all wonderments excesse ;
this *Prodigie*, is more then monstrous ;
That any Soule should loue meere *uglinesse*,
before meere *beauty*, more then glorious !

' How can I thinke vpon thy boundlesse Loue ;
and not pursue my selfe with endlesse Hate ?
That, for my sake, didst hel's of torments proue,
to pull me out of Hell, and damned state.'

(Muse's Sacrifice, p. 23.)

In the first stanza, Pope's 'extends through all extent' seems an echo of 'Whole in the Whole, and whole in eu'ry Part.' These 'Divine Meditations' will yield many more parallels in their THINKING with 'Nosce Teipsum.' So, too, will 'Microcosmos.' I must, however, limit myself to two examples from the latter in many ways striking poem :—

' As in the *Vnderstanding* and the *Minde*
Of *Men*, and *Angells*, God hath fixt his *forme*,
So to *Manne's* will his loue was no lesse kinde,
That to *God's* wil he might his *will* conforme :
Ah woe ! that *sinne* should since the same deforme
Without constraint ! for *Hee* Her freedome gaue,
And did with *vnderstanding* her informe,
That *voluntarie service* hee might haue ;
As that, his nature most doth loue and crave.

' For, as himselfe doth nothing by *constraint*,
So he constraines not those that him obey ;

Lest that their *wil* might haue cause of complaint,
For want of *libertie* it selfe to sway :
Those *prayers* please him not, *Constraint* doth say,
But true *obedience* flowing from the *will* ;
Then *will* should force her selfe (for so shee may)
His gracious good will freely to fulfill,
Sith *good* he made hir loue, and loath the *Ill*.

' Then *Justice* would that *God* man's *will* should doe
When *Man* doth *God's will*, this exchange is iust
And *God's* free-wil must needes subscribe thereto,
Sith it is free to doe that needes it must,
Which cannot doe the thing that is vnjust ;
For that were *bondage* free, or *freedom* bound ;
Sith to doe *evill* but to haue a lust
Were Vassallage to *Sathan* that Hel-hound,
Which fredome to doe *good* would quite confound.

' But yet the *will* hath many motions else,
Diverse *degrees* therein doe plaine appeare :
Some haue such open *harts* and wilful *will*s
As that they *love* and *hate* through *passion* meere :
So, *Reason* their *Minde's Sterne* in vaine doth steere.
For *sense* they serve, and have no patience
The seeming neerest *pleasure* to forbear
For further *good* ; but forth-with please their *sense*,
As *sensuall appetite* doth them incense.

' But *will* in others, so hir selfe commaunds,
And those *Pow'rs* to her *pow'r* subordinate,
That (being free) shee bindeth *both* in bands
And vnto *Reason* all doth captivate :
As, many *Dropsy*-drie forbear to drinke,
Because they know their *ill* t'would aggravate :
So, *will* herein from her owne selfe doth shrinke,
And cleaves to that, that *Reason* best doth thinke.

' The *Heau'ns*, and *Earth*, and all the *Elements*,
(And what besides *Man*, is of them compos'd)
Doo *GOD* obey in his *commandements*,
For, as *Hee* wils, so are they al dispos'd ;
Yet never he himselfe to them disclos'd :
Then not from *knowledge* their obedience springes,
But from the *nature* in their *kinds* inclos'd ;
Yet *Men* he made to know and doe the things
That be of *him*, which *grace* and *Knowledge* bringes.

' And that he should with more beede doe the same,
A *Will* he giues him ioyn'd with *griefe* and *loy* ;
Which *will* might ioy when she doth *passion* tame,
And in the contrary might feelee annoy,
All as shee doth her native powres imploy.
Here hence we know the odds twixt *loy* and *Griefe*.
For in *extreames* they *comfort* or *destroy*
Such as leade here a good, or evil life,
Both flowing from the *will*, their fountaine chiefe.

' This *pow'r* hath highest vertue of *Desire*,
And *Casarieth* ore each *Appetite* ;
Shee rules (being taught) with *libertie* intire,
Whose actions are to *will* and *will* aright ;
Whose *Obiect's* real good or so in sight ;

In nature shee hates *ill* in *deede*, or show,
And in the true, or false *good*, doth delight ;
If *ill* for *good* shee choose, hence it doth gro
Because *ill* seeming *good* shee takes it so.

'Shee nought can loue but hath some show of *good* ;
Nor ought can loath but hath like show of *ill* ;
Desire of *good* by her may be with-stoode,
But *it* shee cannot loath, or leave it still :
So may shee choose to execute her will,
When *ill* is tendred her in *deede*, or *sho*,
But cannot leaue it, or her wil fulfill,
Because to *ill* shee is a mortall foe,
And lothes it as sole worker of her woe.

'Then must shee needs be ever vnconstrain'd,
Sith her *Creator's* Wil would haue it so ;
Shee could not be her selfe, were shee restrain'd,
And though shee waites on *Reason* to, and fro,
Yet shee makes *Reason* waite her will to kno :
For, touching her, her *Lord* confines his powre,
Which cannot take that he did once besto,
Namely, *arbitriment*, (her richest dowre)
Except *Not-being*, should her quite deuoure.

'For shee hath powre, to obiect to the *Minde*
What pleaseth her, or not the same obiect ;
And while the *Thoughts* the same do turne and winde,
Shee may oreturne those *Thoughts* or them neglect,
And turne the *Minde* to what shee shal direct :
Yea when as *Judgment's* final doome is giv'n,
Shee may, or may refuse the same 't effect ;
For *Men* are not as *Beasts* by *Nature* driv'n,
Vnlesse of *Reason* they are quite bereav'n.

'About shee goes when *Judgment's* doome is past,
And re-examines what it hath decreed ;
Which done, perhaps the same shee will distast,
(Although the sentence be direct indeede)
And runnes another course, lesse right, with speed :
Which second search yet aimes at greater right,
Though shee mistakes the same for want of heede,
Which *want* proceeds from *Sin's* extreame dispiight.
That blindes our *Minde's* eies in extreamest light.'

(Microcosmos, p. 24, col. 2.)

Again :—

'The more the *Corpes* decaies, so much the more
The *soule* is strengthned ; which *sick-men* bewray
Who when their *Bodies* are most *weake* and *poore*,
Their *Minds* reveale most *strength*, and *riches* store.

'Then it's a *substance* and no *Qualitie*,
For *Qualities* in *Substances* subsist ;
Then that which makes another *thing* to Bee,
No *Quality* can be, but doth consist
In its owne substance, which doth sole exist ;
Then sith a *man's* a *man*, that is to say
A lyving *Creature* with right *Reason* blist,
He hath a *soule* that forms, & him doth sway,
Else were he but a livelesse *Lumpe* of *Clay*.'

(*ib.* p. 85, col. 2.)

Similarly in 'Mirum in Modum'—taking only a single illustration :—

'But when we say the *Vnderstanding* seazeth
On nought but what the *Senses* first surprizeth,
Its meant of things that pleaseth, or displeaseth,
And to the *Senses* sensibly ariseth :
{ Then herevpon the common *Sense* deuiseeth,
And then transferres it to the *Intellect*,
Which by hir pow'r inherent doth discourse,
By *Reasons* rules from *Causes* to th' effect :
And beeing there, runnes forth with greater force,
Till *Judgement* (with strong hand) doth stay her course.

'Herehence it is, the *Soule* her selfe doth know,
Hir owne effects shee to hir selfe discloseth,
So to herselfe, herselfe herselfe doth shew,
By powres which shee within herselfe encloseth ;
{ Whereof herselfe, not of herselfe disposeth,
But are directed by a higher *Pow'r* ;
Yet hath shee eyes to see, and sence to feele,
The way vnto herselfe (though most obscure)
Which herselfe virtues to herselfe reueale,
Through which she wots what works hir woe or weale.

'This knowledge of the vnknowne parte of *Man*,
(Namely the knowen *Soules* vnknownen parte)
From *Man* is hid since he to sinne began :
For *Ignorance* of *Sinne* is the iust smart,
{ Which now doth hold enthralld his vniust hart.
But sith the *Soule* is such a precious thing,
As cost the price of past-price deerest bloud,
Then can no knowledge more aduantage bring,
Then knowledge of the *Soule*, as first she stood,
Or since she fell from her extreamest *Good*.¹

(Mirum in Modum, p. 6, col. 1, st. 1.)

I have no thought of claiming for John Davies of Hereford the many-sided genius of Sir John Davies. The point I am alone anxious to establish is, that as having occupied himself with these lofty metaphysical-ethical problems, his intellect had affinities thereto declarative of brains ; whilst his

¹ There are only slight verbal parallels. Two I have noted. In 'Nosce Teipsum' we have : 'This Mistresse lately pluckt me by the eare,' which is thus caught up :—

'But now Decorum, by the eare doth pull

My forward Muse.'—(l. c, p. 18, col. 2, ll. 46-7.)

So too in 'Nosce Teipsum' we find 'And runs a Nymph along the grassie plaines.'—(F. W. L. edn., i. p. 129.)

In the verses commendatory to Rowland Vaughan this re-appears :—

'The Brookes runne murmuring by their parched Brincks
(Pure virgin Nymphes), and chide against the Stancks,
When as their sweetest profer'd seruice stinkes,
So coyly kisse the chapt-lippes of the Bankes.'

(p. 4, col. 1.)

The Spasmodic School would have made much of the latter.

poetic interpretation, if not in 'the large utterance of the early gods,' and without the grandeur of 'Nosce Teipsum,' has distinctive worth—together sufficient to vindicate the recognition I ask for him.

Another virtue, as another characteristic of our Poet, is his ORIGINALITY. This he himself modestly asserts in his 'Wittes Pilgrimage,' where on the Latin saying, 'Nihil tam bene dictum, quod non fuit dictum prius,' he right pleasantly sings of the rarity of 'new inuention' and the tantalising anticipations of the poets of the Past. He then—after his manner—introduces himself half-deprecatingly, half-defensively:—

'We may suppose w' haue lighted on a Vaine
Without this Body, when our Muse doth flo
In some Inuention, past the modern Straine,
But, Self-conceit makes vs imagin so:
For, read All extant, and if some, or all
Of thy Conceit were not comprized in some
Thou art a Spirit, and no Man Naturall:
Who speaks as he is taught, or els is dumbe.
This idle painfull-foolish-witty Worke
(Pardon mee Patience to call it so)
I may conceaue in no Conceit did lurk
Before, from mine, it (thus made run) did flo:
But God doth know on whose Vaine I haue lighted.
I know not, sith, I know, I know non such:
Yet for inditing, I may be indited
For taking That which I ought not to touch.
If so I haue, it was through ignorance
Of what right Others had, to what I haue
And if Theirs be my Wits poore maintainance,
Proue it; and I am theirs, to spill or saue.'

(Wittes Pilgrimage, p. 53.)

To the full extent of our not very large claim for our Worthy, the reader-student will not now feel indisposed to give credence. His originality is to be felt rather than defined; but throughout in substance and workmanship, in matter and manner, in heavenly and earthly truths, in cadence and epithet, John Davies is himself. I have been struck with his sturdy non-imitativeness. You are very rarely reminded of contemporaries.¹ Even in his Epigrams and

¹ Humfrey Gifford's 'Posie of Gilloflowers' may or may not have given him the 'Parable' and 'Morall' in 'Musc's Sacrifice.'—p. 79.

satirical poems the salt of wit is his own. His 'points' he himself selects. His vocabulary, if not marked by culture, is suggestive of considerable and out-o'-the-way reading. Our Glossarial Index alone will make all this good. I like him all the more that he had all an Englishman's just pride in his 'mother-tongue,' as thus to Dr. Philemon Holland:—

'Shall English bee so poore and rudely-base,
As not be able (through mere penury)
To tell what French hath said with gallant grace,
And most tongues else of less facundity?
God shield it should, and Heau'n forefend that wee
SHOULD SO DEBASE OUR OWNR DEERE MOTHER-
TONGUE,
THAT SHEWES OUR THOUGHTS (HOWEUEER HIGH
THEY BEE)
WITH HIGHER TEARMES AND ELOQUENCE AMONG.'

(A Select Husband, p. 61.)

Some of his words—since worn and familiar—flash out finely, e.g. 'translucent,' 'refulgent,' 'purple,' 'diaphanal,' 'accloy,' 'adamantine,' 'attone,' 'coact,' 'emperry,' and abundant others, and there are most noticeable compounds.¹

En passant, he did not care for new-fangled coinages. One *bit* in 'Paper's Complaint' reads curiously to-day from the full acceptance for long of the satirised words—as thus:—

'And though I grieve, yet cannot choose but smile
To see some moderne Poets seed my Soile
With mighty Words that yeeld a monstrous Crop.
Which they do spur-gall in a false-gallop.
Embellish, Blandishment and *Equipage*,
Such Furies flie from their Muse' holy rage.
And if (perchance) one hit on *Surquedry*,
O he writes rarely in sweet Poesy!
But, he that (*point-blanch*) hits *Enuelopd*,
Hee (Lord receaue his Soule) strikes *Poetry* dead.'

(Scourge of Folly, p. 76, col. 1.)

O' times Davies's way of putting things RECALLS LATER POETS. Thus in the 'Select

¹ My allotted space is already far exceeded, else it was my intention to have called attention to many of the words in the Glossarial-Index. I must content myself with this general reference thither, the more readily that in their places and in the Glossarial Index I have annotated considerably. 'Good' and one or two others used as verbs, are quite exceptional.

Second Husband' and in the 'Muse's Sacrifice' I am again and again reminded—as earlier noted—of GEORGE HERBERT'S 'Temple.' I feel certain that that 'sweet Singer' was familiar with DAVIES as with TUSSEER. Let the Reader judge from these short quotations, which may be put beside the 'Perirrhanterium's' sage axiomatic counsels and moralities:—

Marriage.

'Marriage, that is most noble, should haue nought
But what is *noble* in it; *noble-moods*
To scorne that *frailty*, and despise that *thought*
That is not *truly noble*: *marriage-goods*
Are *Its*, if good they be not made by *these*,
Else to haue *much*, is *much* but to displease.

'It is of *knots* the sur'st: for, *two* in *one*
So fast it knits, that *death* can scarce *disiude*:
Nay, many *hundreds* it doth so attone,
That, to *Posteritie*, they *one* abide
The *husband*, then, for this *strong vnitie*,
Should strongly *prop* this *long Posteritie*.

'For *Time*, it's noble; sith at first the God
Of th' *Vniuerse*, did institute it, when
Man lackt an helper (sith he was but odd)
To fill the *world* with *worlds* of other *men*.
'He, was an *husband* call'd yer he had *wife*:
So, next to God, an *husband's* Lord of *life*.

'In *Paradise* it was ordain'd; and so,
For *place* it's noble: and, if *innocence*
May make that *noble*, which from thence doth *flow*
Nobilitie therein hath residence:
'The Lord of *loue*, who *hatred* most doth hate,
'Is *matcht* to those that loue in *married state*.'
(A Select Husband, p. 8, col. 2.)

Wife.

'Teach not thy *wife* to speake *facundiously*:
Much lesse affectedly: but still to speake
Her native *dialect* with puritie
(Yet *short* as *seld*) when e're she *silence* breakes:
To make thy *wife* a *Parrat*, she'll giue thee
A *Daw* (perhaps) or *Cuckow* for thy fee.

'Do thou thy selfe what thou wouldst haue her do
(*Examples* more than *Precepts* leade the way)
And, of her *sex*, rehearse *Examples* too
Mellow and *moderne*: these will runne away
With her *Afections*: so to emulate
Their *Vertues* that all *worlds* so celebrate.'
(*ib.* p. 9, col. 2.)

Home-rule.

'Our *Husband* then must know the *Rules* of *RVLE*:
And when to vse them too; and vse them then:
Else, if an *Ass* be taught but by a *Mule*,
Hee'll stil be brutish. *Olde* must teach *Young* men;
As *wise*, the *fond*; And so, our *Petty-god*;
In his *Homes-heau'n*, must vse the *staffe*, and *rod*.
'With which these *three* must be *cheerd* or *cheekt*;
Wife, *Children*, *Seruants*, in their *kinde*: but, so
As thou maist both thy *good*, and theys effect.
The *Lambe* and *Lyon* must vnited go
To this great *Worke*; and with them, still the *Fox*,
To work on *These*, with *kindnes*, *craft*, and *knocks*.'
(*ib.* p. 11, col. 1.)

Family-training.

'*Hirelings*, that are not yet as *meniall*,
More freely vse then thy *bond-seruants* still;
Yet not, as to one good, giue [thou] to *all*:
But, let thy *front* distinguish *good* from *ill*:
From whose *squint-eyes* hide wel thy *il-vsd power*.
For, it they'll vent with *breath* as *soft* as *sow'r*.

'*Prouision* (soule of *hospitalitie*)
To *Inne* it well, must be the *husbands* care.
Magnificence liues [of] *Frugalitie*:
Be sparing, then, to *spend*; and spending, *spare*.
Beare, and *Forbeare*: *forbeare* least vaine expence
Of wealth, to beare vp thy *Magnificence*.

'Labour, to *Be*: but, idle be to *Seeme*:
(Sith but to *seeme* is idle) so, shalt thou
Behold more *deere*, the lesse thou dost esteeme
Of thine owne *worth*. To *rise*, then, is to *bow*:
But, in thy house thou must retaine that *state*,
That there is fittest to predominate.

'Thou must b' a *King*, a *Prophet*, and a *Priest*,
To *gouerne*, *teach* and *pray*: so *Masters* ought.
To be lesse *good* than *wise*, doth *ill* resist:
To be more *good* than *wise*, is euill thought
For *gouernment*: for such will fall at length
By the *strong pow'r* of their own *weaknes* strength.

'When thou dost feast, (so that the *poore* fast not)
Feast thou as oft, as well thy *state* may beare,
Haue *Guests* that haue no pleasure in the pot,
But, sadly gamesome; witty, as austere:
So, shalt thou bind to thee (in *loue*, at least)
Men worth thy *meate*; in *earnest*, and in *iest*.

'*Life*, and *Societie* do so accord,
As, if they be diuided, die they will:
And, *frolicke Fate* doth (lightly) load that Bord
That fedes the *honest* and the *hungry*, still:
Yet, boord no *Buffons*, that are boorders broad:
Their *Loue* is light: and yet, a heauy load.

'They are but *Baskets* of the *Dinels* almes,
Which keepe his *scraps* of wit for *wicked wills*!

These wound with *will*, and then giue witty *balms* ;
With laughter feed ; than, bring in saddest *Bills*.
Meere *moaths* of *great-men* ; good-mens *eye sores* : O !
I would, nor *good*, nor *great-men*, such did know.

'Then such to shun, and with them, other *Pests*,
Pray euer to be taught in *Wisedomes* schooles ;
And craue the *Master* of thy *soules* requests
To blesse thee from the *sacrifice* of *fooles* :
Be thou not *Bell*, whose guileful *Priests* did eat
(While, *senslesse*, he lookt on) his *means* and *meat*.

'Let *Mornes*, and *Eu'nings* neuer passe their *prime* :
But, with the *little Church*, or petty state
In thy home's *signiory* pray out that *Time*,
To be preseru'd from *Sense* so reprobate :
Then, *Wisdome*, *Fear*, and *Loves* deuotion shall
Be as *Triumvirate*, to rule thine *All*.

'And, when thy life, thus spent, draws neer her *date*
Let *Prudence*, and *Compassion* penne thy *Will* ;
For, they'l make *Loue* and *Rights* so part thy *state*,
As *All* shall like ; and, for it, loue thee still :
So, *Thine*, and th' other *Thine* (the *poore*) shalbe
Still ioy'd, in *griefe*, and grieu'd, in *loy*, for thee.

'Now sleeps this *husband*, (in his latest *home*)
While *heau'nly glory* watcheth when he wakes,
To take him to her *temple*, from his *tombe* ;
Sith *Fame*, her selfe, of *him*, an *Idoll* makes.
But, *Heau'nly glory* enuy'ng his *Fames* praise,
Swallows *Fames beams* into her brighter *raies*.
(A Select Husband, p. 12, col. 1.)

In the 'Muse's Sacrifice' the 'Thankes-
giuing for our Being' is not superseded by
'Providence' or 'Man,'—as witness :—

'All things thou mad'st for me ; and me for Thee ;
for me *Ground*, *Graine* ; *Trees*, *Fruit* ; *Mines*,
Mettall bear :
Aire, *Fowle* ; *Seas*, *Fish* ; & *Fish* & *Fowle*, for me,
produce most glorious *Pearle*, and *Plumes* to weare !

'For me, *Seas*, *Ships* ; *Ships*, *Sailes* ; *Sailes*, *Winds*
endure,
to bring me *Benefits* from forraine *Lands* :
For me, *Flouds*, flow ; *Wels*, spring ; *Springs*, Water
pure
doe yeeld ; that I should yeeld to thy commands.

'*Sheepe*, *Oxen*, *Kine*, *Goates*, *Buckes*, and other *Beasts*
yeeld *Flesh*, *Fleece*, *Fels*, *Milke*, *Oile*, & *Hornes*
for me :
For me, the *Hound* doth cry, the *Spaniell* quests,
to teach me how to cry, with hope, to *Thee*.

'The *Hornes* of *Vnicornes* (that precious be)
are mine, though they do weare them for my sake :
Plants *Vertue* haue, not for themselues, but me :
so, things of eu'ry suite, me *Prime* doe make !

'What would I more? there's nought hath being got
on, or in *Earth*, in *Water*, or in *Aire*,
That eyther feedes, or heales, or sports me not :
so that this *World* doth nought but me *repaire*.

'If I the Elementall *World* transcend,
to view the *Heau'nly Orbes* ; what *Wonders* There
Sunne, *Moone*, and *Stars*, I see, who all attend
but for my good, for which they framéd were.
(Muse's Sacrifice, p. 25, col. 2.)

The student of Herbert will recognise his
prototypes all through Davies ; and it is
suggestive to mark how the after-comer
completes the thought and transfigures the
fancy of his precursor—much as 'The
Cottar's Saturday Night' ennobled Ferguson's
'Farmer's Ingle.'

Greater than Herbert seem to have known
our Poet. Thus in 'Summa Totalis' we
have this :—

'God knowes not *Euill* by receiuiug in
A *Notion* to his *Mind* ; which knowes not so :
For if he so should do, so should he sinne ;
But sith he knowes himselfe, he *Ill* doth know
By his owne goodnesse : so, knowes *Ill*, his foe.
But if, by *Notions*, he did ought perceiue,
Them that perceiue'd, those *Notions* needs must show ;
So, should he more then erst before conceiue
And so might be deceiued, and deceiue.'
(Sum. Tot., p. 23, col. 2.)

Compare Milton :—

'Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind.' (Par. Lost, v. l. 117).

Admitted that 'so unapprov'd' lifts to a
higher level of vision ; none the less was
the vision in the same direction. In other
words, lowly John Davies had the same
'obstinate questionings' that Milton and
Wordsworth had. Of another kind is another
slight Milton illustration. Davies rebukes
the 'foule swarme of Cuckoes of our time'
(Wittes Pilgrimage, p. 81, l. 99). Milton
also uses 'Cuckoe' as a term of contempt
(Sonnet 12),

'Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs.'

Again, RICHARD CRASHAW (I think) must have
read 'The Triumphs of Death.' Thus :—

'There might ye see Death (as with toile opprest)
Panting for breath.'
(*Humours Heau'n*, p. 45, col. 1, ll. 9, 10.)

Cf. *Sospetto d' Herode*, st. xl. :—

'Impartiall Death
With endlesse businesse almost out of breath.'
(*F. W. Lib.* Ed. i. p. 109.)

Once more, in 'Microcosmos' (p. 81, col. 1, l. 33) we come on this striking line :—

'In lowest depth of high'st humilitee.'

which sounds paradoxical, but is penetratively true and vital. HENRY VAUGHAN the Silurist and Dr. HENRY MORE were apparently 'taken' by it; for in the former we read

'O holy Hope! and high Humilty.'
(*F. W. Lib.* Ed. i. p. 184.)

and in the latter :—

'My mansion hight humilitie,
Heaven's vastest capabilitie.'
(p. 181, col. 2, ll. 5-6, *C. W. Lib.* Ed.)

So too in the 'Cordiall' for the imprisoned Northumberland, there is this fine exclamation :—

'O didst thou know some poore *spirits* Rauishments,
whenas (entranc'd) they feele vnbounded Blisse,
Crownes thou wouldst lothe, as crossing those *contents*,
and let the *Crosse* quite breake thy Backe for *this* !'
(*Muse's Sacrifice*, p. 81, col. 1, st. 9.)

Compare Vaughan :—

'If this world's friends might see but once
What some poor man may often feel ;
Glory, and gold, and crowns, and thrones,
They would soon quit, and learn to kneel.'
(*F. W. Lib.* Ed. i. p. 236.)

Even more substantively it seems manifest that Sir Henry Wotton must have known 'The Picture of an Happy Man' in the 'Muse's Sacrifice.' We shall do well to read and re-read this 'Picture.' I can only find room here for the latter half. Surely it is passing strange that our Anthologies have never given this compacted and successful poem !—

'That loues his *body* for his *Soule*;
Soule, for his *Minde*; his *Minde* for *God*;
God, for himselfe; and doth controule
CONTENT, if *It* with *him* be odde.

'That to his *Soule*, his *Sense* subdues;
his *Soule*, to *Reas'n*; and *Reas'n* to *Faith*;
That *Vice* in *Vertues* shape eschewes;
and both, by *Wisdom*, rightly waigt'h.

'That rests in *action*, acting nought
but what is *good* in *deed* and *shew*;
That seekes but *God* within his *thought*,
and thinkes but *God* to *loue* and *know*.

'That all vnseene, sees *All*, (like *Him*)
and makes good vse of what he sees;
That notes the *tracts* and *triches* of *Time*,
and *flees* with th' one, the other *flees*.

'That liues too *low* for *Enuies* lookes;
and yet too *high* for loth'd *Contempt*;
Who makes his Friends *Good-men*, and *Bookes*,
and nought without them doth attempt.

'That liues as dying; liuing yet
in *death*, for *life* he hath in *hope*;
As far from *State*, as *sinne*, and *debt*;
of *happie life* the *meanes* and *scope*.

'That feares no *frownes*, nor cares for *fawnes*
of *Fortunes fauorits*, or *foes*,
That neither *checkes* with *Kings*, nor *Parones*;
and yet still *winnes* what *Checkers* lose.

'That euer liues a *light* to *All*,
(though oft obscured) like the *Sunne*;
And though his *Fortunes* be but small,
yet *Fortune* doth not *seeke* nor *shunne*.

'That neuer *lookes* but *grace* to finde;
"nor *seekes* for *knowledge* to be knowne :
That makes a *Kingdome* of his *Minde*,
wherein, with *God*, he *raignes* alone.

'This *Man* is *great* with *little* state,
Lord of the *World* Epitomiz'd :
Who, with staid *Front*, out-faceth *Fate*;
and, being *emptie*, is suffic'd :
Or, is suffic'd with *little*; sith (at least)
He makes his *Conscience* a continuall *Feast*.'
(*Muse's Sacrifice*, p. 68, col. 1, st. 2.)

To me Wotton is thin and feeble beside these finely-woven lines, albeit 'How happy is he born and taught' has secured its place in our literature. Onward I shall state the peculiar interest of Davies for Shakespearians.

Finally—May I be so audacious as to discern an anticipation of Tennyson's great lines commencing

'There rolls the deep where grew the tree,'

in the 'Muse's Sacrifice' as thus :—

'Now swels the Sea, where erst faire Cities stood ;
so, where Men walkt, now huge Sea-monsters swim :
And, where the Earth was couer'd with her Floud,
now Citties stand vnneere the Ocean's Brim.'¹
(*Muse's Sacrifice*, p. 51, col. 1, last st.)

I hope enough has been said to win a hearing for JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD, as against neglect hitherto and depreciation based on ignorance, not knowledge. I have made no extravagant or ungrounded claims for him. I give proofs; AND THESE MIGHT BE MULTIPLIED TO ALMOST ANY EXTENT. So that after his kind, and to the degree sought, I anticipate grateful recognition for him *qua* a Poet. I like to indulge these 'Pleasures of Hope,' none the less that his self-estimate was modest, albeit there are intimations that he counted on survival through his Verse. I would briefly illustrate both of these points. First, his—modest self-estimate. This comes out in his 'Passages before the Book,' *i.e.* 'The Scourge of Folly.' Thus he asks Lord Walden to

'Accept this Scumme of Wit, that flies before
The breath of Laughter, lighter then this Froth.'—(p. 5.)

and turns 'so light a Guift' taken 'in gree' into a compliment to his patron's 'waight of Worth.' Similarly he tells 'the Reader' that his Booke ('my brainlesse Booke')—

... 'points at nought but Vice in generall,
Much like a lifelesse Finger on a Dyall.'—(*ib.* p. 5.)

So too in 'Of Mirth :—'

... 'I, desirous to delight each minde,
Haue made an hotch-potch heere, of eury kinde.'
(*ib.* p. 6.)

Elsewhere, his are 'doggrell rimes' (*ib.* p. 18, Ep. 97) and himself only 'Canis' not Martiall (*ib.* p. 29, Ep. 191). But while all this is so, he did—as observed—look forward to being remembered. He knew he was no mere rhymester or sentence-maker,

¹ I find in glancing through my Notes and Illustrations that I promise parallels from Herrick, Thomson, Young, and others. Reluctantly, space-driven, I suppress these; but the student-reader will recall them, I daresay, without my help.

but 'possessed' (in its deepest sense)—so that to him to sing was inevitable, however lowly and inadequately. Thus, half-pathetically half-humorously, he addresses GEORGE CHAPMAN :—

... 'of all artes that now in London are,
Poets gett least in vittering of their ware.
But thou hast in thy head and hart and hand,
Treasures of arte that treasure can command.
Ah, would they could; then should thy wealth and witt
Bee equall, and a lofty fortune fitt.
But George, thou wert accurst, and so was I
To bee of that most blessed company;
For if they most are blest that most are crost,
Then poets (I am sure) are blessed most.
Yet wee with rime and reason trimme the times,
Though they giue little reason for our rimes.
The reason is (els error blinds my witts)
They reason want to do what honor fitts.

BUT LET THEM DO AS PLEASE THEM, WEE MUST DO
WHAT PHCEBUS (SIRE OF ARTE) MOVES NATURE TO.'
(*Scourge of Folly*, pp. 59-60.)

With subtler touches, again, in his most affecting 'Funerall Elegie on Mrs. Dutton'—of which more in the earlier half of this Introduction (pp. xiv-xv. I. Biographical)—he asserts the supremacy of the Poet, as thus :—

'To thee then sing I, as I sing of Thee,
Who art sole Base of this high Harmony :
For, knowing Tombes haue ends as well as waists,
And that strong Rime their ruine farre out-lastes,
My Muse shall labour on this ground of Fame,
To raise a Pile of Rime, whereon thy Name
Shall euer shine, through Wits Celestiall Flashes,
Vntill another Phoenix of the Ashes
Producéd be; that when it eft shall burne
In those eternall flames, it eft may turne
To pristine plight; and by such alteration,
Liue Phoenix-like (still bright) in admiration !'
(*Muse's Sacrifice*, p. 63, col. 1.)

Equally definite and unmistakable, and throbbing with an infinite pathos, is his longing 'for life unlike to Death,' and his consciousness of measureless difference between himself and mere 'rich fools' of Fortune. Let us read :—

'The date of my lifes Lease is neere expird,
Yet labour I for life, sith still I swimme
In Sorrowes Seas, as one as neerely tride
As hee is neere the Bottom, or the Brym.
I scarce can keepe me Head aboue the Waues
With all my Laboures, my Starres are so crosse !

Yea, vnder Water oft my Science saues
 From Death, my Life, which Stormes of Troubles tosse.
 But as the Deluge, swelling more, and more,
 Made th' Arke thereby to Heau'n-warde mount apace :
 So, when Afflictions Waues increase their Store
 They lift me vp thereby the more to Grace :
 Yet, as they multiplie, their struggle so
 That they turmoile my Bodie, toyle my Mynd :
 For, bothe in anguishes flote when Sorrowes flo ;
 And, sorrowes flow from Fortunes Ebbe, by kind.
 So, that I cannot yet that Rest attaine
 Which my poore Soule and Spirit so requires ;
 I, longing, labour for it, yet in vaine :
 For, base Defect withstands my high Desires.
 And by how much the more for it I longe
 So much the more I do Worlds weale neglect ;
 Wherein my selfe and my Desires I wrong :
 That are the more supprest by that Defect.
 I was not moulded, sure in earthlie Mould,
 (Though of the Filth thereof my Fleshe was fram'd)
 For, if I were, then sure it fitt mee should ;
 But, nothing lesse, whereof I am asham'd.
 I see some Men [who when wee weigh their Witt,
 Wee, as miraculous, their wealth admire]
 To this Worlds Mould do make them selues as fitt
 As if their Witt, and Metall were all Fire !
 Yet some meere Blocks, that are as blunt, as base,
 Rise from still lying but in Durt and Dung
 To high estate [which standeth with their Case]
 Though Fate, through too much right, them too much
 wrong !
 Yet I [whose Braines are plac'd in better Cells
 And haue the influence of clearer light]
 Can compas nothing by Wits magick-Spells
 [These charming Numbers] but mine owne delight.
 I stoln am from my self, by nine sweet Queenes
 [Who do predominate my Witt, and Will]
 While Times steales from me both my Life, and Meanes ;
 And leaues me nought to liue with, but my skill.
 Yet from Times Wings I steale his blackest Plumes
 (The Night) to rest in motion of my Muse ;
 And til my Witt by stealth of Time consumes,
 In spight of Want, this wealth of Witt Ile vse.
 And with Aurora [raiser of the Muse]
 Ile wake if Rests friend [Sleep] should rest mine Eyes ;
 To steale from Time, what I may iustlie vse,
 So to Supplie Times want with 's own Supplies !
 And for the Stuffe whereof Ile draw my Lines
 It shall bee such as from his Throne shall come,
 Whose Muse-immortalizing Spirit them twines,
 And (Silke worm like) Ile worke me in my Tombe.
 Where, though I, poor Worme, from my Labours rest
 My Works well wou'n by some more dextrous Witt
 May line perhaps the Note-bookes of the best ;
 Yea, for Apparrell of the Mind be fitt.
 And though the Viperous Iron Teeth of Time
 May gnaw away, to wrack, through my Works Wombe,
 Yet if my Sprit, thereby aboue Him climbe
 Lett my Lines raynd bee, to giue Him Roome :

For though content, I could bee, dead, to liue
 In Fames strongst Fort (though Paper be the Wall,
 And Sense of Fame my life cannot suruiue)
 Yet if I rise thereby lett my Fame fall :
 For, what feelles Naso that a Worke compos'd
 That liues and shall, till Time bee Toothlesse quite,
 Sith hee 's disposd, where now hee 's indisposd
 To feele a Winde that is so vaine, and light ?
 Yet heers the Winde that beares the World away
 Though it bee weaker then the lightest Mynd :
 Then, weake is That so weake a Winde doth swaie ;
 And die they ought that liue but for such Winde.
 But, Vertue for hir selfe (and not for Fame
 That as an Hand-maide hir attendeth still)
 I chiefly do desire, and let my name
 Die in hir life, so shee may make my Will,
 And, with hir leaue, to giue (and make no waste)
 My Time to draw Diuine Lines to the last.'
 (Wittes Pilgrimage, p. 52, col. 1.)

In like manner he assures Thomas
 Hawkins—

'These lines shall stay thy name while Time doth stirre.'
 (Scourge of Folly, p. 6a.)

There are other more playful parallels
 elsewhere. Thus in the 'Scourge of Folly :—

'Of myselfe.

'LORD ! my poore braines how busily I beate,
 My temples toile with chafing of my hand ;
 My sleepes disturb, my meales cutt short at meate ;
 My time consume. Why? Not to purchase land,
 Nor soule to saue, nor goods to gayne, do I
 Endure this toile, but meere for the meede
 Of Fames fraile blast, which with my selfe must dye,
 Or, after death, can stand in little steede.
 When from my wits I draw the quintessence,
 Subliming that too to the highest height,
 An airy-word is all the recompence
 That to my lott for all my paines shall light.
 Perhaps some gull (as witty as a goose)
 Sales with a coy scue-looke, its pritty, pritty,
 But yet that so much witt hee should dispose
 To so small purpose, faith (saith hee) its pitty.
 Some foole els shootes his bowlt and hath his bvt :
 He hath a pritty witt, bvt yet (saith hee)
 Herein (methinkes) he is much ouer-shutt,
 And then (perhapps) he cauills with a T
 That was misplac'd, or at the most missuted.
 T ordurd in his teeth where its well plac'd ;
 Faine would he flout if ought were to be flouted :
 And all but his owne witt, would haue disgrac'd.
 But if some other, better farre affected,
 Commend my lines and relish my conceits :
 Here's the reward that all in all's expected ;
 And what is this but winde of meere deceit ?
 When Fames fatt-fooles of fame haue had their fill,

They stand on tipto, proud of praised skill ;
Yet with one stroke Death both at once doth spill.

Again.

'THE world that sins not is disoluable ;
Creatures are locall, so are finite all :
Finite is temp'rall, temp'rall's mutable,
And mutable is mortall. Then who shall
Depend on fame for his eternity,
Rests but on wind and fraile mortality.'
(Scourge of Folly, p. 64.)

The close reminds of his light-hearted
words 'To the World : '—

'Praise, or Dispraise (mad World) all's one to mee :
For, bad's the best from them that bedlem bee.
Or, if thou couldst *praise* iustly, or *dispraise*,
Neither, my *minde* should either *fall* or *raise*
From what it is : which so itselfe conceales,
That, past itselfe, no place for either leaues :
For *Praises* are but Puffes (as all men are)
Dispraises, Snuffes : Then, if we them compare,
They will fall out to be but *Ayre* or *Winde*,
That's lesse substantiall farre then That behinde,
Then 'tis no hap at all to scape a *Scape* :
And, light's the *minde* whereof *Winde* marres the
Shape.'
(Scourge of Folly, p. 5.)

And his 'Conclusion,'—'The Author, of,
and to his Muse,'—reveals aspiration and
consecration ; and with these I close :—

'My Muse is tirde with tyring but on Leaues
that fruitlesse are ; yet, leave ill fruits behinde :
Shee only workes for Ayre, that but deceives :
so, workes for nothing, but deceitful Winde.

'And what she seisseth, as her Subiect, is
but vaine, if it be light ; and lightly what
Shee preyes upon, is such : then, now on This,
shee needes to pray, for preying so on That.

'O Muse, didst thou but know thy native kinde,
(being all diuine) thou ne'er would'st wane thy wings
In that which doth but onely marre the Mind ;
but, endlessly, about Celestiall Things.

'Th' will be deplum'd for pluming so on Trash,
And (like a Flesh-flye) lighting but on Sores ;
Then, in Arts fairest Founts, thy Feathers wash,
to flye to him that Heau'n and Earth adores !

'Thy Raptures else, are but such Rauishments,
as are reproachfull, penall, lewde, and light :
But Raptures farre above the Elements,
doe shew thy Vertue in the fairest flight.

'O then, thou great vnlimitable Muse,
(that rests, in motion, in th' ETERNALS Breast)
Inspire my Muse, with grace her pow'r to use
in nought, but what to thee shall be address :

*So shall that Spirit that made thy David sing,
Make Dauides too, (a Begger) like a King.'*
(Muse's Sacrifice, p. 8, col. 2.)

'Well, farewell Folly, Ile shake hands with thee ;
And farewell Mirth, that dost but martir mee ;
Into the world we came not to make merry,
(Though many of vaine mirth are neuer weary)
But for more holy and religious ends,
Which breed immortal mirth, that nere offends.
Hereafter, what my Muse shall thinke vpon,
Shall to that mirth (by Heau'n's helpe) tend alone.
Meanwhile these merry-sorry lashes may
Drive Time and Times Abuse, with sport, away.'
(Scourge of Folly, p. 65, col. 2.)

I have now to bring before the Reader
the EXTRINSIC interest of this body of Poetry
as another element of vindication of our
revival of Davies of Hereford at this late day
—that is, apart from the INTRINSIC and sub-
stantive value of much in it, as thus far made
good to the extent of his own modest claim.

Looking at the distinctively secular, as
distinguished from his Christian-mystic reli-
gious-verse, I know of no books that so
abound with life-pictures of the every-day
ongoings in contemporary England. By the
accidents of his profession, on the one hand,
as a noted Teacher of Penmanship, he moved
in the very highest circles of society. Hence
there are direct words to or of the Foremost in
State and Church ; and in none does he fail
to transmit some personal trait or memento.
Thus we have in the 'Scourge of Folly' not
only Epigrams and personal references to Sir
Philip Sidney and Essex and 'Southampton'
and 'Lady Rich,' Alice Countess of Derby,
and Sir Thomas Lucy, but over and over
there are introduced Shakespeare, Ben
Jonson, Fletcher, Bacon, Drayton, Chapman,
Daniel, Hales, and others of 'the mighties.'
Our Index of Names will guide to simply
priceless memories of names that we shall not
'willingly let die.' His 'They say' introduces
words that were in the air at the moment.
I take as typical, the supremest of them all
—Shakespeare. To him we have an Epigram
thus headed—'To our English Terence, Mr.

Will. Shakespeare,' wherein he is pleasantly spoken to as 'good Will,' and as having 'a rainging wit,' and in its absolute sense 'honesty;' and more, a distinct designation of his 'acting;' and especially acting 'kingly parts in sport,' as having hindered his advance at Court. There seem to me here two distinct statements (a) That if he had not been an 'actor,' he might have been a fit companion for a king; (b) That he had somehow given offence in 'high places' by acting 'kingly parts in sport.' That is, the 'brand' of low social status, through being an 'actor' (*i.e.* a vagabond) might have been overcome even at Court; but within that was some report of 'sport' in and of 'Kingly parts.' It will be well to read here this Epigram in full, as I think another after-reference sheds light on the latter point, viz., his 'acting' of 'kingly parts in sport.' Here it is:—

'Some say good *Will* (which I, in sport, do sing)
Had'st thou not plaid some Kingly parts in sport,
Thou hadst bin a companion for a *King*;
And, beene a King among the meaner sort.
Some others raile; but raile as they thinke fit,
Thou hast no rayling, but, a rainging Wit:
And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reape;
So, to increase their Stocke which they do keepe.
(Scourge of Folly, p. 26.)

I place alongside of this a very noticeable *bit* of one who acted just thus 'Kingly parts in sport.' It occurs in 'Specvlvm Proditori' (A Select Husband, p. 18); and I like to think that this 'man' was Shakespeare, and that herein we have a designed supplement to the Epigram. Let the reader compare and judge:—

'I knew a *Man*, vnworthy as I am,
And yet too worthie for a *counterfeit*,
Made once a *king*; who though it were in *game*,
Yet was it there where *Lords* and *Ladies* met;
Who honor'd him, as hee had been the same,
And no subiectiue *dutie* did forget:
When to him-selfe he smil'd, and said, lo here
I haue for noght, what *Kings* doe buy so deere.
'No odds there was in shew (and but in show,
Kings are too often honour'd) saue that *he*
Was but twelue gamesome *daies* to *king* it so;
And *kings*, more *years* of soueraigne misery.

His *raigne* was *short* and *sweet*, theirs *long* in *wo*.
He after liu'd: they, with or for *theirs*, die.
He had a tast of *raigne*, with powre to leaue;
They cannot tast, but life must *take* or *gine*.
(A Select Husband, p. 18, col. 2.)

If I am correct in my conclusion, this informs us that Shakespeare took a prominent part (a 'King') in private theatricals; and that rumours of the 'sport' were carried to King James. It remains uncertain whether James wrote Shakespeare a letter of thanks for 'Macbeth.' The tone of self-evident regard, even homage, towards Shakespeare (as toward Burbage) on Davies's part is all the more noteworthy in that he has 'a sharp tooth' for 'Players' in general. Thus while he gladly celebrates 'Poets, and sweete Poesie,' he is vehement against the overweening 'pride' of 'Players,'—as witness:—

'But that which grates my *Galle*, and mads my *Muse*,
Is (ah that ever such iust cause should *Bee*)
To see a *Player* at the put-downe *stewes*
Put vp his *Peacocke's* Taile for al to see,
And for his hellish voice, as prowde as *hee*;
What *Peacocke* art thou prowd? Wherfore? because
Thou *Parrat*-like canst speake what is taught thee.
A *Poet* must teach thee from clause to clause,
Or thou wilt breake *Pronunciation's* Lawes.

'Lies al thy *vertue* in thy *Tongue* stil taught,
And yet art prowd? alas poore *skum* of *pride*!
Peacocke, looke to thy *legs* and be not haught,
No *patience* can least *pride* in thee abide;
Looke not vpon thy *Legs* from side to side
To make thee prowder, though in *Buskine* fine,
Or *silke* in graine the same be beautifide;
For *Painters* though they haue no skil diuine,
Can make as faire a *legge*, or *limbe* as thine.

'Good *God*! that euer *pride* should stoope so low,
That is by nature so exceeding hie:
Base pride, didst thou thy selfe, or others know,
Wouldst thou in *harts* of Apish *Actors* lie,
That for a *Cue* wil sel their *Qualitie*?
Yet they through thy perswasion (being strong)
Doe weene they merit *immortality*,
Onely because (forsooth) they vse their *Tongue*,
To speake as they are taught, or right or *wronge*.

'If *pride* ascend the *stage* (ô base ascent)
Al men may see her, for nought comes thereon
But to be seene, and where *Vice* should be shent,
Yea, made most odious to ev'ry one,
In blazing her by demonstration

Then *pride* that is more than most vicious,
Should there endure open damnation,
And so shee doth, for shee's most odious
In *Men* most base, that are ambitious.'

(Microcosmos, p. 82, col. 1.)

But again even in this place he 'turns aside' to commemorate the worthy; and once more Shakespeare and Burbage are introduced:—

'*Players*, I loue yee, and your *Qualitie*,
As ye are *Men*, that pass-time not abus'd :
And some I loue for *painting*, *poesie*,
And say fell *Fortune* cannot be excus'd,
That bath for better *uses* you refus'd :
Wit, *Courage*, *good-shape*, *good partes*, and all *good*,
As long as al these *goods* are no *worse* vs'd,
And though the *stage* doth staine pure gentle *bloud*,
Yet generous yee are in *minde* and *moode*.

'Your *Qualitie*, as farre as it reproues
The *World* of *Vice*, and grosse *incongruence*
Is good ; and *good*, the *good* by nature loues,
As recreating in and outward *sense* ;
And so deserving *praise* and *recompence* :
But if *pride* (otherwise then morally)
Be acted by you, you doe all incense
To mortall hate ; if all hate mortally,
Princes, much more *Players* they vilifie.'

(*ib.* p. 82, col. 2.)

Davies's affectionate praise of SHAKESPEARE, and his very slight celebration of SOUTHAMPTON, PEMBROKE, etc., lead me to remark—in a sentence—that HENRY BROWN's theory in his 'Sonnets of Shakespeare Solved' (1870) is in my judgment un-reason embodied, in so far as making John Davies of Hereford Shakespeare's 'rival' is concerned. He is ludicrously ignorant equally of the facts and of the poetry of Davies.

Opposite the line 'some I loue for painting, poesie,' are the initials W. S. R. B. = W[illiam]S[hakespeare], R[ichard]B[urbage]. The praise of Burbage as a Painter gives inferential confirmation to Oldys' MS. note in Langbaine that it is to him we are indebted for the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare. Still further: in the 'Scourge of Folly' is another (so-called) Epigram that adds new significance and new pathos to Shakespeare's

sense of degradation on his enforced associates as an 'Actor':—

'I came to English Aesop (on a tide)
As he lay tirde (as tirde) before to play :
I came vnto him in his flood of pride ;
He then was King, and thought I should obay.
And so I did, for with all reuerence, I
As to my Soueraigne (though to him vnknowne)
Did him approch ; but loe, he casts his Eye,
As if therein I had presumption showne :
I, like a Subiect (with submissee regard)
Did him salute, yet he re-greeted mee
But with a Nod, because his speech he spar'd
For Lords and Knights that came his Grace to see.
But I suppos'd he scorn'd me, by which scorne
I deem'd him to be some demi-god ;
(That's more then King (at least) that thoughts
discerne)

And markt my fain'd fawnings, with a Nod.
For, I well knew him (though he knew not me)
To be a *player*, and for some new *Crownes*
Spent on a *Supper*, any man may bee
Acquainted with them, from their *Kings* to *Clownes*.
But I (as Aron with the Golden Calfe)
Did grosse idolatry with him commit :
Nay my offence was more then his by halfe,
He erd against his will, but I with wit :
For, Wit me taught (I thought, for proofof folly)
To try conclusions on this doting *Asse* ;
I him ador'd too much, but he (vnholly)
Took't on him smoothly ; But well, let that passe,
His golden Coate his eyes dim'd, I suppose,
That he could not well see my Veluet hose.

But if I ere salute him so againe,
Croune him, and Cockes-combe my crowne for my
paine.'

(Scourge of Folly, p. 28, Ep. 180.)

One yearns to know more of this 'English Aesop.' I have italicised ll. 18-20 that they may shed light on Shakespeare's Sonnet cxi:—

'O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds,
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand ;
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd ;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection ;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
No double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.'

Compare also this on Fortune, 'Humours Heau'n,' p. 37, st. 76-79. Opposite st. 76, l. 5, 'Yet some she guerdond not, to their desarts,' again are 'W. S. R. B. It is also to the honour of Davies that while in 'Paper's Complaint' he has praise for the 'eternall lines' of Venus and Adonis, he does not hesitate to brand its 'lewd' subtilising, as thus :—

'Another (ah Lord helpe) mee vilifies
With Art of Loue, and how to subtilize,
Making lewd *Venus*, with eternall Lines,
To tye *Adonis* to her loues designs :
Fine wit is shew'n therein : but finer twere
If not attired in such bawdy Geare.
But be it as it will : the coyest Dames,
In priuate read it for their Closset-games :
For, sooth to say, the Lines so draw them on,
To the veneration speculation,
That will they, nill they (if of flesh they bee).'
(Paper's Complaint, p. 75, col. 2.)

Besides these personal things our Notes and Illustrations in the places and in the Glossarial-Index, will furnish the Shakespearean student with a considerable number of words and phrases illustrative and even elucidative of Shakespeare in a humble way. I may notify a few in addition to the references, as *supra*. Thus I open 'Microcosmos,' and read as follows :—

'How many may we *heare* and *see* of these,
Who with bent-brow, scue-look, and mouth awry
Sleightly suruaie the *workes* that wise-men please
Protesting them to be but *poore* ; And whie?
Because they proue their *Witt's* base povertie :
They faine would *faine* to haue vnfained skill
In ev'ry thing wherein they *faults* espie,
And by depraving *Witt* t' haue witt at will,
When all's but *fain'd*, and *strain'd* and passing ill.'
(Microcosmos, p. 72, ll. 24-32.)

I am reminded by a trick of memory hereby of Gratiano's words in the 'Merchant of Venice' (I. i. ll. 88-99) :—

'There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain ;
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, "I am sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !"
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.'

Even in his religious-metaphysical poems a Shakesperean illustration gleams on you. Thus in 'Mirum in Modum'—as noted in the place—you come on this :—

'A greater signe of death cannot appeere,
(If sage Hipocrates we credit may)
Then when we see the Sicke to gripe the geare,
That lies vpon them, or with it to play :
They are past helpe (God helpe them) then we say.'
(Mirum in Modum, p. 30, st. 3.)

This at once suggests the dying Falstaff (Henry v., ii. 3) :—

... 'after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a'babbl'd of green fields.'

Similarly, in 'Summa Totalis' (p. 5, col. 2, l. 6 from bottom), we have this :—

'Then, euen-*Christians*, let an abiect one
(With your allowance) spend his powrelesse might
In earnest search of this *Trin-vnion*.'

Cf. Hamlet (v. i. l. 32) :—'The more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their EVEN CHRISTIAN.' So too in 'Microcosmos' (p. 93, col. 2, l. 48) the use of 'parcel-gild' finely illustrates the Shakespearean 'parcel-gilt.' Still more so—albeit I can't dwell on it—the fantastic fashion of the politician Malvolio has a delightful commentary in st. 15th of Humour's Heav'n on Earth :—

'His stockings (suitable vnto the same)
Were of blacke silke, and crosse-wise garteréd :
The knot whereof a Roses forme did frame,
Which neare the ham the sable leaues did spred :
His Shoes were veluet, which his foote became.
Thus was he clad, from foote vnto the Head,
Who still was still, as one of iudgement staied,
Before he heard, and poiz'd, what others saide.'
(Humours Heau'n on Earth, p. 7, st. 15.)

Then also Gaunt's 'This royal throne of

Kings' (Richard II. 2. 1) is echoed in 'Thou Royall seat of farre renowned Kings' (Bien Venu, p. 7, col. 1. st. 4), and a somewhat hackneyed phrase since is found in 'Muse's Sacrifice' (p. 80, l. 4):—

... 'Nor make comparisons: for it
Is odious'

—fetched from Dean Donne perchance, but illustrative of 'Much ado about Nothing' (iii. 5), 'comparisons are odorous.' Incidentally in the 'Scourge of Folly' (Epigram 73, l. 5) the mention of the song called Callino is a sort of Shakespearean illustration, as that is the song which, according to Boswell's emendation, Ancient Pistol hums in Henry V. (iv. 4). *En passant* it is mentioned also in Dekker's 'Satiromastix.' I may remark at this point that Davies after this manner indirectly illustrates or elucidates contemporaries. I name another. In the Proverbs added to 'Scourge of Folly,' No. 387, 'When all candles be out all catt's be gray,' is found in Chapman's Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany. Elze in his edition of this Play calls it 'a German proverb which, I think, will nowhere else be found in English.' This from Davies shows that he is (excusably) mistaken. Besides, the same proverb occurs in Lodge's 'Margarite of America' (1596), to say nothing of its later appearances, e.g., in 'Humphrey Clinker.' The Spanish proverb is 'in the dark all cats are black,' as I learn from the old translation of the 'Spanish Rogue' (1630, pt. ii. p. 128). In like manner now familiar phrases turn up in unexpected places, e.g., 'call a spade a spade'—whereon I for one greatly relish the following:—

'There was a *Time* when, ah that so there was,
Whie not there is? There is and was a *Time*,
When *Men* might cal *Gold*, *Gold*; & *Brasse*, but *Brasse*,
And saie it, without *check*, in *Prose* or *Rime*.
Yet should I cal thee *Gold*, some (*Brasse* perchance)
Would saie I err'd because I nere *toucht* thee.
And so did cal thee through meere ignorance,
Or (which is worse) through abiect *Flatteree*.
I am too ignorant (I doe confesse)
To iudge thy *worth*, which worthiest *Men* commend,

Yet may I say (I hope) and not transgresse,
Th' art *Vertue*, *Valour*, *Truth*, and *Honor's* friend;
All *which* presume thou art not *gilt* by *guile*
Because thy noble *name*¹ denies the *vile*.'
(Microcosmos, p. 100.)

So too we have the phrase 'money is the sinews of war' (Bien Venu, p. 6, col. 2, l. 31)—which is as old as Demosthenes, who knew that χρήματα were τὰ νεῦρα τῶν πολέμων.

En passant is Epigram 2, l. 8 (Scourge), 'reads currant rimes but gives none other reason,' a reminiscence of Spenser's quatrain on his want of preferment?

On the other hand, and in contrast with his Gallery of Nobles and 'Kings' in the 'monarchy of wit,' his 'Scourge of Folly,' and 'Paper's Complaint' and 'Humour's Heau'n,' are to the low-life of England what onward Hogarth's paintings are, compared with the idealisations and flatteries of contemporaries; and what Pepys's gossip is over-against generalisations of Hume or Macaulay. You have a very moving panorama of the ordinary daily life of the streets, whereby the 'manners' of the times are exhibited with a realism that, in my estimate, is extremely valuable. Coarse and rough as well as 'gentle' and high-placed are the groups of those word-paintings; and their fidelity is their value to-day. You have the gallants and their mistresses, the fop and the pander, gulls and trulls and scullions, the parson and the usurer, the 'nimble turner' and the 'unciuill lawier,' the 'rediculous quarreller' and the 'undoughty' braggadocio, the 'drinker' of tobacco, and the boisterous emptier of the can of nut-brown ale, the courtier with his 'formal beard,' and the 'alchymist,' the 'comedian' and the 'bad-debtor,' the 'leacher' and the 'slattern,' the 'knight' and the 'recussant,' the 'fortune-teller' and the 'bowzer,' the 'courtezan' and the 'wittold,' the 'womanish man' and the

¹ Ne vile = not vile.

'man-like woman,' the 'gamester' and the 'rich-grazier,' the 'dyer' and 'broker,' and 'poet' and 'justice,' the 'witles prater' and the 'mome': in fine, just what we want to have, and what history on stilts does not give us. Then in other lines the 'Triumph of Death,'—as I have fully shown—startles us with its Dantesque-Rembrandtesque 'pictures' of that awful 1603 in London. In still another direction his 'Paper's Complaint' (II. *k.* pp. 75-79) is vivified with caustic notices of THOMAS CHURCHYARD and SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, NASH and HARVEY, GREENE and MARSTON and DEKKER. The swing and *verve* of this Satire and its capital *hits* would alone deserve to keep Davies's name green. Taking 'all in all' I feel that I have accomplished a work that ought long since to have been done, in having thus collected and edited the writings of John Davies of Hereford. One of whom MICHAEL DRAYTON and WILLIAM BROWNE and CHARLES FITZJEFFRY had admiring words to offer, and from whose books this Introduction has brought so much that is noticeable, cannot be ignored righteously. I know not that I can close better than with an anonymous friend's words 'to the reader,' prefixed to 'Microcosmos':—

'Beyond the reach of vulgar intellect,
Inbred by Nature, but refin'd by Art,
Doth wisdom's *Heyre* this monument erect,
Grace't with what ere the *Graces* can impart.
Here, Wit's not soild with looser blandishment.
The *Subject* pure, abstruse, and worthy paine,
Anatomizing civill government,
And, of the *Soule* what Reason can attaine.
The many *sweetes* herein containèd be,
Epitomiz'd, would aske too large Narration
To be compris'd within this narrow station.
Reade then the *Workes*: when, if thou canst not see
Th' unfolded flame; be rapt with admiration,
But censure not: for, *Owles* haue beared eies,
Dazled with every *Starre* that doth arise.'

(Microcosmos, p. 8, col. 2.)

I must add that throughout I have been much indebted to my friend COLONEL CHESTER, LL.D., in annotating the many names celebrated or casually noticed by DAVIES; that the Glossarial Index owes much of its fulness and interest to the patient co-operating labour of my friend G. H. WHITE, Esq., Glenthorne, and in various instances to pains-taking additions to the notes by three friends ever ready to help fellow-workers, the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., Middleton Cheney, Banbury, Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, London, and Mr. JAMES MORISON, Jun., Glasgow—from whom yeoman service in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature may be looked for.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.





APPENDIX

TO MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

No. I. Page ix.

*In praise of the neuer-too-much praised Worke
and Authour the L. of Marchiston.¹*

WHAT, like our bodies, soules rare excellence,
Our bodies bound, yet haue thereof no sight.
(Enwomb'd with clouds of Mystery from sence)
Is here (well borne, and shap't) produc'd to light;
This skill, since first men knew, still lay vnknownne
As if some meere Impossibilitie
Had stood twixt It and how it might be showne.
But now it looks like Selfe-Facilitie!
How happy and acute were his Wits eyes,
That for the Mathematicks found this Key,
To ope the lockes of all their Misteries,
That from all eyes so long concealed lay.
It was at hand, and yet it was vnseene:
Inuisible, and yet was cleere to wit
As it could wish, or as it could haue beene
In Art or Nature; yet Art mist of It.
From whence a question may arise (perchance)
Whether, or no, This do extenuate
The Author's merit? No, it doth aduance
His praise the more, the lesse he toil'd for that.
For who with ease hath done what none ere could
Is most like God in workes of rarest skill:
This argues He can do what ere he would
In Art with ease, if he had but a Will.

¹ A Description of the Admirable Table of Logarithmes:
with a Declaration of the most plentiful, Easy, and speedy vse
thereof in both kindes of Trigonometrie, as also in all Mathe-
maticall calculations. Invented and published in Latin by that
honorable L. Iohn Nepair, Baron of Marchiston, and trans-
lated into English by the late learned and famous Mathe-
matician Edward Wright. With an Addition, etc. London,
printed by Nicholas Okes, 1616, 120.

Wright¹ (ship-wright? no; ship-right, or righter then
When wrong she goes) lo this, with ease, will make
Thy Rules to make the ship run rightly, when
She thwarts the Maine for Praise or profits sake.
If after-times, that still shall blesse his name,
Shall seeke more ease than in his easinesse,
To worke by Figures, he must make Art lame
(So lesse desir'd) with Ease's great excesse!
For his Rules are so firme and facill too,
As makes Art laugh their quick-dispatch to waigh
With Tangents and with Secants much-a-do,
And Enuy with that ease to pine away.
O that great Lords no worse would use their leasure
In seuerall kinds, then (kindly) were they Great:
But they make small thèselues with too-great plesure:
So, great Lords th' are not, nor their Counterfet.

Scotland, two Miracles of Men, this Age
In thee affords the world, to future yeares:
The Tutor² of our Ruler's Pupillage,
And this rare Lord, a Load-starre to his Peeres.
The ground of whose iust praises is so sure,
That it will beare more Fame then Fames right:
Birth, Grace, and Art, and all surpassing, pure,
Makes him more good then great, although a king.
Then great-good Lord, liue euer in my Lines,
By thy iust lauds that shall then (dead) reuiue,
Vntill the Sunne forsake the heavenly signes,
And in the signes of thy worth euer liue.
To light the world through them, and them through
thee,

And me through both, to Fame, & that through me!

By the vnfaigned louer and admirer
of his Art and matchlesse vertue,

JOHN DAUIES OF HEREFORD.

¹ M. Wright's Tract of Nauigation.

² Buchanan.

No. II. Page xiii.

DIRECTIONS.

WHAT measure of knowledge and Practise it hath pleased God to lend me upon the account of Improvement, I have in the discharge of my Duty, extended to the benefit of all whom it may concern, as well as to mine own Interest alone: Chiefly to those who dwell in remote places, who want the help of Teachers; yea and for the benefit of such Teachers also as be any waies defective in Abilities.

Hold your head so straight up and evenly, as that the Book or Paper whereon you write, may be right before your Face; and your body so orderly, as that you lean not your Breast to the Table; as also your Elbows so close to your sides, as that your Arms may be kept straight forth; and the middle part of your Book or Paper so directly against the midst of your body, and so equally near at both ends, to that side or part of the Table next you, as the straight holding forth of your Arms will permit.

Hold your Pen lightly on the point of your Thumb, almost touching the Nail thereof, the Forefinger on the top, and the Middle-finger longest, at the upper part of the mouth; as also your Thumb, and all your fingers extended to their full length; lest both the Hand depend not on the points of the third and fourth Fingers as it ought and the Thumb crook or bow in the midst, the rest of the Fingers be subject to the like, and hinder the well-doing of the work. Likewise take Ink with the mouth of the Pen downwards, and shake the Pen over the Ink-horn every time, lest you either make an uncleanly Letter or blot the Paper, or both.

These things being thus carefully done, then draw two Rules (otherwise called double Rule) and write the bodies of all Letters between those two Rules, and both the heads of all that have heads over the high Rule, and the Feet of all that have feet under the low Rule, as far as the bodies are in length from the high Rule to the low, according to the measure used in Printing; which though it be not the tenth part so old as Writing, yet it hath come to a far greater Perfection, according to the Rules of Art grounded upon Reason.

Then for your better apprehending both of verbal Instruction, and literal Demonstration, it will be needful for you to understand those Terms of Art which distinguish the divers passages of the Pen in Writing, which be Twelve in Number, according to the variety of the Letters, strait down, and strait up; strait forwards, and strait backwards; sloping up to

the right hand, and sloping down to the left hand; sloping up to the left hand, and sloping down to the right hand; compassing down to the right hand, and compassing down to the left hand, compassing up to the left hand, and compassing up to the right hand.

Having thus far proceeded, it is next to be considered, That there must be equal distance alwaies kept between Letters in Words, between Words and Words, and between Lines and Lines, whiles the generality of the Writing continueth in an equal proportion, which being carefully observed, it will be fit time for you to begin, and form disjoyned Letters severally, upon the aforementioned Rules, until you can write them skilfully, if your Capacity cannot reach the writing of them without Rule joyntly; and according as you come short in framing of them according to your Copy, and have not a Teacher to instruct you, it will be very requisite for you to examine and compare them with your pattern as you proceed, and then at your writing of them thenceforth, to avoid all such Errors as escaped in your first endeavours.

Whether you be a new Beginner, or have made some Progress before, you are to write very slowly, until you can write skilfully, and then you may endeavour by degrees to such speed thereafter, as you may still keep both the same form and sufficiency of Letter; but having attained some measure of perfection, when upon any occasion you are driven to such hast of businesses, as that you must needs write fast, then you may serve your present need with all your present expedition, and practise again with more care and deliberation, when you can spare more time; lest otherwise upon neglecting that needful task, you get such a habit of writing too speedily, as you will quite forget to write more exactly.

For, Writing carefully and slowly, is to be used in all kind of Affairs, which requireth to be written perfectly, though it be only in the fair form of Letter, which you write in other things speedily; and yet in being so written, it will be better in regard of its speed, than a set form of Writing: so you will in short time know by your own experience, that both those waies of writing one form of Letter, are far more fit in their respective places, than to be so addicted to any one way of doing thereof, as that the other way should not be also used when there is need.

And they may be so much the easier written, either slowly or speedily, in that they differ not in Letter, being one and the same, but only in length or shortness of time, whiles they are in doing, chiefly when the Letters are so framed, that any word without exception (according to my custome) may be written, before the removing of the Pen: Whereas the

usual set form of Writing is much slower to be done, than the slowest way of this form, because it is of such a slow different Character, as requireth the Pen to be taken off the Paper, almost in framing of every Letter. Therefore, the changing of such a slow set form into another, which in all these respects is better, both because it is as good a Letter, and much speedier and readier, is so good a Novelty, that in such a necessary respect, it surpasseth that which is of Antiquity.

Now concerning the necessities belonging to Writing, choose the clearest second, hardest third, and greatest first of a Goose-wing; which when you make, first scrape and rub, then cut off about an inch long from the Nib of the Quill, slit it up quickly, that it may write cleanly, and not too far, lest too much thereof be spent idly. Then cut off so much of the point very carefully, as there may remain sufficient length of the Slit, for the size of the Letter, which you intend to write, and make the upper part or mouth, to begin at the upper end of the slit, of such measure higher than the point, as that neither too much length should make it weak, or not give Ink, nor too much shortness cause it to blot: and it is requisite for the greater strength, that the mouth exceed not twice the length of the point: So much by littoral instruction for the Pen.

And if you desire to make Ink for your own use, and to pleasure others, take 12 Ounces of Nut Galls broken small, and put into a Quart of stale Beer, White wine, or the half thereof Vinegar; and when it hath been stirred about twice a day the space of a Week at least, strain out the Liquor from the Galls, and put nine Ounces of Copras therein, six Ounces of Gum-Arabick broken small, three Ounces of White Sugar, and two Ounces of Rock-allum: Among the Galls, you may put fully as much Liquor, and but the half of the Ingredients you did before: and if within a Month thereafter, it be as good as the former, you may use it in the same manner, otherwise a little more stuff and longer standing, will make it to your desire: But if you will have it ready in haste, boyle it in an earthen Vessel half an hour on a slow fire, that you may have the whole substance of the Galls by that means so much the sooner, for all the rest melts in the Liquor; then you may throw out the husks of the Galls, and nothing will remain but clear Ink.

Thus at the request of a worthy Friend, I have endeavoured to comprehend in these few Pages, the

substance of those two Printed Sheets which are usually in Copy-Books, intituled, *The writing School Master*, whereof some particulars are contrary to mine own practise, to wit, The teaching of disjoyning Letters, and writing on ruled Lines; others I have added, which are disagreeable to the common practise: But (I hope) upon good grounds of Reason, agreeable to mine own experience, namely, the limiting of heads and feet of written Letters, according to the length of Printed Letters of the like size; and have not only rectified the Confusedness both of matter and order in those Printed Sheets, and intermixed both necessary Rules, and pertinent words, where there was need: But likewise, instead both of some envious Discourses against other Teachers, and other frivolous in high Phrases (used by some) above the Capacity of Learners, have added in very easie terms divers needful Directions for the use of Learners, over and above what was inserted in the Printed Sheets. All which, in order to the improvement of mine own Talent, I wish may be profitable unto all who use the same for their need, hoping to publish many better things both of this, and other kinds, to the Glory of God.

Some of the 'copies' set, exhibiting the different kinds of handwriting, are pious sentiments, *e.g.* 'My loving and benign Lord, give mee continewall perseuerance in thie mercie and I will euerie momēt runne the waie of thie commaundementes; and y^e loving mercies will I neuer bee vnmindfull of. I haue chosen the immaculate way of thie vpriight commaundementes, continue mee therein euer, &c.' 'Wyne inordinatlie or in anie manner immoderatlie taken impaireth memorie, contaminateth his mind & manners with manie polutions, powreth into the imaginative powres of the Soule innumerable vitious opinionones, and bringeth forth sluggishnesse, &c.' 'Before I was humbled, I committed sinne and demeaned my selfe very much amisse; but since (O omnipotent creator of all things), I haue kept thie commaundementes; the obseruation whereof bringeth with it immortall rewards. Make mee therefore obedient to thine immaculate commaundements &c.' 'The honor due vnto parents, is none otherwise to bee vnderstanded, but to iudge commendable, reuerentlie, and honorably of our parents; and to esteeme well of all theire doings, not onelie as of elders but principally because they bee parents whom God vsed as instrumēt to bring vs to this transitorie beeing which we haue.'

100

100

100



MIRUM IN MODUM.

1602.



NOTE.

I am indebted to the British Museum for a *unique* exemplar of 'Mirum in Modum.' It is to be read in relation to 'Summa Totalis or All in All' (1607). 4to, 42 leaves.—G.



Mirum in modum.

A Glimpse of Gods Glorie

and

The Soules Shape.

{ Eyes must be bright, or else no eyes at all
Can see this sight, much more then mysticall }



LONDON

Printed for William Aspley.

1602.

To the most noble, iudicious, and my
best beloued Lorde, William Earle of
Pembroke; the most honorable Sir Robert Sidney Knight, Lord Gouvernor of Vlissing; and the right right worshipful Edward Herbert of Mountgomery Esquire,
my most honored and respected
Friendes.

TO *subdiuide Soules indiuisible*
(*Being wholly in the whole, and in each part*)
For me were more then most impossible,
Though I were Arte it selfe, or more then Arte.
Yet must I make my Soule a Trinitie,
So to diuide the same, betweene you three;
For Vnderstanding, Will, and Memorie,
Makes but one Soule, yet they three Vertues be.
The Vnderstanding being first, I giue
Vnto the first; (for Order so doth craue)
And Will (Good-will) the second shall receiue,
Then Memory the last shall euer haue.
And as I part my Soule, my Booke I part
Betwixt you three, that shares my broken hart.

All yours wholly, and to
you most humbly
deuoted

IOHN DAUIES.



Mirum in modum

A glimpse of Gods Glorie, and the Soules shape.

Wit yeeld me words, *Wits* words *Wisedome*
bewray.
My *Soule*, infuse thy selfe in't *Sauces* diuine.
The froath of *Wit*, O *Wisedome* skumme
away ;

Powder these lines with thy preseruing Brine :
Refresh their saltnesse, salt their freshnesse fine ;
That *Wits* sweete words, of *Wisedomes* salt may taste,
Which can from crude *Conceit* corruption stay,
And make the same eternally to last,
Though in *Oblivion* be buryèd ay
The skumme of *Wit*, the witty *Skummes* repast,
Which like light skum, with those lewd *Skums* doth
waste.

O Thou maine *Ocean* of celestiall light,
(From whom all *Lights* deriue their influence)
The light of *Truth* infuse into my sprite,
And cleere the eyes of my Intelligence,
{ That they may see my Soules circumference,
{ Wherein the *Minde* as Centre placèd is.
Wherein thou retest Center of true *Rest*,
Compass'd with glory, and vncompass'd blisse,
Which do thy *Lodge* with glorious light inuest
—Then lighten thy darke *Inne*, O Glorious Ghest.

The *Soule* of *Man* immortal and diuine,
By *Natures* light beholds the light of *Nature*,
Like as the *Bodies* eyes when *Sunne* doth shine,
Doe by the *Sunne* behold the *Sunnes* faire feature :
{ So by that light shee sees shee is a *Creature*,
{ Created to her faire *Creators* forme,
{ In *Wisedome*, *Knowledge*, and such goodly graces
Which doe the *Vnderstanding* right informe,
To guide the *Will* aright in sundry cases,
Whenas the *Sence* deluded, *Reason* out faces.

For as the *Vaynes* the body ouer-spreads,
And to its vtmost bounds themselues extend :
So *Science* in the *Soule* from certaine heads,
In great varietie her vaines doth send,

{ To whatsoe're the soule may comprehend.
{ This is her *Birth-right*, with the body borne,
{ Kinde *Natures* larges giu'n with hand displai'd,
Which doth the *Minde* illustrate and adorne :
To, and from whom, all knowledge is conuaid,
That tends vnto the soule or bodies aide.

Which is deduced from pow'r more supream,
Then in th' externall *Senses* doth reside :
This light proceeds from that infused beame, than.
Which in the *Soules* supreamest part doth bide,
{ The *Bodies* motions and her owne to guide.
{ For though th' incomprehensible hath stamp't,
His wisdom in his workes to prooue his *Being*,
Yet all saue *Man*, from this *Light* is exempt,
By which the *Soules* eyes sees (past sense of *Seeing*)
Celestiall sweets with hir sweete selfe agreeing. x

For th' outward *Senses* Beasts with vs enioy,
Nay, they possesse the same in greater pow'r :
But yet those *Senses* they can not employ
To *Reasons* vse, and *Vnderstandings* cure,
{ But these effects doe flowe from *Sense* more sure.
{ Which from an vnderstanding *Soule* proceeds,
Yet nought that *Vnderstanding* doth digest,
But first on it the outward *Senses* feedes ;
Both which inuites the *Will* vnto their feast,
Those *Senses* beeing tasters to the rest.

Then if the *Senses* bee affected ill,
Or apprehend their *Objects* with offence,
They wrong the *Vnderstanding* and the *Will* :
With false reporte of their experience.
{ But first they misse-informe th' *Intelligence* ;
{ It giuing credit to their information,
{ Misse-leads the *Will* (that wayward is by kinde)
Which moues the *Members* with all festination :
(Beeing instrumentall agents of the *Minde*)
To doe what ere the *Senses* pleasant finde.

But when we say the *Understanding* seazeth
 On nought but what the *Senses* first surprizeth,
 Its meant of things that pleaseth, or displeaseth,
 And to the *Senses* sensibly ariseth :
 { Then herevpon the common *Sense* deuiseth,
 And then transferres it to the *Intellect*,
 Which by hir pow'r inherent doth discourse,
 By *Reasons* rules from *Causes* to th' *effect* :
 And beeing there, runnes forth with greater force,
 Till *Iudgement* (with strong hand) doth stay her course.
 Hereence it is, the *Soule* her selfe doth know,
 Hir owne effects shee to hir selfe discloseth,
 So to herselfe, herselfe herselfe doth shew,
 By powres which shee within herselfe encloseth ;
 { Whereof herselfe, not of herselfe disposeth,
 But are directed by a higher *Pow'r* ;
 Yet hath shee eyes to see, and sence to feele,
 The way vnto herselfe (though most obscure)
 Which herselfe virtues to herselfe reueale,
 Through which she wots what works hir woe or weale.
 This knowledge of the vnkowne parte of *Man*,
 (Namely the knowne *Soules* vnkowne parte)
 From *Man* is hid since he to sinne began :
 For *Ignorance of Sinne* is the lust smart,
 { Which now doth hold enthralld his vnist hart.
 But sith the *Soule* is such a precious thing,
 As cost the price of past-price dearest bloud,
 Then can no knowledge more aduantage bring,
 Then knowledge of the *Soule*, as first she stood,
 Or since she fell from her extreamest *Good*.
 For she enwombes worldes of varietie,
 Of Sunne-bright *Beauties* and celestiall *Sweetes*
 Vnited all in perfect sympathie,
 { Whereas the *Minde* with diuerse *Pictures* meetes,
 Which *Fancie* formes, and from the *Fancie* fleetes ;
 From whence proceedes all marvellous *Inuentions*,
 Which doe produce all *Artes* and *Sciences*
 That *Doubts* resolute, and doe dissolue *Dissentions*,
 Touching the vniuersall *Essences*,
 Subject t' our inward, or our outward *Senses*.
 Then what *Soule* on the *Soule* excogitates,
 But it is rapt with ioy and wonderment,
 Sith when the *Minde* but her adumberates
 (In *Fancies* forge) it feeles such rauishment,
 As yeeldes therewith a heau'n of high content :
 Then sith all *Weale*, or *Woe*, that vs befall,
 Flowes from the *Soule*, as from their speciall *Spring*,
 We should not to her *Weale* be neuterall,
 But study to preserue that precious thing,
 As that conserues the *Soule* and *Bodies Being*.
 Wherein three *Faculties* still working be,
Animall, *Vitall*, and the *Naturall* :
 The *Animall* diuided is in three,
Motive, *Sensitive*, and *Principall*.
 The *Principall* hath three parts speciall,
Imagination, *Reason*, *Memory*.
 The power *Sensitive* includes the powres

Of the externall *Senses* seu'rally.
 The *Motive* powre, the *Corps* to stirre procures,
 As long as *Vitall* faculty indures.

Which *Facultie* is seated in the *Hart*,
 Infusing *Spirites* of Life through eu'ry vaine.
 The vertues *Animall* doe play their part,
 In all the seu'rall cauerns of the *Braine*.
 { The vertues *Naturall* the wombe containe ;
 Which doe consist of three essentiall partes,
Feeding, *Growing*, and *Ingendering* ;
 Which subdivided are by *Natures Artes*
 Into sixe *Faculties* with them working,
 And common to them all in eu'ry thing.

The first and second, with the third and fourth,
 Attracts, retraines, concocts, and distributes ;
 The fift, and sixt, encorp'rates and puts forth
 What is superfluous. And thus executes
 { Their pow'ers as one, though sextiplied in sutes.
 { The foode the Mouth prepareth for the Maw,
 The Maw forthwith prepares it for the Liuer ;
 From whence a sanguine tincture it doth draw,
 And then vnto the *Hart* doth it deliuer,
 Who in the nerues and veines it soone doth setler.

Then through those channels of the bloud it flowes,
 Through all the limbes, to giue them nourishment,
 And by those condites to the *Braine* it goes,
 (Whereas the *Soule* doth hold her *Parliament*)
 { To giue *Lawes* for the *Bodies* gouernement :
 { Where, if the foode be fine and delicate,
 It turnes to bloud, that in the *Braine* doth breede
 Those *Spirites* fine, that doe refine the pate,
 And crowne the same with glory for its meede :
 For *Glory* *Spirites* refined dooth succede.

The like is found betweene th' internall *Senses*,
 And those same *Powres*, and vertues *Animall* :
 First must a *Powre* receiue the *Images*
 That form'd are in the *Senses* corporall,
 { Which *Powre* is calld, the powre *Fantasticall* :
 { This is the *Soules* eye (seeing all vnscene)
 Which viewes those *Senses*, objects be'ing absent,
 And of th' internall *Senses* is the meane ;
 They to the *Memorie* the same present,
 Who safely keeps that which to her is sent.

Thus then the *Fantasie* attracts we see,
 The *Memorie* retaines, and *Reas'n* digest :
Iudgement distributes all in their degree ;
Experience then incorporates the best :
 { And *Wisedome* by hir powre expells the rest.
 { Now for these *Senses*, *Powres*, and *Faculties*,
 Haue all their *Organs* seated in the *Braine*,
Order requires that we particularize
 What cauerns in the scull the same containe,
 And in what manner they doe there remaine.

Which *Cauers* or *Cells* distinguisht are with skinnie,
 Or subtill *Membranes*, and so being diuided,
 The *Head* is like a House, that is within

Too many rowmes, or chambers subdiuided,
 { Vaulted with *Bone*, and with *Bone* likewise sided ;
 { The skinnie that rafters, or else lines the rooffe,
 Is hard, for durance, and thicke, to enwall,
 Which is the skinnie of *Skinnes* ; a skinnie of prooffe
 That *Dura mater* loe, the Latines call,
 For it enwombes the rest from dangers all.

The vse whereof, is to preserue the *Braine*,
 (When it doth moue) from hardnesse of the Scull ;
 For discreete *Nature* maketh nought in vaine,
 Whose tender prouidence, of care is full :
 { With *Meanes* she doth *Extremes* together pull.
 { It likewise serues to giue a passage free
 For all the *Veines* the *Braines* to feede and guide ;
 Whereby the vitall spirites may gouern'd be,
 And likewise into partes the *Braine* diuide
 Before, behind, on this, and on that side.

Besides this *Membrane*, there is yet another,
 More fine and subtill, wou'n of many vaines,
 Hight *Pia mater*, or the godly Mother,
 Which in her wombe doth subdiuide the *Braines*,
 { And them in seu'rall secret *Celles* containes,
 { Wherein the *Soule* doth vse hir chiefest *Pow'rs*,
 Namely the *Animall*, and *Rationall*.
 Therefore all braines of *Beasts* are lesse then ours,
 Ours fill their *Cells* and well-neere Scull and all,
 Which doe refine the Spirits *Animall*.

Those *Spirits* that thus the *Braines* repurifie,
 Procures the *Bodies* vnconceiued blisse ;
 And serues as *Organs* to *Reas'n* faculty ;
 Which in the *Soule* the highest virtue is,
 { That hir corrects, if she directs amisse.
 { Foure *Ventricles* or concaues close conloyn'd,
 In substance of the *Braine*, Dame Nature scates,
 With mutuall passages which are assign'd :
 For all the *Spiritus* egresse, which *Sence* creates,
 For Nature all, to all, communicates.

The *Cells* wherein this witty work's begun,
 Are made by right more rowmsome then the rest
 Of those to which the *Spiritus* well-wrought do runne:
 For there they purge their bad, and keepe their best,
 { For the last *Ventricles*, which are the least.

Two of the foremost then like *Crescents* twaine,
 Plac'd on each side the *Head*, are most compleate.
 The third's in middle Region of the *Braine*,
 Where *Reason* rules, and holdes her royall Sente,
 The Fourth's behinde, where *Memorie* is greate.

The *Brayn-presse*, into which the Bloud is prest,
 (That giues the *Braines* their vitall nutriment,)
 Is compast with those concaues (with the rest,)
 By which the *Soule* effecteth hir intent,
 { As with hir worke-performing Instrument.
 { Likewise an *Organ* made most curiously,
 (Like little *Wheeles*, together close connect)
 Is plac'd as Portall of the *Memory*,
 To let the *Spirits* swift passage ; lest perplex,
 It might bee by their throng, and shrowdly vex.

From the middle *Ventricle*, vnto the last,
 A pipe doth passe as Chariot of the *Spirits* ;
 There to and fro, they come and go in hast,
 In mutuall wise as *Nature* them incites,
 { To do their duties, and performe their rites.
 { In this part of the *Brayn* the *Brayn-wrights* skill,
 And wisdom infinite do most appeare.
 And here to *Man* hee shewes his great good will.
 For he imprints his owne *Character* there ;
 Wherein his diuine Nature shineth cleere.

Which wee the more perspicuously should see,
 If we could see to what internall *Sence*
 Each of these parts pertayne, or Vessells bee ;
 Wherein the *Soule* most shewes hir excellence.
 { But this surmounts the *Mindes* intelligence,
 { For such a *Mystrie* is embosomed,
 In *Wisdoms* Breast ; chests of such *Secrets* hie,
 Which is with obscure clouds inuironed ;
 That it's concealed from the *Eagles* eye,
 Much more from *Man*, that seeth but here by.

Thus hauing slightly toucht this tender parte,
 (For I could not but touch it thus at least ;
 Because the *Soule* therewith performs hir Arte.)
 It now remaines to prosecute the rest :
 { Of what my *Muse* touching the *Mindes* exprest.
 { *Imagination*, *Fancie*, *Common-sence*,
 In nature brooketh oddes or vnion,
 Some makes them one, and some makes difference,
 But wee will vse them with distinction,
 With sence to shunne the *Sences* confusion.

The *Common-sence* (whose locall scituation,
 The *Fore-head* holdeth) hath that name assign'd :
 Because it first takes common information
 Of all the outward *Sences* in their kinde.
 { Of inward *Sences* this is first I finde,
 { Ordain'd to sort and sewer eu'ry thing,
 According to its nature properly ;
 Which th' outward *Sences* to this *Sence* doe bring,
 And then transmitteth it successiue,
 To each more inward *Sences* faculty.

The outward *Sences* then, cannot discern,
 What they doe apprehend but by this *Sence*,
 Of which those *Sences* all their science learne
 And vnto which their skill haue reference.
 { As it referres all to th' *Intelligence*,
 { Making a through-fare of the *Fantasia*,
 Which doth so forme reforme, and it deforme,
 As pleaseth hir fantasticks faculty ;
 Not pleas'd with what the common *Sence* informes,
 But in the *Minde* makes calmes, or stirreth Stormes.

This *Pow'r* is pow'rfull yet is most vnstaid ;
 Shee resteth not, though *Sleepe* the *Corpes* arrest :
 She doates, and dreames, and makes the *Minde*
 afraide,
 With visions vaine, wherewith she is oppress.

{ And from things likely, things vnlikely wrest :
 { Shee is the *Ape of Nature*, which can doe,
 By imitation what she doth indeed,
 And if shee haue hir Patterns adde therto
 A thousand toyes which in hir Bowells breede :
 Without which patterns, she cannot proceede.

Now shee *Chimeras*, then shee *Beauties* frame,
 That doe the *Mynde* bebeau'n with matchlesse blisse;
 The whole she cripples, and makes whole the lame,
 And makes and marris as she disposed is ;
 { Which is as life is led, wel, or amisse.
 { Shee with hir wings (that can out-fly the wind ;)
 Through *Heau'n*, *Earth*, *Hell*, and what they hold,
 doth fly.
 And so imprints them liuely in the *Minde*,
 By force of hir impressing property,
 Seeing all in all, with her quicke-sighted Eye.

She (double diligence) is still in motion,
 And well, or ill, shee euer is employ'd ;
 Therefore good *Spirits* and badde, with like deuotion
 Frequent hir still : which she cannot auoyde ;
 { Wherewith the *Minde* is cheer'd or annoy'd.
 { For as celestiall *Spirits* can object
 To the *Minds* Eye diuine soul-pleasing sights,
 So can infernall *Sprights* with like effect,
 Present the *Soule* with what the *Soule* affrights ;
 Soe pow'rfull in their *Pow'r* are both these *sprights*.

Which *Pow'r* fantasticke is of so great force,
 As what she powerfully doth apprehend
 Within the Body she imprints perforce ;
 For to the Body, she doth force extend.
 { A prooffe whereof in women kinde is kend,
 { When they in *Coitus* fix their *Fancies* fast
 On him they fancie ; if they then conceaue,
 It will be like their *Fancies* object fac'd :
 If then a wife doth but in thought decaue,
 The husband in that face may it perceaue.

This *Powre* is so preualent in the *Mind*,
 As if some passe a Bridge, or some such thing,
 They lightly fall, because their *Fancies* find
 Danger beneath, which to the braine doth bring
 { A giddinesse, which causeth stumbling.
 { Thus then the *Fancies* oft the fact produceth,
 That she with recollected virtue mindes,
 And by the shade the substance oft traduceth ;
 So violent each *Sense* her virtue bindes,
 And noyes, or ioyes the *Mind*, in diuerse kindes.

Halla, my *Muse* ; heere rest a breathing while,
 Sith thou art now arriu'd at *Reasons* seate ;
 To whom, as to thy *Sou'raigne* reconcile
 Thy straying thoughts, and humbly hir entreate,
 { With hir iust measure all thy lines to meate,
 { Lest that like many *Rimers* of our time
 Thou blotst much Paper, without meane or measure.

In Verse, whose reason runneth al to Rime :
 Yet of the *Lawrell* wreathe they make a seazure,
 And doth *Minerva* so, a shrewde displeasure.

H Ad my *Soule* pow'r, the *Souls* pow'r to expresse
 And with strong reasons, *Reasons* strength bewray ;
 Men would admire hir virtue, and confesse
 By *Natures* right, she should their nature sway.
Monsters alone resist her mightnesse,
 But *Men* (though pow'rfull) hir pow'r will obey,
 For shee as *Sou'raigne* sitteth in the *Soule*,
 All peruerse passions therein to controule.

Shee by the pow'r of hir discrete discourse,
 In th' operations of the *Fantasie*,
 Can iudge of good, and bad, and by hir force,
 Swiftly surmount each *Sences* facultie ;
 And whatsoever interrupts hir course,
 Shee it remooues with great facilitie ;
 For *Natures* bosome nothing doth embowre,
 That is not subiect to his searching pow're.

In which respect shee hath hir Throne assign'd,
 Betweene th' extreame partes of the parted *Braine*,
 (The place where *Nature*, *Vertue* hath confin'd)
 There doth shee sit, and o're the *Sences* raigne,
 And by hir might doth signorize the *Minde* ;
 Whose wild and waiward moods she doth restraine ;
 Their spight of *Passion*, she doth keepe hir place,
 Though *Passion* in hir spight, hir oft disgrace.

For should shee bee transplac'd to *Fantasie*
 Or with *Imagination* be confounded,
 A world of mists would clowde hir Sunne-bright eye,
 Wherewith shee should be euermore surrounded ;
 So that she should not *Truth* from falshood spye,
 But with strong *Fancies* should hir pow'r be bounded,
 And like a *Queene* depos'd from hir throne,
 She should not able be to vse hir owne.

So fares it with hir when th' Affections force,
 (Like a swift streame that carries all away)
 Doth carry hir (by current of their course)
 Farre from hirselfe, as wanting strength to stay ;
 Vntill the whole man waxing worse and worse,
 Be brought to vtter ruine and decay :
 But if that shee be strong them to withstand,
 Shee doomes aright, and doth aright command.

Then rules *Sans* check, then doomes without appeale,
 No second sentence can hers contradict ;
 She rules alone the whole *Minder* common weale,
 By holosome *Heasts*, and *Lawes*, and *Iudgements* strict ;
 Which to the *Memory* she doth reueale,
 Else it *Oblision* would interdict ;
 Wherein, as in a booke of *Decretalls*,
 Shee writeth hir decrees in *Capitalls*.

For which respect the seate of *Memory*,
 Confineth hard vpon hir *Continent* ;
 That so she may soone empte the *Fantasie*,
 Of what doth passe through hir arbitrement,

For else, what bootes hir *Good* and *Bad* to try,
If to the *Memory* it were not sent?

For that is it, that is sole receptacle,
Of humane *Wisdomes*, *Natures* miracle.

Therefore, hir parte and portion of the braine,
Is much lesse humid, and more firmly fixt,
Because it so the better may retaine,
Th' impressions by the *Sences* there infixt,
And for its *Fount* of marrow in the raine,
Whereof the strongest sinewes are commixt,

For both which reasons *Nature* had respect,
To binde the *Braine* behind to that effect.

And yet too hard the *Braine* may there be bound,
For so twill hardly open to conceiue,
And being ouer-moyst, it will confound
All the impressions which the *Sences* giue.
Well temp'rd therefore needs must be the ground,
That truly yeelds the seede it doth receiue;

Yet the moyst braine conceiues more readily,
But the drie braine retaines more steadily.

The Iudgement which the outward *Sences* giue,
Is eu'n as if we saw the shade of things,
And what we from the *Fantacie* receiue,
Is as it were their liuely picturings.
The *Intellect* (which seldome doth deceiue)
Doth shew the substance of those shadowings:
But that which *Reas'n* presenteth to the *Minde*,
Is their effects and virtues in their kinde.

Th' externall *Sences* serues the common *Sence*,
The common *Sence* informes the *Fantacie*,
The *Fantacie*, the *Minds* *Intelligence*;
Th' *Intelligence* doth *Knowledge* certifie,
Which (when it hath past *Iudgements* conference)
Committeth all vnto the *Memory*:

Then *Memory* doth mirror-like reflect
To them againe, what they to hir object.

Thus *Reason* in the *Soule* is as hir eye,
Wherewith shee see'th the well linckt chaine of *Causes*,
And vseth every *Sences* facultie,
To find what is included in their clauses,
Yet cannot lift her lowly looke so hie,
Without re'nforcing of hir sight by pauses:
For since darke *Sinnes* eclips't hir natie light,
Shee see'th but by degrees, and not out-right.

But as she is, she plainly can discern,
The *Sence*-transcending *Heav'ns* plurality,
And in the booke of *Nature* she doth learne,
Whats taught in this *Worldes* *Vniuersitie*.
She keeps the *Compass*, and doth stirre the *Sterne*,
That guides to *Wisdoms* singularity:

All whose collections when the *Soule* suruayes,
Shee sees herselfe diuin'd a thousand wayes.

Thus *Reasons* reach is high and most profound,
Whose deepe discourse is two-fold, which depends,
On *Speculation*, and on *Practise* sound;
The first hath *Truth*, the last hath *Good* for ends;

The *Speculation* rests when *Truth* is found.
But *Practise*, when that *Good* it apprehends,
It staies not there, but to the *Will* proceedes,
And with that *Good* the *Will* it freely feeds.

Yet lest the *Soule* beholding hir faire forme,
Aboue herselfe, should of herselfe aspire:
He giues vs prooffe, he can hir parts deforme,
That form'd hir parts, if pride prouoke his ire,
Then lets hee *Fiends* the *Fantacie* enorme,
With strong delusions and with passions dire:
Herehence it is that some suppose they are
Stone dead, some, all-*Nose*, some, more brittle ware.

Some hauing this parte perfect, are defected
In the powre rationall, the (*Soules* sentinell)
That is, with doting dulnesse so infected,
As what they say, or do, they wot not well;
Yet is their *Memory* right well affected,
And all their other *Faculties* excell:
So *Sickness* some *Mens* *Memory* vnframes,
That they forget their country, friends, and names.

Some others, not in parte, but wholly loose
The vse of all the *Sences* of their Soule,
(Because they did their faculties abuse)
Those beinge franticke, *Reason* with *Rage* controule,
And worse then beasts they liue, and cannot chuse
The *Good* from *Bad*, ne yet the *Faire* from *Fowls*:
But like infernall *Furies* fare they than,
Iniurious to themselues, to *God*, and *Man*.

Thus may these *Powers* perish all, or parte,
When that almighty *Powre* his grace withdrawes,
Then let high *Spirits* retaine a lowly hart,
That may obedient be to *Reasons* Lawes,
For ill succease proceedes from worse desert,
And good effects proceedes from no ill cause:
If thy *Mindes* eyes see more then such eyes can,
Thanke God therefore, yet thinke thy selfe a man.

For if thy thoughts flie higher than that pitch,
And *Luciferian* pride thy *Minde* inflate,
Thou mayst with him fall hedlong in the ditch,
And runne into *Gods* vnreuok'd hate:
Then will the *Fiend* so much thy *Mind* bewitch,
That thou shalt be possesst in endlesse date:
With his strong *Legions*. Then let *Reason* raine
Thy head-strong *Will*, and thy high thoughts re-
straine.

Now hauing seene how each internal *Sence*
Contain'd is in cauerne of the *Braine*
And how their works haue mutuall reference,
That so they may their common good maintaine;
Let vs with *Eagles* eyes without offence
Transview the obscure things that do remaine:
For *Mans* aye-searching *Sp'rite* with toil's oppress:
Till it haue found that *Good* that giues it rest.

Yet this breeds 'bate twixt *Reas'n* and *Fantacie*:
For *Fantacie* beinge neere the outward *Sences*,

Allures the *Soule* to loue things bodily ;
But *Reason* mounts to higher *Excellences*,
And mooues the *spirit* her nimble wings to trie,
In pursuite of diuine *Intelligences*,

Who in the iawes of *Fantasie* doth set
A Snaffle, to o're-rule her wilde coruet.

And all this vigor to the *Spirite* is giu'n,
To flie with restlesse wings of *Contemplation*,
Vnto that Powre which in the highest *Heau'n*
Makes his no powre-impeaching *Habitation* :
Of which *Powre*, if this *Powre* be quite bereau'n,
Her dignitie incurreth degradation.

For as nought is more rare in Man than *Spright*,
So nought but rarest things should it delight.

For it becomes not that high *Maiestie*,
To *Man* (his creature) lower to descend
Then Man by force of his Mindes *Ingeny*
Is able to him easily to ascend.
That makes him not appeare to Mans weake eie,
Because his *Reason* can him apprehend.

If *Reason* then (by vse) be cleere and bright,
She may see him (vnseene) by her owne light.

For by our *Reason* and *Intelligence*,
We know him, from which knowledge, *Loue* doth flowe ;
For we may loue, that we see not by Sense,
But cannot loue, the thing we doe not know ;
Our Soules we loue, and loue the place from whence
Our Soules first came, though *Sense* them cannot show.

So that high *Powre*, though our Sense cannot show
him,

Yet may we loue, because our Reasons know him.

For, can it be *Mans Soule* should be endow'd,
With *Vnderstanding*, *Reason*, *Will* and *Wit*,
(To whose high powre, the highest *Powre* hath bow'd
His goodnesse, to be conuersant with it)
But that the *Soule* is therewithall allow'd,
On sempiternall Thrones with him to sit,
If so, what can be worth the *Soules* discourse,
But that same *Minde* that gaue the *Soule* such force ?

Let *Beasts*, whose soules are meere *Sensitive*,
Whose *Being* ceaseth with their Bodies beeing :
Let those with Tooth and Nalle strue here to liue,
Because they die for euer with their dying :
To them no other *Soules* did *Nature* giue,
But such as to this life was most agreeing ;
But sith *Mens* soules of *God* *Characters* bee,
With nothing but with *God*, they should agree.

Which *Soules* without their corp'rall Instruments,
By vertue of their intellectuall powres,
Within themselves can act some good intents,
(Though not expresse them to this sence of ours)
Who are sometimes rapt up with rauishments,
As parted from the Body certaine howres,
Wherein they exercise their virtue so,
That more then erst they knew, they doe, and kno.

Wherein the *Vnderstanding* and the *Will*,
(Wherewith the *Soules* are sumptuously set forth)
Are most imploy'd ; whose functions are to fill,
The *Soules* with Treasures of the rarest worth,
Which th' *Intellect* to *Will* presenteth still,
And to the loue thereof the will allur'th,

For *Will* will nothing entertaine in loue,
But what the *Vnderstanding* doth approue.

And what it doth approue (as erst was said)
It sends to *Memories* safe custodie :
So then the powres that most the *Soule* do aide,
Is *Vnderstanding*, *Will*, and *Memorie*,
Which if by *Error* they bee not betraid,
They will the *Soules* affects so fortifie,
That shée in spite of all the *Pow'rs* belowe,
Shall giue hir foes a glorious ouerthrowe.

Yet as the *Sunne* to vs imparts his light,
Now more, now lesse, as it is cleare, or clouded,
So fares it with our *Vnderstandings* sight,
That's darke as hell, if it with *Sinnes* be shrowded :
Or if that Earthly things inclose it quight,
Wherewith the *Soule* may be so ouer-crowded
That she may faint, and finally may fall
To vtter darkenesse, hir foe Capitall.

Besides, the *Bodies* state and constitution,
May much auale, or disadvantage it ;
Then *Riot* is no good Phisition,
To heale, or keepe in health, mans feeble *Wit* :
For excesse tends to *Dissolution*,
And *Dissolution* doth in *Darkenesse* sit.
Then wouldst thou haue a cleere *Intelligence* ?
Feare *God*, fare well, but feede without offence.

For though the *Soule* the Body should o're-rule,
By lawe of *Nature*, and in *Reasons* right,
Yet oft we see the *Body* rule the *Soule*,
When meates excesse augments the *Bodies* might :
The *Flesh* exalted, wil the *Spirit* controule,
And makes the *Bodies* manners brutish quight :
But if thy *Flesh* be ill compos'd by kinde,
Mend it with holosome meate, and mod'rate minde.

For what a monstrous vice is this in *Man*,
To quench his *Spirit* with wine and belly-cheare,
When *Beasts* will take no more than well they can,
Although (by force) they should aby it deare :
For neuer *Man* a *Beast* by rigor wan
To eate, or drinke, more then hee well could beare.
Then if thou wouldst not haue a *Beast* excell thee,
Take thou no more then *Nature* doth compell thee.

O that these *Healthes* that makes so many sicke,
Were buried in the lake of *Leathe* quicke !
For since our English (ah) were *Fluskenis'd*,
Against good manners, and good men they kicke,
As *Beasts* they were, and wondrous ill aduis'd :
Band be these *Bacchus* feasts which oft they make,
„ Which makes *Reason* sleepe, and *Riot* keepes
awake.

Can *Meate* and *Drinks* which pleaseth but the *Taste*,
(A *Sence* from th' *Vnderstanding* most remote)
Which pleasure for so small a while doth last,
As passing but (two inches of the throte)
Make men their fames and *Soules* away to cast,
GOD shield that famous Men so much should dote.
Let neuer *Men* of *Minde* their *Mindes* defile,
With such a vice more vile, then Vice most vile.

O what a hell of *Minde* good *Mindes* endures,
When they in minde behold such *Men* of *Minde*,
Whose *Soules* are deckt with intellectuall pow're,
Imploy the same (repugnant to their kind,)
To find out lothsome leakage which procures
Them witts to loose, where they such Leakage finde !
Can any griefe be greater than to see,
A man that men commands, a beast to be ?

Conuerting martiall sports that were in use,
To winie vnaccustom'd *Combates* ; O
That valiant men should dare men to carouse,
And count them cowards that will not doe so !
For now it is become a great abuse,
Healthes to refuse, If legges can stand or goe :
But out vpon such *Combatts* and such game.
Whereas the victors glory in their shame.

The *Spirit* of *Man* whose temper is diuine,
And made to mount vnto the highest height,
Should not, to such *Soule-swillings* base decline,
But with hir nimble wings should take her flight,
Where she might druncke be made with *Angels* wine,
To make her slumber in diuine delight.

But if his *Spirit* ascend, when wine descends,
The *Spirit* of *Wine*, and not his *Spirit* ascends.

Then how prodigious is it when the *Mind*,
(That should be conversant with heau'nly Sweetes)
To swash of *Swine*, should (Sow-like) be inclin'd,
That swallows vp, what ere their rauine meetes !
And in strong drinke deuouring pleasure finde

Till they lie durt-deuoured in the Streetes.
But let great men whose sp'rits are most diuine,
This most base beastlinesse to *Beasts* assigne.

For if the Head replenisht be with *Wit*,
No roome remains for *Wine* there to reside.
For if the *Wine* thrusts in, it out thrusts it.
Much *Wine* and *Wit* together cannot bide.
And when the *Hart* where the *Affections* sit,
With wine's inflam'd th' *Affects* soone shrinke aside ;
And like enrag'd *Furies* doe confound,
Both *Grace* and *Nature*, *Wit*, and *Iudgement*
sound.

For when the *Braines* are full of winie fumes,
The *Soule* with *Egypt's* darkenesse is inclosde,
And what the *Braine* receiues the *Hart* assumes,
For as the one, the other is dispose.
The *Powres* of both *Wine* vitterly consumes,
If *Wine* against their *Powres* he oppose.
So the *Soules* *Faculties* and her *Affects*,
Are brought to nought by *Wines* (too bad) effects.

For if the *Soule* at best, (and best aduisd)
Be prompt *Opinion* still to chop and change ;
What will shee doe when she with *Wine's* baptizd ?
How will she wander then ? where will she range ?
Where ? nay, where not ? she being so disguis'd,
If from herselfe, herselfe she may estrange ;
Then eu'ry way sheele runne, saue that is right,
Because her eye of *Iudgement* wanteth sight.

For *Reas'n* (th' effect of the *Intelligence*)
Winde-driu'n from the *Sterne* that rules the *Minde*,
What shall direct the faculties of *Sense*
In their right course, but bold affections blind,
Which headlong runnes into all foule offence,
As they are moued by their corrupt kind ?
For eu'ry *Sensuall* man in sensuall sort,
Of *Sensualitie* makes but a sport.

Then *Reas'n* must rule, or *Sense* will runne awry,
(Vnruely *Sense*, by kinde, is so o'rethwart,)
Yet *Reason* hath a two folde property,
And in her practise vseth double Art :
For now by *Consequence* she *Truth* doth try :
Then heere and there for *Truth* her trialls start :
And starting so, she balkes *Truths* euidence,
Then right she doomes not, but by *Consequence*.

Sharpe *Wits*, will pierce hard *Propositions* strait ;
Quicke *Wittes*, by sharp coniecture *Truth* attaines ;
Great *Wits*, at once conclude it in Conceit ;
Slowe, and yet sure wittes, find it out with paines :
And all those wittes on *Wisedome* still doe waite,
To serue her in the *Skouce* that bounds the braines.
Whose *Powre* she still employes t' augment her
might,
And doomes of their indeuors most vpright.

For shee within the *Soule* is *Queene* of *Queenes*,
As *God* vnto the *Soule* is *King* of *Kings* :
Th' internall *Senses* are *Queenes*, yet but meanes
Wherewith her businesse to effect she brings.
On whome (as on her *Minions*) still she leanes,
With greater ease to doe vnease things.
But for her selfe, she is in *Natures* due,
Soules *Mind*, *Mindes* *Soule*, and *Gods* sole Image
true.

Or rather, *Gods* *Soules* sole *Character* right,
In whose breast it had, haue, and shall haue euer,
True restlesse rest, whose word true *Wisedome* hight,
(That past beginnings liu'd, and dieth neuer)
Did on our flesh (which dide in painefull plight)
That none might from our *Soules* that *Wisedome* seuer :
For we in that, and that in vs doth bide,
By vnchang'd interchange on either side.

The *Body* in the *Elements* is clos'd ;
The *Bloud* within the *Body* is confind ;
The *Spirits* within the *Bloud* : the *Soule's* dispos'd
Within the *Spirites*, which *Soule* includes the *Minde*.
The *Vnderstanding* in the *Minde's* repos'd,
And *God* in th' *Vnderstanding* rest doth find :

So this *Worlde*'s made for *Man*, *Man* for the *Soule*,
Soule for the *Mind*, the *Minde* for God her *Gole*.

Howbe't it is too true she was betray'd,
 When *Sinnes* perswaded hir shee should be eu'n
 With *Wisdomes* infinite, and so assay'de,
 To match that *Pow're*, that all hir pow'r had giu'n.
 Then, for she was ingrate, and so vnstay'd,
 She was bereft much virtue (though forgiu'n :)
 That now she see'th *Truth* but through a vaile,
 So in discerning *Truth*, she oft doth faile.

For as the *Soule*, so is her faculties,
 The *Spring* beeing choak'd the streame cannot be strong,
 They see not wel, that haue but sand-blind eyes,
 Nor is that firme, that frailty hath among.
 So humane *Wisdomes*, be it ne're so wise,
 Oft goeth right, but after runneth wrong ;
 Whose restlesse traueils are but *Truth* to meete,
 And yet (though oft at hand) shee cannot see't.

For how can humane *Wisdomes* chuse but erre,
 When all hir science comes from th' outward *Sences* ?
 Which oft misseapprehend, and missefferre,
 And so betrays our best intelligences.
 Then *Iudgement* needs must fayle that doth conferre,
 False *Antecedents* with false *References* :
 For what those *Sences* constantly affirme
 The *Iudgement* doth as constantly confirme.

But yet in cases of our constant faith,
 Wee *Faith* beleuee, and giue our *Sence* the lie,
 Nay, whatsoe're our humane reason saith,
 If it our faith gainesay, we it deny :
 On highest heights *Faith* hir foundation laith,
 Which neuer can be seene of mortall eye ;
 For if *Faith* say, a *Maid* may be a *Mother*,
 Though *Sence* gainesay it, wee beleuee the other.

If *Faith* affirme, that God a man may bee,
 (A mortall man, and liue, and die with paine)
 We it beleuee, though how, we cannot see,
 For heere strong *Faith* doth headstrong *Reas'n* restraine :
 And with the truth compells hir to agree,
 Lest she should ouer-runne hir selfe in vaine :
 So, if *Faith* say one's three, and three is one,
 Though *Sence* say nay, we *Faith* beleuee alone.

Faithes *Sences* are so firme, they cannot faile,
 For they deriue their science from Gods *Sonne*,
 Through whom, in what she seekes, she doth preuaile,
 And by the light thereof, aright doth runne.
Faith hath no *Fancies* fell hir thoughts to quaile,
 Nor by delusions is to wauer wonne :
 For beeing guided by so true a light,
 Hir *Iudgement* and discourse must needes be right.

No maruell then though men with *Faith* endow'd,
 Become so firme, that no plague, pow'r, or skill,
 Can shake them once : for they are wholly vow'd
 To him, whose *Rod* and *Staffe* doe stay them stil.

In few, by no meanes can she be subdu'd :
 But stands as vnremou'd as *Sion* hill.
 Then *Faithes* foundations must of force be sure,
 That can all kinde of force so wel endure.

Yet *Iudgements* function is of great effect,
 Which sortes *Particulars* from *Generalls*,
 Then *Generalls* from *Generalls* elect,
 And so from *Specialls* parteth *Specialls*,
 Then all conferres, and (as she can) select
 The good from bad, and *Spirits* from *Corporals*.
 This by hir pow're she able is to doe,
 Especially, if God giues ayme thereto.

But when *Discourse* sets out, *Fancy* must rest ;
 Shees like a whelp that playes with eu'ry toy,
 Nor must the *Will* the *Memory* molest,
 Because it doth the *Intellect* annoy,
 Which quietly must *Sence* reports digest,
 And al hir powre it must thereon imploy :
 But if commotions of the *Minde* impugne,
 She cannot worke ; and all must needs go wrong.

For as in well composèd Common-weales,
 The *Members* in their place, their works apply ;
 And with reciprocall affection feales
 Each others want, and it with speede supply :
 So in well-mannag'd mindes the *Sences* deales,
 Which hinders not ech others faculty.
 But for the publike good of *Soule* and *Minde*,
 Each *Pow're* applies the worke to it assign'd.

And *Memory* is true, if she be trusted ;
 If otherwise, shee's more then most vnure ;
 Shee'l keepe *Mindes* riches else till they be rusted,
 (Yet riches of the *Minde* are passing pure)
 But if the *Minde* with rust of *Cares* be crusted,
 Then *Memory* in force cannot endure :
 For cares are moathes and cankers of the *Minde* :
 That *Memory* consumes, therein confin'd.

So while *Reas'n* worketh, *Iudgement* rest doth take :
 But when that worke is wrought, the same she wayes
 And markes with *Linxes Eyes* what *Reas'n* did make :
 If wel, or ill, or neutrall, she bewrayes.
 And if she finde hir eyes not wel awake,
 With watchfull eyes againe she it suruayes ;
 And ceaseth not till she be fix'd fast,
 In that which of the truth hath greatest taste.

And when she doubts she is her selfe deceiu'd,
 It growes from *Ill* that is so like to *Good* ;
 That for that good its commonly receiu'd :
 Yet is the *Frier* not made by the Hood ;
 But likelihoods of *Truth* by *Sence* conceiu'd,
 May drowne her (without heede) in *Errors* flood.
 Else hardly would she slide, but firmly stand,
 If *Falshood*, like *Truth*, bare hir not from land.

For as true *Good*, agreeth with the *Will*,
 So *Truth* hath with the *Minde* true sympathy ;
 And as the *Will* hath no such foe as *Ill*,
 So *Error* is the *Mindes* most ennemy.

If *Judgement* then approve of *Reasons* skill,
 Shee toyne hir selfe thereto inseparably.
 And so of *Judgments* reas'n and *Reas'ns* iudgement
 Makes then but one, by force of one consent.

Fow'r things there are that makes our knowledge strong,
Experience knowne, to know each *Principle* ;
Naturall iudgement, (hauing health among)
 And reuelation from th' *Inuisible*
 That's iust and right, and cannot viter wrong :
 These makes vs know all comprehensible.
 The first three tendeth to Philosophy,
 The last belongeth to Diuinity.

These are the *Elements* whereof is form'd,
 Our totall knowledge, humane, or diuine ;
 And had the first *Man* not bin sinne-deform'd,
 More bright then *Sol*, it in the *Soule* should shine,
 For to that *influence* t' had bin conform'd,
 That make the *Mindes* eyes pure and christaline ;
 For then *Gods* glorious Sonne all only wise,
 Had lent the *Spr'ite* Sunne-bright all-seeing eyes.

Now twixt the *Soule* and *Spirit*, great oddes there is,
 (Though vulgarly they taken are for one,)
 For by the *Soule* is meant those faculties,
 That doe consort a humane *Soule* alone :
 The *Spirit* doth not (as they doe) oft amisse,
 For it to grace and virtue still is prone.
 The *Soule* to Sinne consents, but not the *Spr'it*,
 For that with Sinne and *Flesh*, still maintaines fight.

Whereto (in sort) agrees what *Poets* faine,
 How *Ioue* did *Reas'n* ensconce within the *Scull* ;
 And for th' *Affections* did the *Corpes* ordaine :
 Which *Reas'ns* regiment doth disannull,
 Taking two *Tirants* fell with them to raigne,
 Which oft the whole man to their parte doe pull.
 That's *Ire*, which in the *Hart* hath residence ;
 And in the *Belly* raignes *Concupiscence*.

Which *Passion* of it selfe, is of such pow'r
 (Vnlesse th' almighty *Pow're* preuent the same,)
 As, *Nolens volens* will the *Soule* deflow'r,
 And make the flesh *Gomorrah*-like to flame,
 Though *God* and *Nature* at that sight doe low'r,
 And *Hell* wide-gaping laughs to see the same.
 Nay though it should forthwith destroy the *Soule*
 Yet *Flesh* being fraile, wil make faire *Flesh* thus
 fowle.

But from this *Passion* to repasse from whence,
 We past *Oblique*, and so out-right proceede ;
 For hauing past the faculties of *Sence*,
 It rests that now wee weigh what doth succede.
 But stay a while my *Muse*, thou must from hence,
 Mount higher then thou canst ; then hast thou neede.
 To rest in contemplation of thy flight,
 Sith *Contemplation* next ensues by right.

When from the outward *Sences* is conuaid,
 All their relations in the common *Sence*,
 And so to *Fantasie* (as erst was said)
 And then to *Reason*, or *Intelligence*,
 From whence (being sent to *Judgments* conference,)
 It lastly comes to *Contemplations* sight,
 Which is the view of *Truthes* true consequence ;
 For *Reas'n* and *Judgement* findes out what is right,
 Which *Contemplation* views with rare delight.

For to the *Spirit* nought more pleasing is,
 Then naked *Truth*, she is so passing faire ;
 For when they meete, they do with comfort kisse,
 And nought but *Error* can that ioy impaire.
 Herehence it is, that though we do dispaire,
 Of some whose manners are most monstrous,
 Yet they, by *Natures* instinct, *Truth* desire ;
 For knowledge to their *Spirits* is precious,
 And deeme all dull heads most inglorious.

Nay though the *Spr'it* cannot come neere the truth,
 It pleaseth hir t' approach the neer'st she may,
 Which like an egre *Beagle* it pursu'th,
 Whose paines are passing pleasure all the way :
 Then as the *Minde* is more diuinely gay,
 So wil it most, most diuine *Truth* affect :
 But beeing base, it will the same bewray,
 By most pursuing things of least effect,
 Which *Spirits* of diuine temper do neglect.

The *Contemplation* then doth ruminare
 On *Truth*, and none but *Truth* ; for onely it
 Vnto hir dainty tast is delicate,
 And nothing doth the same so fully fit,
 As this *Soule*-feeding single, simple bit ;
 Then *Contemplation* must be most diuine,
 That can with *Truth* diuine a humane wit,
 And Zeale from *Error* doth aright refine,
 And to the purest faith the same combine.

She (diuine *Pow're*) consociates *Pow'rs* diuine,
 Gliding through *Heau'n*, on hir celestiaall wings,
 And to the *Angells* Hymnes hir eares incline,
 And all the Hoast of *Heau'n* together brings
 At once, to view those bright-eye-blinding things :
 Yet staves not here, but doth hir selfe intrude,
 Into the presence of the King of Kings,
 To see th' *Obiectiue* sole *Beatitude*,
 That of the *Cherubins* cannot be view'd.

And hou'ring here she staies, and straines hir sight,
 To see the same (as of it selfe its scene)
 But taper-pointed Beames of extreame light
 Darts through hir eies, and make them sightlesse
 cleane,
 Yet inly sees a certaine *Light* vnscene,
 That so doth rauish all hir powres of *Sence*,
 As in the *Heau'n* of *Heau'ns* it makes hir weene,
 She sensibly hath reall residence,
 Orewhelm'd with Glory and Magnificence.

But if the *Body* indispos'd bee,
 And due proportion of the *Humors* want,
 (If *Wisdom* do not well the same foresee)
 She here may passe the bounds of *Grace* (I grant)
 And so wax franticke, vaine, and ignorant,
 Or else presumptuously too curious ;
 For *Powers* inscrutable she must not scant,
 To hir powres reach, for that were impious,
 And most impard'nably presumptuous.

For as our Corp'rall Eyes cannot behold
 The *Sunne*, whose substance is but corporal :
 So the *Soules* Eye (being fixt to mortall mould)
 Cannot behold the *Deity* immortall :
 But if our Eye were supernaturall,
 And fixt vnto the *Sunne*, then might it see
 The *Sunne* it selfe, and with the *Sunne* see all :
 So shall the *Soules* Eye see that *Deitie*,
 When after death, it fixt to it shall bee.

Yet *Contemplation* may by force of loue
 Whilst yet the *Soule* is to the *Body* tide,
 (Wing'd with *Desire*) ascend her selfe aboue,
 And with hir *God* eternally abide,
 So neare, as if she toucht his glorious side :
 For as one drawing nigh materiall fire,
 Doth feele the heate, before the flame be tride,
 So who drawes nigh to *God* by *Loues* desire,
 Shall, to, and with, that heau'nly *Flame* aspire.

This is that holy, kind, and sugred *Kisse*,
 That *God* in loue vouchsafes the louing *Soule*,
 To which this louing Lord espows'd is.
 When (as hir Lord) he, by his grace, doth rule,
 Which doth extinguish all affections foule ;
 This *Kisse* must needes be short as *Lightnings* leame,
 Or else it would the *Body* so controule,
 Through *Soules* excesse of ioy (in such extreame)
 That it would leaue hir in a datelesse dreame.

Those *Soules* that are by *Contemplation* fixt
 So fast to *God*, that th' are remou'd by none,
 Are like the *Seraphims* to *God* confixt,
 Who are exempt from outward charge alone,
 And still (like burning lampes) surround his Throne :
 For as fine *Gold* being molten in the fire,
 Doth seeme, as if the fire and it were one,
 So is the louing *Soule* through *loues* desire,
 With *God* in *Contemplation* made intire.

Here *Contemplation* may so long reside,
 (For here she makes the *Soule* drunke with delight)
 As if the *Body*, *Soulelesse* did abide,
 And all the *Sences* were depriu'd of might,
 While from hir selfe, the *Soule* thus takes hir flight ;
 To such excesse of mind some men are brought,
 That they do see by reuelation right,
 How they should liue, and belieue as they ought,
 With many maruells else surmounting thought.

This ghostly wine in *Contemplation* drunke,
 Hath made, ere now, some *Soules* so drunke with
 ioy.

As some good *Bodies* in the same haue suncke,
 As if they were strooke dead with some annoy.
 And othersome, it hath constrained to toy,
 To sing, to leape, to laugh, and some to rue
 (Who then to weepe they doe themselves employ)
 Some nothing say, but *Yeu, Yeu, Yeu* :
 And othersome, some words they neuer know.

The cause of all these motions (as should seeme)
 From the *Soules* blisse and ioyes-aboundance came,
 Which to the *Body* shares that ioy extreame
 And it not able to containe the same,
 Doth vent it out with jestures vnde in game ;
 As when new wine into a caske is cast,
 It vpwardes boiles, and many motions frame,
 And wanting vent, it will the vessell brast ;
 So fares the *Body* which these *Dainties* taste.

But heere me thinks I heere some *Athist* say,
 All these are but meere naturall effects,
 For th' object of our *Loue*, our *Soules* betray
 To eu'ry *Passion* which it selfe reflects :
 And so the *Pagan* his false *God* respects
 As *Loue* thereto, these things in him doth worke :
 But neuer *Heathens* heart had these *Affects* ;
 For neuer in a *Pagan*, *Iew*, or *Turke*,
 Can such *Soule*-pleasing *Iubilations* lurke.

For as in Tempests, Smoake away doth flie,
 Which yet augments the fire, and spreads the flame,
 So in *Afflictions* stormes these dogges will die,
 And can no praler with deuotion frame.
 But *Christians* then, can best performe the same,
 Who though with Troubles stormes they still are
 tost ;
 Yet of their endlesse griefes they make their game,
 And in their most affliction, glory most
 When such affliction grieues a *Pagans* ghost.

Know then (whose knowledge is but Ignorance,
 Whose *Wit* (though ne're so nimble) is but lame)
 That all is subject to the gouernance
 Of that *I Am*, that no Tongue well can name.
 For there is nothing subject vnto *Chance*,
 But as he will, so will all Fortunes frame,
 Who is the prope of diuine *Providence*,
 Which thou seest not, for want of *Grace* and *Sence*.

{ Thou Diu'l incarnate, *Monster* like a Man,
 Perfidious *Athist*, gracelesse *Libertine*,
 Which *Nature* then produc'd when she began
 To wrong her selfe, and from herselfe decline.
 Yea then when *Reason* farre herselfe ore-ran,
 And to the brutish part did whole incline :
 What brow of Brasse can beare thy earned blame,
 Whose *Conscience* sear'd wants sense of sinne, and shame?

For loe the *Soule* (by force of *Contemplation*)
 Engulph'd lies in ioyfull *Extacy*.
 Where she doth languish in a lous-sicke passion,
 Swallowed with sweets in such extremity,

That shees eu'n stiff'd with felicity.
 But O (wretch that I am) when, when, O when
 Shall my dry soule her thirst here satisfie?
 But I a sincke of sinne and soile of Men,
 Am too too fowle this *Fount* aloofe to ken.

Here neede the Soule to stand vpon her guard,
 And keepe the *Tempter* at the *Spirits* sword-point,
 Else pride will puffe her, sith so well she far'd :
 Which swelling will runne downe from ioynt to
 ioynt,
 That she wil burst, if *Grace* her not annoynt.
 This found he true, that found this true repast,
 In the third *Heav'n* as God did fore-appoint ;
 Yet must he Buffetts with such Banquets taste
 Lest he should be puft vp, and so disgrac'd.

For our Soules foe extracts Ill out of Good,
 As our Soules friend doth draw Good out of Ill ;
 The foe can foile (if he be not with-stood)
 With *Pride* our *Piety*, and our good-will.
 But our best friend, though we offend him still,
 From these offences drawes humilitie :
 Which makes vs crouch, and kneele, and pray, vntill
 He doth commiserate our misery ;
 This doth our friend, vnlike our enemie.

The Soule can not her soundnesse more bewray,
 Then when she doth Temptations strong resist,
 For like as when our *Pulses* strongly play,
 We know wee neede not then a *Galenist*.
 So when the Soule doth pant, strive, and persist,
 In struggling with Temptations, then we kno,
 That Soule with perfect health is truly blist :
 For she by demonstration it doth sho,
 And blest are all those Soules that striueth so.

But in the *Mindes* excesse and traunce of *Spirit*,
 (When *Revelations* rusheth on the Soule)
 It her behoues to haue much ghostly might,
 The spirit of *Pride* with courage to controule,
 Lest with the Prince of *Pride* hir fall be foule ;
 For he being mounted neere *Heav'n's* *Maiestie*,
 Sought with the same the *UNIVERS* to rule ;
 So fell he from his glorious dignity,
 So may a Soule inflate with *Sanctity*.

But if the Soule through the *Almighties* pow'r,
 (Anteperistexing hir pow'res with grace)
 Breake through those muddy walls which hir im-
 mure,
 And would compell hir fowle affects t' embrace ;
 Shee then (*sans* pride) might looke *God* in the face,
 Which to expresse, ah who can it expresse?
 Not *God* as *Man*, can shew *Gods* glories grace,
 Much lesse can *Moses* : *Pauls*, and *John* much lesse,
 Then what can I do Sincke of Sottishnesse !

Moses sawe but his backe : *Pauls* not so much,
John but his shade, being shadowed by his wings,
 Such as the Eyes, their objects still are such :
 Then mortall Eyes can see but mortall things,

No king can liue and see that King of Kings.
 No pow'r can giue that priuiledge to Man,
 But onely *Death* and *Grace* to *God* him brings,
 That *Heav'n* and *Earth* doth measure with his span :
 Then to discribe his greatnesse, ah, who can !

Dare I, vile froth of *Frailty*, *Follies* scumme,
 Presume t' exploit impossibilitie?
 In my base barren witt dare I inwombe
 The magnitude of all *Immensities* ?
 And proue so great improbabilities ?
 Vaile, vaile thy thoughts, th' imaginations vaile,
 Vnto the depth of all profundities :
 And ere thou enterst this *Sea*, strike the *Salle*,
 Or thou wilt be o'whelmed without faile.

But be it granted wee may safely swimme,
 Neere to this boundlesse *Oceans* shorelesse-shore,
 Yet if *Presumption* beare vs from the Brimme,
 Then are we lost, and can come out no more.
 Nay, if too much thereon we chaunce to pore,
 Albe't we are within a ken of *Land*,
 T'will turne our braines, and make our Eyes so sore,
 That we our *Senses* hardly shall command,
 With vpright iudgement vprightly to stand.

To forme the *Godhead* (in our *Fancies* forge)
 With all the *Beauties*, *Heav'n* and *Earth* contains,
 We must be faine againe it to reforge,
 For in his sight those *Beauties* are but staines.
 In vaine therefore it is to beate our braines,
 To frame that *Forme*, that fram'd all *Formes* that
 are,
 And yet himselfe a formelesse *Forme* remains,
 That in *Formosity* is past compare,
 His glory is so great, his grace so rare !

Objects of *Sence* are printed in the *Minde*,
 By that which from those *Objects*, *Sence* attracts ;
 But that which *Sence* still seekes, yet cannot finde,
 The *Minde* from thence no *Images* abstracts :
 Then if the *Minde*, *GODS* forme of *Sence* exacts,
Sence must enforme it with forme sensible :
 Which from *Gods* creatures beauty it extracts,
 Which cannot be incomprehensible,
 As *Gods* forme is, that's most insensible.

He that but toucht his *Arke* at point to fall,
 He strake stone-dead ; then needs must the offence,
 To looke therein be more then Capitall,
 Because himselfe had there true residence :
 Then truly we may well collect from hence,
 No creature should be so presumptuous,
 To search for *Gods* true forme, with erring sence,
 Which at the best is most ambiguous ;
 Then so to do it deadly dangerous.

The *Seraphins* beeing *Angells* most supream,
 Exists but as a meane twixt *God* and *Men*,
 (Yet neere the lower then the high *Extreams*)
 Then if those *Spirites* no mortall eye can ken,

For glittering glory with the which they bren,
How shall such eyes behold *Yehonahs* face,
Sith *Seraphins* themselves are blinded, when
They do but glaunce vpon his glories grace?
They must confounded be, they are so base.

Men beeing most vnable to finde out
The substance of the *God-head* by their sence,
Haue with the highest Titles gone about,
To explicate that *Super-excellence* :
But that which argues most preheminnence,
Of all high Titles, they the *GOOD* him call,
But that name fits not his beneficence,
For *Good* is good, of *Goodnes*, but hee's all
Goodnesse it selfe supersubstantiall.

Nay, *Goodnes* cannot possibly extend
T' expresse his *Goodnesse*, that we *Goodnesse* call
For *Goodnesse* on some substance doth depend,
But in that *God-head* can be nought at all,
That is not more then *super-substantiall* :
Then can no name his namelesse Name expresse,
But what (in *Sence* precise) vnnames them all,
For who so knowes it most, doth know it lesse,
As they that knoweth most of all confesse.

He is vn mou'd, vnchang'd, pure, bodillesse,
Most simple, subtile, endlesse, infinite,
All wise, all good, all great, beginninglesse :
All these are names by which we do recite,
Not what he is, but what he is not, right :
Hee's vncontain'd, yet in himselfe confin'd,
Whose mightnesse is bounded in his might,
Which so extends that he himselfe can finde,
Without himselfe, no *Being* in no kinde.

An *actuall vnderstanding infinite*,
Philosophy can reach no higher stile,
Which in respect of him is but finite.
Diminitie it selfe, cannot compile,
His name in words, for words are too too vile :
I am (quoth he) what art Lord *that I am*.
Lo heer's the highest state (alas the while)
That *Words* can reach, though hee deuised the same,
That with words cannot tell his namelesse name.

Yet as a worme that only hath a will,
To trie hir force in that she cannot do,
So I (though voide of grace, and want of skill)
Bring with me more then much good will hereto,
And still to it my selfe, my selfe doth woo,
Yet I am terrified when well I way,
How some great Doctors did their wits vndo,
When they this mystery sought to bewray ;
Then will I, ere I enter, humbly pray.

O great and dreadfull Sire of *Gods* and *Men* !
O all-wise *Word*, that no word can expresse !
O *Vaction Spirituall* that bright dost bren !
O three-fold, yet all one *Almightinesse* !
Inspire my wit (compris'd in mortall presse)
With that pure *Influence* thy Throne attending ;

That notwithstanding my vnworthinesse,
I may, in part, vnfold (without offending)
That which doth farre surmount all comprehending.

Mount *Muse*, but rise with reuerence and feare ;
With *Icarus* soare not too neere the *Sunne*,
Lest that thereby thy waxen wings do meare,
And in this *Sea* thou fall, and be ore-runne,
Where thou shalt loose thy selfe, and be vndone :
Couer thy face with thy celestially wings,
As *Cherubins* now do, and still haue done ;
Yet through thy plumes, glaunce at this *Thing* of
Things,
Beeing the cause intire of all *Beings*.

For hee is *Good*, without all *Quality*,
Then, O how good is hee, that knowes the same !
And he is great, beyond all *Quantity*,
Then, O how great is he that can him name !
Eternall, without time, from whome *Time* came,
Being present euery where, yet without place ;
For euery place hee fram'd, and keeps in frame :
Beholding all, yet none beholds his face,
He giuing all, none giuing to him grace.

But where art thou? What shall I call thy name?
O GREAT, O GOOD, a good great name I want,
Thou art so great, that I no name can frame
To fitte thy greatnesse, but it is too scant :
Thy goodnesse is as great, good Great I grant :
But where art thou? among thy *Angels*? Noe ;
Where then? with thy *Church* euer triumphant?
There, and where not thou art, but yet not so
As thou art with, and in, thy selfe, I know.

For twixt the *Heau'n*, where *Saints* and *Angels* rest,
And that same *Heau'n* of *Heauens*, where thou
resid'st,
Is greater distance then from *East* to *West* :
Yet on the *Cherubins* thou often rid'st,
And euery where in *Essens* thou abid'st ;
But where thy *Glories* beames doe glitter most.
With distance infinite, thou it diuid'st :
From all the *Orders* of the heau'nly *Hoast*
Where to thy selfe thy selfe alone thou sho'st.

In quintescens of *Glories* quintescens,
Which was, and is, most vnapproachable,
The *Throne* is plac'd of thy magnificence ;
Whereon thou sitt'st in light vnthinkable,
Then not by Tongue, or Pen, expressable ;
For eu'n (as when the *Sunne* his beames display,
Because our Eyes to see the same's vnable)
We thought a scarfe behold them as we may,
Eu'n so must Man, behold Gods *Glories* ray.

Such as goe downe into the *Sea* profound
Of deepe *Philosophy*, doe meete thee there,
Of Men profane thou art there often found,
For in thy *Workes* thy steppes do plaine appeare :

Nay in thy works is stamp't thine Image cleere ;
And yet no worke of thine resembles thee
So right (though Men and Angels drawen neere)
But that the difference infinite must be,
Sith thou art infinite in each degree.

The *Deities* that in the *Starres* do dwell,
Thy *Deity* their seu'rall Mansions made,
And all that *Sacred* Senate found full well,
That it o're them supreme dominion had,
Who found it permanent, when these did fade ;
By *Natures* light, they saw a light extreame
Glance from his grace that did their glory shade,
And saw his Image true as in a dreame
Together with the new *Ierusalem*.

This goodly *Great*, or greatly *Good* is he,
(So good, so great, as none so great, or good)
That was, that is, and euermore shalbe,
(In each respect) without all liklyhood ;
Including in his threefold-single *Godhood*,
Notions, *Properties*, *Relations*,
In whom they stil, as in their *Subject* stood :
Then all *Divines* diuide the *Notions*
Into fve branches, or partitions.

Namely, into *Innascibility*,
Fatherhood, breathing, or *Spiration*,
Son-hood, *Procession* ; these fve naturally
Dependeth still by Logically relation,
Vpon the *mystery* of the *Trinity* :
All which conioynd makes but one *Vnity* ;
The two first solely to the *Sire* pertaines ;
The third to *Sire* and *Sonne* indifferently ;
The fourth the *Sonne* within himselfe retaines
And to the *holy-spirit* the fift remaines.

Which *Notions* are *Relations* in some sence
For *Father*, *Sonne*, doth euer presuppose :
And *Sonne* a *Father* by like consequence ;
The holy *Spirit* proceeding from both those,
Implieth them, from, and with whom he goes ;
The *Notion* of *Innascibility*,
Is no *Relation*, sith it doth suppose
No other person in the *Trinity*
But is a *Notion* noting *Vnity*.

The two first is the *Fathers* in respect,
He onely doth beget, and doth vnite,
Spiration *Father* and the *Sonne* effect ;
From it the *Holy-Ghost*'s excluded quite.
" *They breathe, and what is breathed is that Sprite*,
But, *Filiation* solely to the *Sonne*
Doth appertaine, sith only *Sonne* hee hight :
For as one *Father*, so one *Sonne* alone
The *Trinity* affords, and brookes but one.

Procession with the holy *Spirit* accords,
(And only with that *Spirit* it doth agree)
As with the other two, three other words
Agreed, and did with him quite disagree :

So this alone applied to him must be,
For if they breath'd him forth (as erst was said)
None can be sayd then to proceed but he,
Sith from the other two he is conuaide,
Yet in the other two, he still is staid.

Now in another *Sence* we may transmute
These *Notions* into *Properties*. To witt,
When they doe one, and not another sute,
As father doth the *Father* only fitt,
The *Sonne*, the *Sonne*, and to the holy *Sprite*,
Procession is peculiar. And againe,
Innascibility we must' admitt
The *Father*. But *Spiration* th' other twaine ;
Then name of *Property* t' will not sustaine.

So in the *Trinity* fve *Notions* are,
Foure *Properties*, and foure *Relations*,
Wherein besides are other *Secrets* rare,
Founded vpon vnsearchable foundations.
The *Sires* beginning is th' eternall *Sonnes*,
(Though he be said to be the *Sonnes* beginning)
Yet no beginning had these holy ones,
But from beyond *Beginnings* both haue bin
Nor can their neuer endings, euer lin.

The *Sire* and *Sonnes* beginning being one,
Breath forth their blessed *Spirit*, a third one being,
Which by a generall creation,
Beginning gaue to all (in one agreeing)
And from eternity the same foreseeing.
The greatest *Monarch* and the least *Insect*,
With earthly things ; aquaticall, or fleeing,
Whose seu'rall shapes, and what they should effect,
Had euer being in their *Intellect*.

Yet how they should there actually exist,
And by what meanes they should haue entrance
there,
(Sith there eternally they did subsist)
Is hard for Man to know, who doth appeare
A *Chaos* of defect, and folly meere.
They entred not by meanes into his mind,
As from *Ideas* which without him were,
Without whom nothing is in any kind,
Then in him selfe, he all that all doth finde.

Yet are they not of such necessity,
As without them he could no way exist,
For they on him, not he on them rely ;
Then how eternally can they consist,
Sith he alone doth only so subsist ?
They are not of his Nature, but his wil,
His *Intellect* inciting to insist.
In knowledge of what that will should fulfill,
So in that knowledge they existed still.

For as to *God* it is most naturall,
To know himselfe, in whome he all doth see ;
Eu'n so to him, it is essentiall,
To know the kindes of all things as they be,

Or else he should not know his owne degree.
Yet his essentiall knowledge doth not stretch
Vnto particulars, as Mee, and Thee ;
For he may well exist without that reach,
And which his knowledge no way can impeach.

But all his Science of distinguishd things,
Floues from the freedome of his sacred will,
Drawne from those Notions which his nature brings,
And are essential to his nature still.
Who made (to shew his vniuersall skill)
What is created in particular,
As t' were a prooffe of that he can fulfill,
When he is pleas'd, to make, or mend, or marre,
Then in that skill all things distinguishd are.

The things that were, or are, or are to come,
Makes, in his minde, no change, though chang'd
they be ;
Obiects our mindes affect, our mindes o'recome ;
But his intelligence is euer free,
Actiue, not *Passiue*, sith all *Act* is he.
For, as by Sense he makes vs *Arts* to learne,
And abstract-*Formes* by other meanes to see :
So he, by meanes, can seu'rall things discerne,
Though it no way his nature doth concerne.

Who being infinite, nought is in him
That lease then so, but so he could not be :
If his all-seeing *Eies* should be so dimme,
That now he sees, what erst he could not see :
Then sees he all from all eternitie.
The whole, the partes, the rootes, and what they
beare,
The thoughts, words, deedes of men ; and then
must he

In vnderstanding infinite appeare.

Who is not chang'd by *Place*, for he fills all,
Nor yet by *Time*, for he is without time,
He is not chang'd in *Forme*, nor neuer shall,
Because he alwayes is an *Act* in prime ;
Nor chang'd by *Chance*, sith he aboue doth clime,
For he all moues, and yet is mou'd of none :
He opes the sluice through which we flowe like slime,
Which if he shuts, we cease, and quite are gone,
But he is aye one, and the same alone.

Place is conceiued as a thing created,
Or as that which includeth some thing plac'd ;
In this last sence *God* is in no place seated,
Yet in the other sence no where displac'd :
So hee's no where, and each where, first and last,
In no place barr'd, but fills and bounds each place ;
For beeing indissoluble and fast,
Hee's whole in all, and in parte, and in each case,
And without mixture doth all interlase.

For as the *Obiects* which our *Mindes* conceiue,
Mixt not themselues together with the *Minde*,
Albee't they do the *Minde* in't them receiue,
Without beeing mixt or clos'd in any kinde ;

Eu'n so *God* all conceiues, and yet doth wind
Himselfe in't all, but is concei'd of none ;
Like as the *Sunne* (within himselfe confin'd)
Infuseth *Light* to all, yet he alone,
Is not contain'd, or mixt with any one.

God which is one, yet one of three compact,
Essentiall, nor *Personall*'s vnderstood ;
For to create is an essentiall act,
Not personall (which cannot bee withstoode ;)
But when by *Lord*, we meane the same *Godhood* :
We take it *Personall*, not *Essentiall*.
For it's refer'd vnto the *Fatherhood*,
That did beget the *Sonne*, *God* coeternall ;
And to beget, is an act personall.

Now none (I hope) can be so ignorant,
T' imagine any such begetting here
As creatures vse, for they were discrepant
To *Reason* ; for we said *They* euer were,
Which temporall begetting cannot beare :
Begetting then doth *Cause* and *Order* show,
Sith to beget, the *Getter* did not steere,
But from him without motion, that did flow,
That was himselfe, and to himselfe did go.

Then but respectiue the *Sire* and *Sonne*,
And not essentially distinguishd bee,
As *Soll* his beames begets, yet so begunne,
That they are full as old and bright as hee,
And from them both the *Light* proceeds we see :
Which is as old and bright as *Sunne* or Beames,
And nothing differs but respectiue ?
For first the *Sunne* begate hes radiant Leames,
Then both yeelds *Light*, and all in like extreames.

But more distinctly to distinguish them,
And to expresse their *Natures* vnity,
(If it be not implety extreame,
To liken them to things so transitory :)
Then may we imagine from eternity,
A Taper burnes, which doth a second light,
Those two doe light a third, and ioyned nie,
They shew all one, and all alike are bright,
Which doe illustrate this darke *Secret* right.

Which meerey is all *Essence* and excludes
All (whatsoere) that is not of the same ;
So though his *Essence* all his works includes,
And in his *Essence* all those works did frame,
Yet neere his *Essence* his works neuer came ;
For no *Effect* is wholly like his *Cause*.
If so it be, then what a sinne, and shame
Its for *Men*, that like *Men*, this *Essence* drawes,
As knowing nought aboute themselues like Dawes.

Were *Angells Limners* to delineate,
That *All* (but that) excelling *Majesty*,
(Sitting in chaire of State, surmounting *State*)
They must, with wings displai'd, defend their Eie.
From being confounded with his radiance,
Then how shall *Man* (an outcast *Eglet*) view,

That *Glory*, or paint his *Vbiquity*,
 That *Arte* it selfe, nor *Knowledge* neuer knew?
 And *Beauty* is too base to blaze their hue.

Put *Vacuum*s foe, the cleere corps of the *Aire*,
 Ten times refin'd therein, and giue them *Sp'rite*
 T'will file, not fill, the least parte of that *Chaire*.
 Nay, all the *Host* of *Heau'n* in one vnite
 (Yea, adde to that what all tongues can recite)
 And set it in that *Seate*, 'twill scarce appeere;
 But seeme as it were turn'd to nothing quite.
 For nothing can at once be eu'ry where,
 But him alone that no where hath a Peere.

Borrow from *Heau'n* and *Earth* and what they hold,
 The perfect'st parts of *Beauties* excellence,
 Cast these perfections in the perfect'st mould;
 To make his like, 'twill be but *Impotence*,
 Compar'd to *Glory*, and *Omnipotence*.
 Who can prescribe a forme t' a formelesse *Forme*?
 (Yet in that *Forme* all *Formes* haue residence:)
 But to make all in one doth him deforme,
 Then but this ONE, who can this All performe.

Hee's *Infinite*, put this to whatsoere,
 It makes it God, sole cause of things finite,
 Sith infinite can nothing caus'd beare;
 For to be caus'd, is to be definite.
 Chiefe essence must it be, that's *Infinite*,
 And *One* alone, two *Infinities* exclude,
 Which *One* must needs be incorporeall quite;
 Because a *Corps* a place must needs include,
 Wherein this *Infinite* cannot be mu'de.

Then to be *Infinite*, is to be free
 From matter; and from matter to be quit
 Is voide of *Passion*, and of *Change* to be:
 For *Change* hath *Passion* resident in it,
 And to them both is *Motion* firmly knit.
 Which *Motion* tends to *Rest*, which *Rest* remains,
 Where *Rest* remaining, resteth *Infinite*;
 That is in him, without whom nothing is
 Subiect to *Rest*, or *Motion*, *Bale*, or *Blisse*.

Though hee (his Actions to diuersifie)
 Takes on him parts, and passions of a *Man*,
 (Stouping thereby to our capacity)
 Yet none of both's in him that all things can,
 Without them both: then both are as a *Fan*,
 To keepe our *Reasons* eye from that defect,
 Which cannot apprehend where that began,
 Which as the *Cause*, our ioy or grieve effect;
 All which he doth t'informe our *Intellect*.

Those *Attributes* are borrowed from our *Kinde*,
 To lend our *Reason* light, that *Light* to see:
 But those essentially to him assignd,
 Of his owne nature and existence bee,
 Namely *Vbiquity*, *Simplicity*,
Eternity, and sole *Omnipotence*
 Consorted all with perfect *Vnity*;
 Yet are these *Attributes*, not his essence,
 For they are diuerse, that's but one *Immence*.

Which *Essence* is the *Fount* from whence doth flow,
 Each fore rehears'd *Essentiall* property,
 But to that *Essence* they do not reflow,
 To mix the same, with their variety;
 For that stands not with his simplicity.
 What then? can aught be first, or last, in it?
 In *Order* yea; in *Time* I it deny,
 For *Order* sets the *Will* behinde the *Wit*,
 And yet in *Time* they both together sit.

In *Order* then his *Vnderstanding*'s set,
 Before each one essentiall propertie,
 Which is his forme, wherein he doth beget,
 His coeternall *Sonne*, his *Wisdomes* eye.
 Wherewith vpon himselfe he still doth prie,
 Producing so a third one infinite:
 Yet infinitenesse is not their *Essence*, why?
 Because that must exist, ere it exite,
 That which confineth al, that is finite.

In *Time* they are all one, for *One* is hee,
 In *Order* hee's an *Essence* ere hee's wise;
 So hee's sole wise, ere infinite can bee:
 Which stands with *Reasons* rules in sence precise,
 And whoso sees it, must haue *Reasons* eyes,
 Yet is not his true *Essence* *primatiue*,
 (As that which still bereaues without supplies.)
 But really, and truly *Positiue*,
 From whom all *Positiues* themselues deriue.

Then *Wisdomes*, *Knowledge*, and *Intelligence*,
 (As in their *Subiect*,) are in him alone;
 With, and without, a proper difference:
 By which, as one, or diuerse, they are knowne.
 That's as they are consid'ed, all, or one;
 And all, or any one, are in him so,
 As they exist by power of their owne,
 And in existence all together go,
 Though in their functions parted other fro.

Now from his *Vnderstanding* flowes his *Will*,
 Essentially traduced from the same;
 (Which is the act of th' *Vnderstanding* still:)
 Whence flowes his Actions free (as *Will*) from
 blame.
 As from the Wel (his *Will*) from whence they came.
 Whose Office is true *Good* to couet aye,
 Which is his *Glory* whereat it doth ame,
 Which of all goods, most goodly is, and gay,
 Being the *Object* of his *Will* alway.

Which *Will* is stable, and omnipotent,
 Nothing can alter it, or it constraine;
 How then (being changelesse) seemes hee to repent:
 That one hee willd, as though he willd in vaine?
 And *Prayers* seemes, and seemes not, it to straine.
 Wee must distinguish heere, betweene his will
 Know'n, and vnknow'n, and then the case is plaine.
 That know'n hath chang'd, the vnknow'n standeth
 still;
 Yet prayers pure, both those good wills fullfill,
 Which being good, from it can come no ill.

Here is the *Gulph* that swallowes all amisse,
 This is the *Hell*, that hatcheth eu'ry euill ;
 Our shallow, yet too deepe insight in this :
 Makes *God* our foe ; *Sinnes* cause, and so a *Dinell*.
 O damn'd presumptuous ignorance vnciuill !
Sinne, *Flesh*, and *Bloud*, stay, stay, O stay ; heere
 stay,
 This point dispute not, for yee can but cauill ;
God saues by meanes, the meanes vsd, hee doth say,
 He sure will saue ; who doubts, are cast away.

For to conceiue that so himselfe he bindes
 To any such absurd *Necessity*,
 That though he would, he cannot change our mindes,
 Nor grant our suites, though made in charity,
 Were fond, and full of damnd impietie :
 Yea opposite to both his *Will* and *Word*,
 Which stil are good, without variety :
 But neither can they be, if they afford
 No grace to them, that with them doe accord.

Now if that *Curiosities* Cattes eies,
 Would faine be prying (further than is fit)
 To see how this cleere doctrine can arise
 From light so darke (which Light in darke doth sit)
 Still let them prie, till they fall out with it.
 For *God*, be'ng constant, if vnconstant *Man*
 Would finde him other, he may lose his wit
 In search thereof : for *God* such Searchers ban,
 Because they would do more than Himselfe can.

Who being immateriall, cannot change,
 (For that's immutable thats matterlesse)
 No accident is to his knowledge strange :
 No obiect can his fix'd will impresse :
Angells consists of *Matter* more or lesse,
 Which may be chang'd, and *Passion* to endure :
 So Men and *Angells* may thereby transgresse ;
 But *God* in *Essence* is so passing pure,
 That all he wills and workes is passing sure.

Now from his *Will* flames forth his ardent *Loue*,
 Which is as t'were the substance of his *Forme*,
 Which without motion, still his will doth moue,
 To doe what e're his will would faine performe.
Loues office is to loue, *Spirites* to conformance.
Loues obiect is those *Spirites* sanctity :
 For *Loue*, the like will to the like transforme,
 Sith where there is a perfect sympathy
Loue likes to make a perfect vnitie.

If *God* be *Loue*, how then can true *Loue* hate ?
 For he loues *Good*, and hates *Ill* perfectly ;
 Yet *Hate* dooth seeme his goodness to abate,
 And yet it is but the antipathie
 Of his pure nature with impurity,
 Which *Grands* his goodness, and augments his
 fame ;
 For if he should not hate iniquitie,
 Which doth his *Image* true confound and shame,
 He should not loue himselfe, much lesse the same.

Loue cannot hate, no more than *Fire* can freeze,
God cannot hate, no more than *Good* be *Ill* :
 But when his *Justice* vniust *Soules* surprize,
 Hee's said to hate them, sith he them doth spill ;
 Which as hee's *Mercy*, is against his will :
 But as hees *Iust*, he dooth it willingly.
 This *Will* and *Nil* his goodnesse doe fulfill,
 And both agree in perfect vnity,
 T' aduance the glory of his Maiesty.

He cannot hate, nor is he mou'd to wrath,
 As Men doe hate, and are to anger mou'd.
 No *Passion* in the Godhead being hath,
 But those hee likes that are of him below'd ;
 And those he loathes that are of him reprov'd.
 By an eternall motion of his will,
 Mouing to that which is by him approu'd,
 And ay remouing from all shew of ill ;
 So in this *Loue* and *Hate*, hees constant still.

Which *Hate* is no lesse Great, than He is Good,
 Thats infinite, for nought in him is lesse :
 Wert in him, as in vs, a passiue moode,
 He were not *God*, for *God* is *Passiuelesse* ;
 He is an Actiue *Spirite*, motionlesse.
 Seeing all at once, *Past*, *Present*, and to *Come*,
 Without succession, seeing all successe ;
 Then sith at once, hee seeth all and some,
 No chaunce with *Passion* can his *Sprite* orecome.

Who in their causes, and essentiall formes,
 Knowes all that was, or is, or e're shall be.
 Then no Intelligence his *Minde* informes
 Of that he knowes not ; sith he doth foresee,
 Eu'n all that *All*, beyond eternitie.
 For he beyond beginnings did exist.
 Existing so, he sawe in each degree,
 What should beginne, and end, or still consist,
 Which in *Praescience* infinite he wist.

Could he beginne, *Beginnings* that began ?
 If so hee could, what is beginninglesse ?
 Or *Time*, or *Nothing*. That's vntrue, for than,
 If there were *Time*, it was not motionlesse ;
 For *Time* is made by *Motion*, all confesse.
 But where there nothing is, no *Motion* is,
 For *Nothing* hath no motion, and much lesse
 Can *Nothing* make of nothing, *Something*. This
Some-thing sometime, of nothing made all his.

God euer was, and neuer was not *God*,
 Not made by *Nothing*, nothing could him make.
 Could nothing make, and not make ? this is odde ;
 And so is he, that could creation take
 Of *Nothing* ; for all was, whenas he spake.
 Nothing was made, that was not made by it.
 Then nothing was that could it vndertake,
 To make its *Maker*, what had powre or wit,
 Not him that can doe all, that he thinks fit.

Time's but a *Moments* flux, and measured,
 By distance of two *Instants* (this we proue)
 Which then commenc'd (it selfe considered)
 When first the Orbs of *Heau'n* began to moue :
 That but sixe thousand yeeres, not much aboue.
 But whats so many yeeres, as may be cast,
 In thrice as many *Ages*, to remoue
Eternitie, from being fixèd fast ;
 And *God* therein, from being *First* and *Last*.

He is eternall, what is so, is he.
 So is no creature, for it once was made,
 Then ere it could be made, it could not be :
 But the *Creator* euer beeing had,
 To pull out from *Not-beeing* : who can wade ?
 (Beeing a *Depth* so infinite profound)
 But he that was, and is, and cannot fade ?
 This *Beeing* infinite, this *Depth* must sound,
 To lift vp all to *Beeing*, there beeing dround.

Eternity and *Time* are opposite,
 For *Time* no more can bound *Eternity*,
 Then *Finite* can inuiron *Infinite* ;
 Both of both which haue such repugnancy,
 As nere can stand with *Gods* true *Vnity* :
Eternity is then produc'd from hence,
 By ioyning of his sole *Infinite*,
 With his essentiall intelligence,
 And all the *Attributes* proceeds from thence.

If then *Eternity* doth bound this *One*,
 (Or rather he bounds all *Eternity*)
 How could he *Be* ? or beeing all alone,
 How could he worke ? (that works vncessantly)
 (For hee's all *Act*, that acts continually)
 Hauing no subject whereupon to worke,
 And beeing without his *Creatures* vtterly,
 It seemes he must in *Desolation* lurke,
 Which must of force an actiue nature irke.

Or how could he extend his goodness, when
 None could receiue it ? (if none *Beeing* were,)
 What honor could he haue, there beeing then
 No one to honor him, or him to feare ?
 Or what (in loue) if hee his children deere,
 Had made t' exist from all eternity,
 As to eternity th' are made t' appeere ?
 What inconuenience could ensue thereby ?
 Yes very great, and marke the reason why.

He is an *Essence* free, not bound to ought,
 Who can and doth exist in boundlesse blisse,
 Although besides himselfe, that there were nought :
 For he of greatest glory cannot misse,
 Sith that eternally all glori's his :
 But should the *Creatures* eternall be,
 His glory would be much eclips'd by this,
 For were th' eternall too, aswell as he,
 They would be gods as great in each degree.

Then nought he needes to giue him lande, or loue,
 Or subject for his worke, though nought there were ;

For ere nought was, he did not worke or moue,
 Yet idle was not, for his *Spirit* did steere
 In contemplation of his *Essence* cleere :
 So himselfe, to himselfe, was *Well of Weale*,
 And in himselfe, did *Glory* it selfe appeare ;
 Which to himselfe, himselfe did aye reueale,
 So pleas'd himselfe, with what himselfe did feale.

Suppose no man but one were on the *Earth*,
 And none but *Vermine* vile did him attend,
 What honour could they yeeld ? What ioy or mirth
 Could they afforde, that rather doe offend ?
 Such, and no more doe men their *Maker* lend,
 Who were made changeable by changelesse will,
 So chang'd they are, and to the worst they tend,
 Who in respect of him continue still,
 Worse then vile *Vermine*, though they were more ill.

Who for his *goodnesse* is the *God* of grace,
 And for his *glory* is the *Lord* of *Light*,
 Whose glorious greatnesse filleth eu'ry place,
 (For no place is exempted from his *Sp'rite*)
 And by it all that is, is compass'd quite,
 And the least *Poynt*, is by the *Heau'n*s clire,
 And nothing is so solid, as hath might,
 To keepe him out, as it can *Aire* or *Fire*,
 But he is all in all, and parte intire.

Hee's not in *Temples* made with mortall hands,
 Nor those which his immortall hands haue made ;
 Nor in himselfe as *Man*, for *Fleshes* bands.
 Can hardly hold the least glimse of his *Shade*,
 Much lesse his *Substance*, which e're biding had,
 No more in one, then in an other place :
 And though with *Flesh* it seemeth to be clad,
 Yet dwells he in it but by pow'r and grace,
 And so he dwells in all he doth embrace.

He dwells in *Heau'n* of *Heau'n*s by his *Glory*.
 (For there that matchlesse *Glory* glitters most)
 He is in *Hell*, and each place transitory,
 By presence of his *Spirit*, (the holy *Ghost* :)
 He dwells in *Christ*, but how, O *Christ* thou
 knowst ;
 For as the *Soule* and *Body* makes one *Man*,
 So *God* and *Man*, one *Christ* do make thou showst,
 Yet the coherence neither may or can,
 The diffrence abrogate, since *Christ* began.

Whose natures from confusion are as free,
 As from distraction they are cleerely quit,
 Which though connext, confounded may not be,
 Much lesse distracted ; both in one beeing knit,
 But how conioyn'd, surmounts the reach of *Wis* :
 For in *Christ's* *Body* bodily doth dwell,
 The fulnesse of the *Godhead* ; most vnfit,
 To be contained in *Heau'n*, *Earth*, or *Hell*,
 His greatnesse, doth their greatnesse so excell.

Then *Contemplation* stay ; here make a pause,
 Stirre not too fast, about vncompass things,
 Though thou canst compass *Heau'n* and *Earth*,
 because
 Thou art the *Image* of this King of Kings ;
 Yet this flight is too farre, for thy clipt wings,
 The *Trinity*, in *Vnitie's* a wonder,
 Surmounting wonders ; which amazment brings ;
 Yet lesse (if more may be) that *God* is vnder
 Fraile flesh, and so contain'd, *God* cannot sunder.

Which two-fold natures, oft cooperates,
 And euermore associates each other,
 But neuer mutually participates
 Each other properties, as mixt together ;
 For what one hath, the selfe same hath not either,
 But in their kindes are diuerse, yet but one ;
 That's one of two, or two in one much rather,
 Which mystery to *God* is onely knowne,
 But not as he is *Man* the same is showne.

To whom yet nerethelesse all pow'r is giu'n,
 In whom as in its proper place it bides,
 By which he ruleth in *Earth*, *Hell*, and *Heau'n*.
 And where there some thing else, the same besides ;
 Which powre beeing infinite, with it he guides,
 Each finite thing vnto its proper end ;
 In which omnipotence, such force resides,
 As were he willing he the *Heau'ns* could bend,
 Belowe base *Hell*, and make it *Heau'n* transcend.

Which peerelesse powre, though nothing can oppugne,
 Yet doth it selfe, it selfe still so restraine,
 As that it selfe, cannot it selfe impugne ;
 For what it bindes, it cannot loose againe,
 It selfe same time ; for then that powre were vaine,
 As beeing repugnant to it selfe, and so,
 No order should that rulelesse powre containe,
 And then it selfe, it selfe would ouerthro,
 And with it selfe, all things to wrack should go.

He cannot make *Man* free and bond at once,
 Nor giue him *Will*, and wrest it how he will ;
 He cannot hold in hate his *Holy ones*,
 Nor in his loue (much lesse) imbrace the ill ;
 He cannot change himselfe, beeing changelesse
 still,
 Such things he cannot do ; not through defect,
 Of powre what not ? (if please him) to fulfill,
 But of his powre this is a strong effect,
 That can do all, but that it should reiect.

Who being euermore a compleate *Acte*,
 In highest degree of diuine excellence,
 He neede not chase *Perfection* by the tract,
 For in himselfe, *It selfe* hath residence :
 Then motion hath he none by consequence,
 For that must firmly stand, wherein all moues,
 Who is both *Center* and *Circumference*
 Of *Motions* motion : for it him behoues,
 To giue all rest which he moues or remoues.

He cannot moue but to himselfe alone,
 Because alone, at once hee's eu'ry where,
 And all that is, is only in this ONE,
 Then vnto what ? or whither should he steere ?
 Sith all's in him, that shalbe, is, or were.
 For mou'd he, *Motion* should not tend to *Rest*,
 But *Motion*, should to *Motion*, tend for ere ;
 So *Time* in bootelesse turnes should be at best,
 When it should draw most neere, to most vnrest.

He is that ONE in whom each one doth moue,
 He moues each one, that all in him should rest,
 For whatsoe're from him doth most remoue,
 It findes and feeses thereby the most vnrest :
 Yet from himselfe, nothing himselfe can wrest.
 Who being *One*, though one in trinity,
 Consisting of himselfe he hath address,
 From himselfe all this *Alls* diuersity
 To moue to rest in his true vnty.

As in a Quire of well tun'd voyced Men,
 When the first man hath giu'n the first accent,
 There doth ensue a noise melodious then
 Of all the voyces, loyn'd in one consent :
 So *God* by powre, super-omnivalent,
 Giuing first motion, to the highest Sphere,
 (Being first *Mouer*) then incontinent,
 All lower Bodies orderly did steere,
 As by their present motion doth appeare.

Looke on the *World*, and what it doth comprize,
 And *Sence* shall see, all mouing vnto one,
 — The *Elementes*, and ten-fold orb'd *Skies*,
 (In motion diuerse) tend to one alone,
 And make one *World*, through their conjunctions :
 The *Sea* ingirts the *Earth* : Th' *Aire* boundeth
 both,
 Being compas'd with the *Firy* region ;
 The *Coape* of *Heau'n* doth seeme them all to cloth,
 Who arme in arme vnto an *Vnion* goth.

The *Sea* through vaines and Arteries of the *Earth*,
 Creeps through her *Corpes*, to fix her drougthy
 dust :
 That done, it springs aloft, as t'were in mirth,
 For that it hath perform'd what needes it must,
 And then returnes with windings most vniust,
 Just to it selfe, which vndeulded is,
 So many members makes one Body iust,
 And many ioyes compleates one perfect blisse,
 Which blisse is onely *Ones*, and none but his.

From one selfe *Earth*, all earthly things proceede,
 To which selfe *Earth*, those earthly things retires,
 One silly drop of slime man-kinde doth breed,
 In which one kinde are manifold desires,
 Which nerethelesse one *Good* alone requires ;
 All numbers do consist of many *Ones*,
 And eu'ry one to only *One* aspires,
 Which *One* those seu'rall vnities attones,
 So ONE about all ones, himselfe enthrones.

All parts of *Man* with mutuall respect,
 Discharge their functions to preserue the whole ;
 The like in common-weales the parts effect,
 The like the faculties do in the *Soule*,
 And but one truth is taught in eu'ry Schoole :
 The parts of speech tend but to perfect speech,
 The end whereof is *Error* to controule,
 And shew one truth, which onely one doth teach,
 That by one truth, rules all within his reach.

Where *Vnitie* is lost, *Confusion's* found ;
 Where *Vnitie* is found, theres nothing lost.
 The noblest creatures, neede the vil'st on ground,
 The vil'st are seru'd by the honor'd most.
 And which is more, the very heau'nly hoast
 Doth serue the basest creatures voide of sense,
 Yet ouer-rules them, in each Clime and Coast.
 So one to other, haue such reference,
 As they in *Vnion* haue their residence.

Arithmetike from *Vnity* proceedes,
 Eu'n as from *Punctum* flowes *Geometry*.
Musike the symphony of sounds succedes.
 And *Architecture* Vniformitie.
Perspective at one poynt, lookes diuersly,
Phisicke doth ayme at health, and thats no more
 But *Humors* well-consorted vnitie.
 The *Lawe* looks at one *Right*, whose onely lore,
 Is to conioyne, that *Wrong* vnioyn'd before.

Good gouvernement brings many *Families*
 Vnder obedience to one Maiestrate :
 And many Seruants, Daughters, Sonnes, Alies,
 Vnder a household petty *Potentate* :
 And many *Passions*, in one *Minde* at 'bate,
 It reconciles, to *Reasons* onely rule :
 And many peace-infringers in a *State*,
 The *Rod* of *Discipline* doth ouer-rule,
 And makes them *One*, that maketh all mis-rule.

Which vnion of so many *Vnities*,
 And which diuersities in *Vnion*
 Implies there is but *ONE*, all onely wise,
 Who through his *Wisdomes*, made them eu'ry one,
 To whome all laudes diuine, belongs alone.
 Pluralitie of *Gods* who then defends,
 Must be the author of *Confusion*,
 For many *Gods* he makes, for many ends,
 Which to *Distraction* and *Confusion* tends.

Can all things, *Thicke* and *Thinne*, *Heauie* and *Light*,
Hote, *Cold*, *Moyst*, *Dry*, *Great*, *Small*, or *Quicke*,
 or *Dead*,
 That doe appeare, or not appeare to sight,
 Be held in one, without some *One*, their Head?
 Shall these in one, to vs alone be lead,
 And we misse-led, to many *Gods* from one
 Who in these Capitalls, may plaine be read
 To be the *God* of *Gods*, yea *God* alone?
 If so we should, our wittes were not our owne.

But with what words can I their blame bewray,
 That maugre all that euer can be saide,
 To proue this *God* : will all that *All* gainesay,
 And flat affirme, and speake as well apaide,
There is no God. Whose words (if they be waide)
 Do make them worse than *Fiends*, for they confesse
 There is a *God*, of whom they are afraide.
 O *Fiendes* of *Fiends*, I cannot call you lesse,
 But more, much more, sith ye much more transgresse.

Omitting many reasons which they bring,
 (Reasons? O no, but diu'lish blasphemies)
 To proue no *God*, nor any such like thing ;
 They say, That *Man* is ill : no man denies ;
 If then *God* made him, he made *Ill* likewise.
 If he made *Ill*, then cannot he be good.
 And if not good, not *God* in any wise,
 For *God's* the *Fount*, and Goodnesse is the flood ;
 Thus vrge they this vnlikely likelihoode.

Know *Diu'lls* incarnate *Antideities*,
 To make and marre are two repugnant things ;
 To make, implies *Natures*, or *Substances*.
 Both which are good, and from *Gods* goodnesse
 springs.
Ill's none of both, for vnto both it clings ;
 No otherwise then *Rust* to *Siluer* cleaues.
 Which is the accident *Priuation* brings
 That Good of Goodnesse casually bercaues,
 And so the good the *Ill* (vmade) receaues.

Which of it selfe, consists not, nor consists
 In aught that nought is ; but in *Good* alone ;
 Its no Effect, but Defect, which resists
 The good of Goodnes by corruption ;
 It is not made therefore by any one,
 For were't made, by *Sinne* it must be made :
 And *Sinne* is nothing but priuation,
 Which in it's nature doth to nothing fade,
 So, *Euill* of it selfe, is still vmade.

For *Ill* beeing but a meere defect of *Good*,
 It followes then, its but a meere Defect ;
 Which is no more, but a meere *Nihilhood* ;
 For *Want* can be no more, in no respect,
 And not to *Bee*, is nothing in effect.
 Then *Nothing* beeing but a *Negative*,
 (How ere it *goodnesse*, may (perhappes) infect)
 Produceth *Nothing*, beeing the *Priuatiue* ;
 Which *Nought* makes good, this my affirmatiue.

Wherefore in that things *Bee*, of *God* they bee,
 And that they faile, they faile, sith *Nought* they
 were :
 For *All* of nothing, *Good* created hee,
 Which *All* to nothing of themselves do weare ;
 Then *Good* they are, in that they truly are,
 And *Ill* they bee, sith *Beeing* they haue none ;
Good on his part, that made them so appeare,
 And *Ill* because they al to nothing rone,
 Then he is good, of whom they *Are* alone.

Yee *Soule*-confounding, selfe-confounding *Soules*,
 Can yee not see, because yee will not see,
 How all the *Orbes* of *Heau'n* in order roules,
 Which cannot moue, vnlesse they mou'd bee
 By some first mouer, sith vnrou'd is hee?
For nothing moues, but it another moues,
 So *Motion* from degree vnto degree,
 Doth mount to that, that moues it and approues,
 The same for *God*, as it the same behoues.

What moues yee then, yee *Monsters* in *Mens* shapes,
 To moue such questions which assoile yee can;
 By that selfe motion? For such willfull scapes
 Moues from the *Fiend*, to him, to moue fraile man.
 Your conscience tells yee so (which looketh wan,
 With bleeding still, your selues still wounding it)
If Diuills Be, God is, assure ye than,
 And I presume, your diu'lish searching witt,
 Findes out *God* by the *Diu'll*, though most vnfit.

What's vnder *Heau'n*, but *God* about doth preach?
 Saue *Hell* it selfe, which in you yee retaine,
 And yet the very *Hell*, a *Heau'n* doth teach,
 Which is not voide, for then it were in vaine,
 But hee there dwells, that doth the same sustaine.
 Thou great wise man, why lett'st thy braines to
 beate,
 On things vnworthy of thy beaten braine?
 For all thou think'st on, is, how to defeate,
 Thy selfe of *God*, and himselfe of a Seate.

What human *hart* of temper is so hard,
 That yeelds not to th' impression of *Gods* forme?
 From whence can his *Vbiquitie* be barr'd,
 That what hee will, doth eu'ry where performe?
 Then can the hart of *Man*, a forcelesse worme,
 Keepe out that *God* that nothing can with-stand?
 No, no, perforce hee must himselfe enforme,
 There is a *God* by whose allmighty hand
 All things were made; and all things doth commaund.

What ist that hang'd the *Earth* within the *Aire*?
 Yet hang'd it so, that it is fix'd fast?
 What made the *Gulfe*, where waters all repayre?
 Whose foming fury makes the *Earth* agast,
 Lest it in rage, the same should ouer-cast.
 Yet is it barr'd, with flatt fraile sandy bounds:
 What powre could make such weake barres so to
 brast

The banded Billowes which on them rebounds,
 But *Pow'r*, whose praise both *Land* and *Sea* resounds?

Who peopled that wide watry *World* with store,
 Of scaly creatures, which there wandring are?
 Resembling all that liue on *Earth* and more,
 More supereminent, and much more rare;
 The *Whale* (amongst the rest) doth make this cleare,
 Which beeing the amplest *Master-piece* of *Nature*,
 With thundring voice, doth amply declare.
 There's some high *Hand*, that gaue him his huge
 stature,
 And *Nature* did direct, to frame his feature.

For eu'ry thing that *Nature* doth produce,
 (As by experience is most euident)
 She doth direct ynto some end and vse,
 Then what directeth that hir regiment,
 But some one *Thing* much more preheminent?
 For she is finite in hir Acts and powre,
 But so is not that *Powre* omnipotent,
 That *Nature* subordain'd, chiefe *Gouernour*,
 Of fading *Creatures* while they do endure.

For that all worldly things do end we see,
 It doth inferre the *World* beginning had,
 Then if this *World* began how could it *Be*
 Without a cause *Efficient* had it made?
 To say it made it selfe, when t'was vnmade,
 Doth *Nature*, *Reas'n*, and common Sence impugne,
 To say a parte the whole made, were more mad;
 Can part e're to the whole it doth belong,
 Create the whole? this wholly is more wrong.

Weigh all the *World* in Ballance of the *Minde*,
 And all the world will make thee *God* to way;
 Looke in thy little *World*, and thou shalt finde,
 That great, great, great, three greates in one alway,
 Which GREAT in thy least parts doth wholly stay,
 His rare existence to thee to reueale,
 That beeing felt (as t'were) thou shouldst bewray,
 Vnto his praise what thou dost see and feele,
 And not in sullen silence it conceale.

There dost thou finde, the *World* epitomiz'd,
 A corps for motion meete, of diuerse kindes,
 A diuine Soule wherewith its all suffix'd,
 Which vnremou'd the Body turnes and windes:
 And powres to eu'ry part, with powre assignes.
 Thy corps a copy of this copious Masse,
 Thy Soule his *Image* that no *Image* findes
 Like him but it, that able is to passe,
 Through *Heau'n* and *Earth*, yet stay still where it was.

For as we hold there's but one *God* alone,
 But yet three persons in the *Deity*:
 So the *Soule's* parted (though in substance one)
 In 't *Vnderstanding*, *Will*, and *Memory*,
 These *Powres* or *Persons* makes one *Trinity*,
 Yet but one *Substance* indiuisable,
 Which perfect *Trinity* in *Vnity*,
 (Both beeing *Spirituall* and inuisible)
 Doe make the Soule, hir *God* so right resemble.

And like as one true *God* in persons three,
 Doth rightly rule this great *Worlds Monarchy*,
 So in Mans little *World* these *Virtues* bee,
 But one Soule ruling it continually;
 Yet in this lesser *World*, as wel we try,
 Be sundry sorts of people; some there are
 That be as heads, some Rulers are so hie,
 Some common Cittisens; and some lesse rare.
 Those Ruralls bee, that still are out of square.

The Heads are those about recited three,
 The vnder Rulers *Thoughts*, and *Fancies* are,
 The *Cittizens* the outward *Sences* bee,
 The *Ruralls* be the *Bodies* rare,
 (Which often make the *Soule* most poore and bare)
 For when these Riffe-raffes in commotion rise,
 And all will haue their will, or nought will spare,
 The *Soule*, (poore *Soule*) they then in rage surprise,
 And rob hir of hir wealth, and blinde hir of hir eyes.

Then let *Jehouah* thunder from on hie,
 And in the *Soule* aduance his glorious voice,
 The *Vnderstanding*, *Will* and *Memory*
 Then cannot heare it for the other noise :
 As when a King speakes to his capitaines choise,
 Though nere so neere, if th' Army make a shoute,
 They heare him not, though his speach high he
 hoise ;
 So God may speake, but were as good be mute,
 For hee's not heard, when *Passions* doe dispute.

But when those traitrous Tirants are suppress,
 Then like as *Moises* did ascend the *Hill*,
 And left the *Israelites* below in rest ;
 To commune with his *God* and know his will,
 So the *Soules Senses* may the like fulfill.
 Who then may *Contemplations* Mountaine scale,
 To talke with *God*, the *Passions* being still,
 And left below in *Meeknesse* humble vale,
 Where they are cool'd with many temprate gale.

Loe thus the *Soule* hath the similitude
 Of *God*, and of the *World* ; of *God*, because
 He with his *Attributes* hath hir endu'd ;
 And of the world, sith that so neere shee drawes,
 To be, and not to be, contain'd by lawes.
 Of *God* in point of gouernment shee's like,
 And of the *World*, sith she doth seldome pause :
 Against hir gouernment (though iust) to like,
 For which hir selfe, hir selfe doth oft mislike.

But what a needlesse paine it is to proue,
 The Sunne (that lighteth each Eye) to be light ?
 When none endu'd with *Sence*, a doubt will moue,
 Of that which doubtlesse is so passing bright :
 That eu'n the blinde perceiues it with[out] sight.
 Then much more needlesse is this prooffe of mine,
 Sith *Wrong* it selfe, must needs know *God* aright ;
 And *Poures* of *Darkenesse* sees this *Poure* diuine,
 Much more must Men whose Eyes are christaline.

What shall I say ? looke thou with all thine Eyes
 Seene or vnseene, on things vnseene, or seene ;
 Eyther above, or vnderneath the Skyes :
 What canst thou see, in which *God* is vnseene ?
 Sith hee's much more then all in all, I meane
 He all, and much more, able is to fill
 Without an adiunct, or a second meane,
 Eu'n by the only motion of his will,
 Which can doe all, and yet can doe no ill.

What makes the hugest, and the strongest things
 Obedient to the things most small and weake ?
 Will strong things be the weakers vnderlings
 Of selfe accord ; sith all things freedome seeke,
 Without some mightier will, their will to breake ?
 The smallest *Ante*, whose strength is but *Defect*,
 Hath more preeminence, and virtue eake,
 Then the Earthes totall Globe, in each respect :
 Then *Pouere* in weaknesse show'n, workes this effect.

And naturally *Contraries* spill each other,
 Then how can *Nature* (these *Diu's God*) compound,
 The disagreeing *Elements* together :
 But that shee must those *Elements* confound ?
 In *Nature* no such force was euer found.
 Then must some *Power* supernaturall,
 Giue to each *Element* his vtmost bound,
 That though they swarue in *Nature* ; yet they shall
 In one agree, through *One* vniting *All*.

The *Sunne* doth warme the cold wombe of the *Earth*,
 The *Moone* and *Starrs*, hir reasons doth assigne,
 The *Aire*, and *Water* bringeth forth hir birth,
 Which serueth Beasts, and Beasts serue Men in
 fine :
 If from *Eternity* these things thus were,
 How could they to them selues an end designe ?
 Seeing the ende for which things formed are,
 Before the things themselves, must needs appeare.

And in our selues we finde and feele a Minde,
 That can at once a thousand *Worldes* containe,
 Which needes must be of a celestiall kinde :
 Then can we thinke no Minde doth else remaine,
 When to our *Mindes* that mind appeereth plaine.
 For we can nothing minde, or good, or bad,
 But it directs our *Mindes*, with might and maine,
 Vnto a *Minde* that ne're beginning had,
 By whome in our beginning ours were made.

If not from thence, from whence was our beginning ?
 Did we beginne our selues, that once began ?
 For that must needes begin, that needes hath
 ending :
 And runne we vp Mans race, from *Man* to *Man*,
 At first we finde from whome all others ranne.
 For could we make our selues, why make we not
 Such as our selues are, where we list, and whan ?
 Why hath a wise man, to his Sonne a Sotte ?
 But that he cannot make his Sonne, God wot.

Man cannot make a Moath, much lesse a Man.
 For as no hand but his, that *Man* did make
 Could make an *Angell* ; so no other can
 Make the least haire, or make it white, or blacke.
 If not a haire, nor colour if it lacke,
 Can *Man* create, how make himselfe can he ?
 No, no, he cannot that Taske vndertake,
 For through his ignorance he needes must see,
 His blessed *Being* that made him to Be.

Because we see him not : (not as he is)
 But by effects which from him doe proceede.
 Shall we deny his being, or his blisse,
 And so subuert the fore-front of our *Creede*?
 Then raise we *Reas'n* and *Conscience* by that deede.
 Were we endungeon'd from our birth, yet wee
 Would weene there were a Sunne, whose beames
 are shed,

Through chincks on vs, though him we could not
 see ;

Then shall we question, if a *God* there be?

And shall wee question make if *God* there be,
 When through *Sun*, *Moone*, and *Stars*, and all
 below them,

He darts his *Glories* beames for vs to see,
 And yet shall we not see them, though he shew
 them?

But wincke (wincke hard) because we wil not know
 them?

For should we thinke nought is, which we see not,
 We should not thinke we had eies, though we owe
 them.

For though with them we see, yet well we wot,
 We see them not themselves, though free from blot.

Much lesse they see the Soule, by which they see,
 Yet *Reas'n* perswadeth *Sense*, there is a Soule,
 From whom the *Senses* powres deriu'd bee ;
 Yet shall our *Sense*, our *Reason* so controule,
 To make it to maintaine this error foule,
 That *God is not*, without whome nothing *Is*.
 For all that *Is*, is but as t'were a Scroule,
 Wherein in letters plaine, that none can misse,
God is enroulede, aboue all *Deities*.

But some there are, (oh woe that such there are.)
 That do confesse, (perforce they do confesse,) *There is a GOD* ; yet hold hee hath no care,
 Of worldly things ; but raignes in blessednesse,
 And of the *World* make *Fortune* gouernesse.
 These *Diuills* are more dampn'd then the rest,
 Sith they confessing *God*, make more transgresse,
 For if a *Providence* bee not confest,
 Who will not liue to liue as hee thinks best.

These fooles confessing *God* doe *God* deny,
 Whom to confesse, without his *Attributes*,
 Doth to that fond confession giue the ly,
 Because it selfe, against it selfe disputes ;
 And to their shame, it selfe, it selfe confutes,
 For aske a *Sauage*, if a *God* hee holdes,
 Why so he weenes? he straight his reasons sutes,
 From *Order* drawne which hee in all beholdes,
 Which he beleeues, some ord'ring *Pow'r* vpholdes.

By nought so much as by his providence,
 Is *God* discern'd ; which all must needs disourne,
 That hath a humane Soule, and common sense ;
 For common sense, the outward'st sense interne,

At the first sight that *principle* doth learne :
 For if through the *effects* we see their *cause*,
 Then may we plainly see, whose *Nature's* Sterne,
 By that *Decorum* wee see in hir lawes,
 Namely this *Powre*, that *Land* and *Ocean* awes.

Who if he carelesse were of worldly things,
 It is for want of powre, or want of will ;
 If want of powre, his powre in bounds it brings :
 If want of will, his goodnesse it doth spill,
 For of his works to haue no care is ill.
 But if thou *God* confesse, confesse thou dost,
 That he is good, and most almightie still,
 If so he be, then needs confesse thou must,
 That he is prouident, or most vniust.

For *Providence* being but a wise conuay,
 Of things created to some certaine end ;
 And that no humane soule hir powres employ,
 Ought to effect, but doth the same intend ;
 Then shall we say, he to whom all doth tend
 When he made all, meant not they should doe so,
 As if against his will to him they bend,
 So spill his wills and spoile his wisdom to ?
 If not, then must we say, *God* all must do.

For as his will had pow're, the *World* to make,
 So had his wisdom might to sway the same,
 For *Wisdom* infinite cannot mistake ;
 But as it deemeth, so will all things frame,
 And in lesse power, neuer looeeth ame :
 For as he made the whole, the parts he made,
 And if the whole he cares for, sure I am
 The parts he cares for, (though they seeme to fade)
 Which sence and common reason doth perswade.

Nature (we well perceiue) makes nought in vaine
 And thou mak'st nought but to some end or vse.
 Thou ween'st thou merrits, praise for that thy paine,
 (As sure thou dost) and think'st thou dost misse-vse.
 In making vselesse things, thy wits and *Muse*,
 Darst *GOD* bereaue, of what returns thee praise?
 And giue him that in thee thou deem'st abuse,
 O Men! O Manners! O most damn'd *Dayes*!
 What *Tongue* or *Pen* can paint your iust dispraise?

Alphons, the tenth that *Spaine* did signiorize,
 (The maine obiection gainst all *Providence*)
 Said, (O that such a *Slave* from *Kinges* should rise!)¹
 Had he bin with *God*, when things did commence,
 They should haue better bin, in their essence ;
 This *Foole*, the *Only wise* would needs direct,
 But for his paine, *Paine* was his recompence,
 Who for he would surmount *God* in effect,
 This *Lucifer* to Earthes Hell was diject.

Pharocides the damn'd *Assirian*,
 For scorning *God*, and *Providence* out right,
 Lice him consum'd, for on him so they ran,
 That he for shame abandoned all mens sight,

¹ Because such a Monster should ever breathe.

And desolately died in wretched plight.
So *Lucian* that from the *Faith* did slide,
(In *Traians* time) became an *Athist* quight,
And did both *God* and *Providence* deride,
For which in peeces torne by dogs, he dide.

Vpon the *Statua* of *Senacherib*,
Engrauen was, *Learned by me God to feare*,
Who for this monster, at Heau'ns *God* did gibe,
Was slaine b' *Adramelech*, and *Shareser*,
The wicked *Sonnes*, of this more wicked *Sire*,
And so th' *apostata*, damn'd *Julian*,
Of plagues for such contempt can witness beare,
Whose bloud whilst from his hart, amaine it ran,
Cried, thou hast overcome, O *Galilean*!

Iustinian, whom *Pelagius* ill did schoole,
For holding but that onely heresie;
Was quite of *Sence* bereft, and made a foole,
And in one day was well, ill, and did die;
So ended in a day, his life, and folly.
But should I scite, the Iudgements (as I might)
That haue bin pow'd on such impiety,
It would be tedious, and with horror dight,
The hardest hearer it would sore affright.

Pirrhon, *Plutarchus* *Sonne*, would not belieue,
What his *Eyes*, *Eares*, *Nose*, *Tongue*, and hands
did kno,
His *Sences* he imagin'd might deceiue,
And therefore did conclude, they still did so;
So *God*, and *Providence* deniers do;
Who through their *Sences* outward and interne,
The being of them both do plainly sho;
Yet they will not belieue what they discern,
Though ne're so neere it do their *Soules* concerne.

But bring we their best reasons to the *Scoles*
Of *Iudgement*; and well weigh the same therein;
If there were *Providence*, say these wise fooles,
Why should not vselesse things which made haue
bin
To comber *Man*, cease, or to ruine rin?
Whereto serues *Roches*, and *Seas*, and *Dales*, and
Hills;
Desartes, wild *Beastes*? by such, what do we win?
Which burdens but the *Earth* with harmefull *Ills*,
That *Men* annoy, and oft destroy and killes.

Why are the virtuous plagu'd, the vitious pleas'd?
And twixt all creatures, why is here such strife?
Yea, why hath *Sinne* vpon all mankind seas'd?
And why do such leade here a dying life
Where goodnesse is most rare, and euill rife?
Can *Providence* remaine where these consist?
As-well may concord rest twixt *Man*, and *Wife*,
That still are tongue to tongue, and fist to fist,
As *Providence* appeare, where these exist.

With *Reasons*, leauing no place for reply;
These questions oft haue bin replide vnto:

Then in a word, thou canst not this deny,
But in an *Artists* worke thou canst not do,
Are things made to some end, thou dost not kno.
Yet blam'st thou not the worke-man but thy *Wit*;
Then, wilt thou not to *God* like fauour sho.
But censure things he makes, as most vnfit,
When thou want'st reason, but to ayme at it.

For he is *Reas'n* it selfe, we *Rashnesse* are,
Which nerthelesse had *Reason* for our guide;
Which *Guide* plaid least in sight, ere we were ware,
And almost quite forsooke vs for our pride,
That now in vs, it's scarce seene to abide.
But should we see with *Reasons* open *Eyes*,
The secrets which in *Wisdomes* brest reside,
We should be *Gods*; at least should be as wise,
For we with *God* should all that *Is*, comprise.

But sith fooles follies must be answered,
Lest they do weene them wiser then they bee,
In few, too few of their obiections bred,
In their best braines, (that with the worst agree)
Wee'l shape (as beeing bound) them answer free;
Had it not bin, (saist thou lewde *Libertine*)
Meeter that *Man* should ne're *Corruption* see,
Then to the same (made as he is) incline,
And so impeach the *Providence* diuine?

Whie dost not rather aske, why *Man* is *Man*?
And not an *Angell*, rather then a clod?
Mans Minde immortal is, and reason can,
And were he all vnchang'd he were a *God*.
God stedfast stands, but his works needs must nod,
Man's not created, here still to remaine,
But to his *Maker* he is made to plod
Through thick and thin, and cannot rest attaine,
Till in his *God* alone, he it obtaine.

How can there be (saist thou) such prouidence,
Sith *God* made *Man*, to serue him as his end?
Then how could *Man* preuent *Gods* purpose since,
And fall from that his *Maker* did intend,
Without his *God* should thereto condescend?
Or if not so, then tis a consequent,
What did ensue, *God* could not comprehend,
Or if he could, he could it not preuent,
And so not *God*: if *God*, not prouident.

Nor *Grace*, nor *Power*, nor *Wisdome* did he want,
This to preuent, but he it did permit,
(Not that his prouidence therein was scant,)
But to make man more cling to him by it,
What prouidence can better *God* befit,
Then *Ill* to turne vnto a greater *Good*?
For had we still bin staid, we had not flit,
Then would we weene, that of our selues we stood;
And thinke our selues *Gods* peeres in constant moode.

For what procur'd *Mans* fall, but peerelesse pride?
Which was, that he would needs be without peere,
And as a *God*, without his *GOD* abide;
So *God* to make himselfe, sole *GOD* appeere,

Made man to see, he could not stand or steere
Without his God, that seeing he could not stand,
But by his ayde, he should to him drawe neere,
Inuoking humbly, his all-helping hand,
And binde himselfe, to him in louing band.

For we with ghostly pride are oft inflate,
And beeing so, God suffers us to fall,
With *Wit* and *Will*, for which our selues we hate,
And ay are vexed at the very Gall,
That we to sinne should so our selues enthrall ;
So *Sinne* it selfe, serues for a Sentinell,
To keepe vs from it, sith no sorrow small,
It threatens to hir *Slaves* ; then O how well,
Ought we to speake of God, and his counsell !

Of whom our *Motions*, and our *Actions* are,
But their disorder from our selues proceede ;
Yet he of our well-doing hath a care,
Though of our selues we do not well indeed ;
But yet he makes our ill oft well to speed.
He whom his hart approu'd, did proue this true,
Who through adultrous, and a worse misse-deed,
Himselfe, and eake his God, he better knew,
And did himselfe forsake, and God ensue.

As he permitted *Man* for *Justice* sake,
To fall, to make his *Justice* so appeere,
So suffers he *Mans* will, his to forsake,
That his pow're should be seene to draw them neere,
And make of both free-wills, one will intire ;
For were there but (twixt *God* and *Man*) one will,
Then Gods great pow're not so perspicuous were,
Which makes *Mans* wayward will his owne fulfill,
Without constraint, through pow're and peerelesse skill.

But yet thou saist, why staid he not *Mans* will ?
How should he then haue made his will bin free ?
Better vnfree (saist thou) then be so ill,
But tis not ill at libertie to bee.
If it brings bondage, better be vnfree
(Saist thou againe) But then *Man* were not *Man*,
And he would grudge at lacke of liberty ;
So God did for the best, say what thou can,
Although *Mans* libertie to loosenesse ran.

But wouldst thou God bereaue of liberty ?
That is selfe *Freedom*, and his hands so bind,
That hee should not (through straight extremity)
Do with his owne, according to his minde ?
Then all Gods pow're by thee should be assign'd,
And so thou God wouldst bee, and *Man* him make ;
For other reason, *Reason* cannot finde,
If thou his libertie will from him take,
But he should be thy subiect for thy sake.

But yet thou saist, how stands it with his grace,
To let his *Creatures* quite to ruine runne ?
Can *Providence* in him haue any place,
That so will end the workes he hath begunne ?
Yet, what he doth is for his Glory done,

(Damnd Hel-hound that against thy *God* dost
howle)

For by whats lost, to him is Glory wonne,
Sith glorious tis to damne thy sinfull soule,
That will thy God in all his workes controule.

For he is glorified (none can deny)
By *Justice* and by *Mercie* both alike.
But heere I heare thee aske the reason, why
He doth not spare those whom his *Justice* strike,
Whome if he would, he should no way mislike ?
For what preuailes gainst his preuailling will ?
Not *All*, though all at once against it kicke.
Then if he would, *All* should the same fulfill :
And sith he will not, it is worse then *Ill*.

To such rash *Whies* ? (that vnder runne his *Rodde*,)
He thus replies (by him through whom he spake)
O Man, what art thou that shouldst question God ?
May not the *Potter* what it please him make
Of his owne Clay ? And what of all he brake
When it is made ? doth he vnlawful act ?
Thou canst not say he dooth, and not mistake.
But here thou wilt inferre vpon this *Fact*,
That *God* perforce *Mans* will must needes coact.

God by his *Powre* and *Will*, all *Powres* hath made,
And all *Willes* hath disposed to each effect :
That his powre swaies all *Powres*, *Sense* doth per-
swade,
But that his will, all free-*Willes* should direct
Without constraint, our reason doth reiect,
If *God* those *Willes* should guide without their
sway.

His powre could not haue gaine so great respect,
As when all *Willes* his *Will* doe disobay ;
Yet to his will, all willes themselves betray.

Two wicked ones, whom he would plague with death,
(With sodaine death) fle to the field to fight,
(By malice mou'd) there reauce they others breath,
And in their malice they performe aright
His righteous will by rigor most vnright.
Nero must dye his hands in *Christians* blood,
To make them *Martires*, moou'd thereto by spight ;
So *God* would haue it for his *Churches* good.
And for the *Tyrants* plague that her withstood.

To cast away a mans owne handy workes,
Although the workes be his, and stuffe and all,
Doth argue no great wisdom in him hurkes,
And lesser goodnesse ; for its prodigall.
If this in mortall *Man* be criminall,
What ist in him, whose *All* is infinite ?
Ist not in him crime more than capitall,
To marre what erst he made with rare delight ?
Herein, saist thou, thou canst not *God* acquite.

No can ? curst dogge, that barks and bites at once,
God can himselfe acquite, though I could not,
And thee requite with vengeance for the nonce,
For that his beauty thou so faine would blot.

But to his goodnesse it can be no spot,
 Nor to his wisdom blemish can it be
 To marre, sith he thereby hath glory got,
 As well as make, sith both in their degree,
 With his prerogative do well agree.

Say he brought that to nought, he made of nought,
 Sith it prou'de nought, though he it good had made;
 Must he to *Sinners* Barre for this be brought,
 And there arraignd, condemnd, and doomd as bad,
 Because such *Changelings* he created had?
 To make Man God, he could not bring to passe,
 For God is coeternall and vnmade;
 Then must he needes make Man such as he was,
 Or not haue made Mankinde in any case.

For were a *Nature* reasonable vnchang'd,
 And subiect to no accident of *Tyme*,
 Aboue an *Angell* t'were, for they haue chang'd,
 Therefore it needes must be the *Nature prime*,
 To which *Man* beeing created, cannot clime.
 But yet thou saist *Adam* in *Paradise*,
 Could not so slide (though he were made of slime,) *But Providence* it needes must preiudice.
 Which should haue staid him still in his iustice.

Then must it haue bereft him of free-will,
 (Whereat hee would haue still repining griu'd,) *And*
 And kept him from the knowledge of all *Ill*,
 (Which knowledge of all good, hath him depriu'd,) *Yet*
 Yet *God*, at first, from him that knowledge hui'd.
 But *Man* would needes be *God*, and so know all,
 And knowing all, he knew him selfe was giu'd.
 (That first was free) so did him selfe enthrall,
 And so him selfe, did cause him selfe to fall.

O but (saist thou) had *God* so pleas'd bin,
 T' haue kept him from the thought of that amisse,
 And so haue staid him, that he could not sinne,
 He still in *Paradise* had liu'd in blisse.
 But yeelde to *God* (damnd wretch) as reason is,
 That due that to a mortall king belongs,
 By whose prerogative, and powre of his,
 He may, aboue his lawes do seeming wrongs,
 We may not question with repynning tongs.

If *God* should render reason for this *Fact*,
 It should be such as we could not conceaue;
 For being *Reas'n* it selfe, he cannot act
 Vnreasonable deedes, which should bereaue
 Him of his nature which he cannot leaue.
 Yet *Reas'n* it selfe, when it doth mount as hie
 As it can reach, and there a prooffe doth giue
 What it can do, wee cannot that descry,
 Vnlesse we *Reason* were, eternally.

This height is past *Mans* reach which is but lowe,
 This Depth cannot be gag'd but by the *Highest*,
 This *Secret's* such, as who the same doth know,
 Must needes be *God*, or at the least be *Christ*.
 Then curst art thou, that in it further pri'st
 Then is conuenient for a creature made;

In his *Creators* seruice to insaist,
 And not too farre into this whirle-poole wade,
 Where thou mayst loose thy selfe in *Errors* shade.
 And which of both (thinkst thou) would *Reason* choose?
 To be made capable of endlesse blisse,
 With possibility the same to loose,
 And Winne a *Hell*, where all is quite amisse
 Or not too *Bee* at all, both those to misse:
 Sure *Reas'n* the first would choose, because the last
 Is lowest hell, where highest horror is;
 For in *Not-beings* bottome, being fast,
 Ought would to worse then *nought*, vnwoven wast.

But to haue *Being*, and such *being* to,
 As next to *Gods* and *Angells* is the best;
 And so to *Bee*: what not? would *Nothing* doe,
 If it had pow'r to doe, right *Reasons* hest.
 Then *Man* blesse *God*, for this thy *Beings* blest;
 That though thou be accloid with worlds anoy,
 And standst in danger worse to be distrest,
 If thou doe not thy *Being* well imploy;
 But liue to die: and thou shalt liue in ioy:

If *Hell* we get it is with greater toile,
 Then we endure to gaine *Heau'n's* happinesse;
 Our Soules and Bodies we doe more turmoile,
 In worldly-solace (Sincke of *Wretchednesse*)
 Then (*Crast* by *Christ*) we doe in all distresse.
 For *Sinnes* *Ambrosia* is compact of gall,
 But Moane for *Sinne* is *Manna* *Angells* Messe,
 And they that *Hell* endure for *Heau'n*, they shall
 Feele *Heau'n* in *Hell*, and *Hell* no *Hell* at all.

For worldly pleasure doth but kill the Soule,
 As worldly sorrow doth the Body spill.
 Sorrowe for sinne doth make both sound and whole,
 Because such sorrow's mixt with solace still;
 Which is substantiall *good* with seeming *Ill*.
 This takes away th' obiection vsde by thee,
 (Thou godlesse *Man*) against thy *Gods* good will,
 Which saith he hath no care how ill we be,
 Or if he had, from *Ills* would set vs free.

Wherein thou dost the *Good* and *Ill* confound,
 For to a good man can no ill befall,
 Though hells of harmes did euer him surround;
 And to a bad man, no good can, or shall
 Fall to his share, though he possessed all.
 For *Goods* the *Ill* abuse vnto their woe,
 Wherewith they execute no mischief small.
 As worldly ills doe make the *good* forgoe,
 All that is ill indeede, or ill in shoe.

For as a Body craz'd conuert's good foode
 Into the humour ill predominant,
 Whenas the sound conuert's to perfect blood,
 Those meates that are to health most discrepant;
 So doe the *Bad* with *Wealth*, the *good* with *Want*.
 With thy *Mind's* eies behold those *Casars* past
 That were fell Tyrants, and thou needes must grant,
 That for they were of their owne shades agast,
 That which they held, held them to horror fast.

What if an aking head were crown'd with gold,
 What could that doe, more then to paine it more?
 It were too heauy, hard, and too too cold,
 To giue it ease, or make it as before,
 Which *goides* restorative can not restore.
 How stops the purple Robe, the purple bloud?
 Of him whose hart, a traitrous hand did gore;
 If in such cases, such can doe no good,
 Then who will Tyrants taxe in enuious moode.

With gold or Ir'n, what skills it to be giu'd,
 Sith both our freedome reanes indifferently?
 What matters it, to be of life depriu'd
 With Axe or Hempe?¹ sith all is but to die;
 Sane that the Axe doth it more speedily.
 Aduance a Beggar on a burning Throne,
 And at his foote let Princes prostrate lie,
 What pleasure takes he in Kings so or'throwne?
 But such as kingly Tyrants feele alone.

A greater signe of death cannot appeere,
 (If sage Hipocrates we credit may)
 Then when we see the Sicke to gripe the geare,
 That lies vpon them, or with it to play:
 They are past helpe (God helpe them) then we say.
 So they which still are fingring worldly things,
 And greedily gripes all that's in their way,
 Whether they Subjects bee, or frolicke Kings,
 Are at *Deathes* grisly gates, and *Swan*-like sings.

Many thou seest with *Iustice* Sword in hand,
 Vpon it fall, or it falls from their fist,
 Because they could not well the same command,
 And so themselues might mischief ere they wist.
 God spills and spares by like meanes whom he list,
 So want saues some that wealth would cast away;
 Phisitians meates restraine that health resist,
 And we for our health sake do them obey,
Because of sufferance comes ease we say.

Griue not to see a Beggar made a King,
 Nor yet a King a Beggar made by chance;
 The first doth stand in awe of euery thing,
 The last feares nothing subject to mischance,

¹ *The Noble comes sooner by violent death then the obscure.*

Because he liues as death should him aduance.
 No Kingdome to *Content*, no *Crowne* t' a *Cresse*,
 No peace to that continuall variance,
 We haue with our *Affections*, and no losse,
 To that of Heau'n for a world of drosse.

Store is no sore (some say) nor is ease ill,
 So thought not *Cirus* who the *Sardines* fill'd,
 With all that mought voluptuous thoughts fulfill,
 Which for a plague to them he so fulfill'd,
 And that they might so curelessly be spill'd.
 The sober *Soule*, and temp'rate *Body* sees,
 How mortall it is to be ouer-fill'd
 But th' eyes of swolne *Excesse* still ouersees,
 That which with *God* and *Nature* best agrees.

Many meets *Death* at Feasts that in the field,
 Could not come neere him, though for him they
 sought;
 A Splint at Triumph hath some *Kasars* kil'd,
 That many a bloody battle erst had fought;
Thus Kings to death, triumphantly are brought,
 Because they will triumph ere victory:
The end makes all, and in the end we ought
 To triumph only: if we liue and die,
 Belowe the *Crosse*, that vs shall crowne on hie.

But yet (saist thou) what *Providence* can see,
 The guiltlesse made a bloody sacrifice,
 To explate the rage of *Villanis*,
 That nothing else will quiet or suffice:
 What skills it how the vertuous liuer dyes,
 Sith by a bloody death in likely-hood,
 It pleaseth God their Soules so to surprise,
 And on the brow of *Time* write with their blood;
 Their virtues for succeeding *Ages* good?

Thus makes he *Enill*, Good, in spite of *Enill*,
 For all that *Is*, doth to his *Glory* tend.
 Whereto he guides the doings of the *Demill*:
 Though *Dis's* doe it not, vnto that end.
 Then sith *Gods Providence* so cleere is kend,
 As that selfe *Blindnesse* needs must see the same;
 Let *Gods* fooles wisely thereon stil depend,
 Whiles these wise men, like fooles past *Grace* and
 Shame,
 (Denying it) loose *Body*, *Soule*, and *Name*.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 4. *William, Earl of Pembroke . . . Edward Herbert*: see our Introduction on these, and Davies' connection with the Pembroke family.

P. 5, col. 1, l. 2, '*Saues*' = sharp sayings: col. 2, l. 3 (from bottom), '*festination*' = haste.

P. 6, col. 1, l. 20, '*wols*,' i.e. wists, knows: col. 2, l. 26, '*condites*' = conduits.

P. 7, col. 1, l. 1, '*roumes*' = rooms: l. 19 (from bottom), '*roumsome*' = roomsome, spacious: l. 15 (from bottom), '*Cressents*' = crescents: col. 2, l. 3 (from bottom), '*Corpes*' = corpus.

P. 8, col. 1, l. 8, '*beheawn*'—noticeable word: l. 10 (from bottom), '*traduceth*' = deriveth: l. 8 (from bottom), '*noyes*' = annoys: l. 7 (*ibid.*), '*Halla*' = hallow or hillo!: l. 3 (*ibid.*), '*meate*' = mete: col. 2, l. 24, '*signiorize*' = rule as a 'Signior': l. 26, '*Their*' = there: l. 13 (from bottom) '*doomes*' = judges: l. 12 (*ibid.*), '*Sans*' = without: l. 9, '*Heasts*' = hests or behests: l. 3, '*Confineth*' = bordereth or lieth on the 'confines' of: *ibid.* '*Continent*' = container.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 9, '*raime*' = rein or reins: col. 2, l. 9, '*enorme*': see Glossarial Index, s.v.: so also with 'Here-hence' in l. 11: l. 37, '*pitch*' = the height to which a falcon rose before it darted on its prey: l. 43, '*raime*' = reign: l. 53, '*bale*' = debate: cf. p. 23, col. 1, l. 32.

P. 10, col. 1, l. 6, '*coruet*' = curvet or curvetings: l. 17, '*Ingeny*' = intellect in its inventiveness: col. 2, l. 12 (from bottom), '*aby*' = a-buy or a-purchase: l. 5 (from bottom), '*Flushenis'd*' = resemble native of Flushing.

P. 11, col. 1, l. 36, '*rawine*' = prey, food got by violence: col. 2, l. 24, '*doomes*' = judges: l. 30, '*Skonce*' = skull.

P. 12, col. 2, l. 19 (from bottom), '*wayes*' = weighs.

P. 14, col. 1, l. 33, '*leame*' = gleam: cf. p. 18, col. 2, l. 31: l. 39, '*confext*' = fixed together.

P. 15, col. 1, l. 27, '*Galenist*' = disciple of Galen, = a physician: l. 28, '*pant*'—misprinted 'paint': l. 12 (from bottom), '*Anteperistening*' (antiperistasia) = strengthening by opposite qualities: col. 2, l. 31, '*Formosity*' = fairness, beauty: l. 13 (from bottom), '*Arke*': see 1 Chronicles xiii. 9.

P. 16, col. 1, l. 1, '*bren*' = burn: see l. 4 (from bottom), col. 2, l. 6, '*meare*' = mar: l. 13 (from bottom), '*quintescens*' = quintessence.

P. 17, col. 1, l. 24, '*Innasability*': see our Introduction on this: col. 2, l. 23, '*lin*' = cease.

P. 18, col. 2, l. 31, '*Leames*': see p. 14, col. 1, l. 33.

P. 19, col. 1, l. 3, '*blaze*' = blazon: l. 6, '*file*' = defile: l. 30, '*mu'de*' = mured or surrounded (as by prison walls).

P. 21, col. 1, l. 36, '*irke*' = annoy.

P. 22, col. 2, l. 23, '*omnivalent*': see our Introduction on this: l. 37, '*The Sea*': cf. Glossarial Index, s.v.

P. 23, col. 2, l. 5, '*waide*' = weighed.

P. 24, col. 1, l. 13, '*Fiend*'—misprinted 'Fend': col. 2, l. 4, '*regiment*' = government.

P. 25, col. 1, l. 6, '*Rift-raffes*' = refuse, sweepings.

P. 26, col. 1, l. 11 (from bottom), '*fond*' = foolish: last line, '*interne*' = internal.

P. 27, col. 1, l. 33, '*Sceales*' = scales: l. 37, '*rin*' = run.

P. 28, col. 1, l. 23, '*ensue*' = pursue.

P. 29, col. 1, l. 30, '*gin'd*' = gyved, manacled: col. 2, l. 12, '*unworen*' = unworn: l. 18, '*accloid*' = satiated.
A. B. G.



SUMMA TOTALIS

Or

All in All, and the Same for Euer.

1607.



NOTE.

I have been favoured by the Rev. W. Poole, M.A., Hentland, Ross, Herts, with his unique exemplar of 'Summa Totalis,' small 4to, 38 leaves. For convenience' sake the side-notes have been removed to the bottom of the pages. From close-cutting in binding, I have had now and again conjecturally to fill in a word—of no great moment.—G.



Summa Totalis

OR,

All in All, and, the same for euer:

Or, an Addition to

Mirum in Modum.



By the first Author,

Iohn Dauies.

*Those Lines which all, or none perceiue aright
Haue neither Iudgement, Art, Wit, Life, nor Spright.*

L O N D O N

Printed by William Iaggard dwelling in Barbican.

1607.

To the right Honourable mine ap-
proued good Lord and Master, Tho-

mas Lord Elsmere, Lord Chancellor of England :

and to his Right Noble Lady, and Wife Alice, Countesse of

Derby, my good Lady and Mistresse, be all fel-

icitie, consisting in the sight of the Obiectiue

Beatitude.

THE Time, my duty, and your deere desert,

(Deseruedly Right Noble) do conspire,

To make me consecrate [besides my Heart]

This IMAGE to you, forg'd with heauenly Fire !

The¹ Backe-parts of his FORME, who form'd this ALL,

(Characterd by the Hand of louing Feare)

Are shaddow'd here : but (ah) they are too small

To shew their greatnesse, which ne're ²compast were !

But, though that Greatnesse be past ³quantity,

And Goodnes doth all quality exceed,

Yet I, this Forme of Formelesse DEITY,

Drewe by the Squire, and Compasse of our CREED :

Then (with your greater GVIFTS) accept this small ;

Yet (being right) it's more then ALL in All !

Your Honors in all duety, most bounden ;

John Dauies.

¹ Exod. 33. 23.

² Iob 36. 29.

³ Psal. 86. 8.



SVMMMA TOTALIS.



*My Soule, sad Soule, now sommon al thy Povvres
To seeke out Misteries past finding out !
But first, inuoke the Heav'ns to stream their
Showres*

*Of Diuine Graces on thee, to disrout
The Clouds of darknesse, which ingirt thy ¹ Toweres,
And that vncompast ² Round thou go'st about !
If traueilling by Night we pray for Day,
Now must we gouern [blind] a waillesse Way.*

*O Thou great Kindler of Diuine desire,
(Deere Light of ³ Lights, without which all is Hel)
Before me ⁴ go, with Flames of Heau'nly Fire,
By which I may my Compasse keepe so wel
That on these groundlesse, boundlesse Seas that swell
To ouerwhelme me, I may safely go,
The ⁵ Wonders of those Deepes abroad to tel :
Calme Fancies Stormes, and let my Course be slow :
For hast therein may speed mine ouerthrow.*

*Erect my Thoughts, direct my Iudgement so
That neither, either do misgo, or tire ;
And let my Numbers with that fury flow
Which thou alone, in *Wisdomes*, set'st on fire ;
Make all my Measures meet in *Truth* intire :
That is in thee (*Sole⁶ Truth* :) for out of Thee
Are nought but Errors *Rockes*, and *Vices* Mire,
To wracke al those that trauel *Truth* to see
Without thy *Compasse*, wherein compasse me.*

*First, for thy Name ! (sith *It* al Thoughts transcends,
Much more all Words) here, at my setting out,
Sith thy *WORD* onely thy *name* comprehends)
Ile balke *It*, as a *Gulph* of deepest ⁷ doubt !
Therefore a further way Ile go about
To seeke thy *nature* : so, thy *name* to finde ;
And, as I go Ile send forth *Care* my Scout,
To see my passage cleare before, behind,
Wherein my *Muse* must glide to know thy kind.*

*Then, at thy Properties I will begin,
(Now blesse my *Course* ; for, I am laitch ⁸ from *Land*)*

¹ Head, and Hart. ² god. ³ Iames 1. 17.

⁴ Psal. 5. 8. ⁵ Psal. 107. 24, 25, 26.

⁶ god only true, and every man a liar.

⁷ God can haue no proper name for his nature.

⁸ From God, to God.

*Which are (as they eternally haue beene)
Of thy meere *Essence* : where they do not stand
As *Accidents* in *Substance* : for, thy *Hand*
Thrusts from thy *Substance*, *Accidents*, and all
That seeke to bring thy boundlesse *Pow'r* in Band :
For, thou art free, and holdest that in thrall
(How euer great) that seeks to make thee small.*

*Thy Properties, and Attributes are ⁹ one :
For, all is proper, that attributes ought
To thee, if free from imperfection ;
Hate, *Anger*, and the like, in vs are nought,
But in thee good, and iust, and as they ought.
Thou can'st loue ardently, and neuer dote !
And hate extreame, without hatefull thought !
But, they in vs can neuer scape the note
Of both, when both those *Passions* are affote.*

*Thou giu'st thy selfe those *Titles* in thy *Stile* :
And not so much to stoup to vs thereby.
(To make vs know thee, by our selues, the while)
But, for they are in thee most really ;
Yet, not [as in vs] Ill, and diuersly :
In vs they *Qualities*, and *Vertues* be ;
But in Thee they are most essentially !
Many in vs, but onely one in Thee ;
Sith with thy simple *Essence* they agree.*

*Thou art omnipotent, iust, gracious, wise ;
Yet not as they are diuerse, but as one :
For these be thine essential *Properties*,¹¹
Which in thee meete in perfect Vnion
To make Thee simply *great*, and *good* alone !
Then from thee, great-*Good*, now Ile turn my speach
Vnto mine *Equals* in Creation ;
Sith *Folly* feares to *Wisdomes* *Sp'rit* to preach
My selfe, and others, teach me then, to teach.*

*Then, euen-*Christians*, let an abiect one
(With your allowance) spend his powrelesse might
In earnest search of this *Trin-vnion*,
As farre as of himselfe he giues me sight,
Either by *Nature's*, or diuiner light,
Whereby I see his Actions fixt are still*

⁹ Gods Properties, and Attributes are one, and why ?

¹⁰ There is no passion in the deity.

¹¹ God is good, gracious, wise, &c. onely in his simple essence.

Vnto his *Properties*,¹ which act aright :
For through *Loue* he doth loue, & wil through *Will* :
And, so he doth, what he doth else fulfill.

Which *Properties* are twofold : some there be
Eu'ry way proper to his *nature* blest :
As his *Omnipotence*, *Vbiquitie*,
Eternity, sole-*Wisedome*, and the rest :
With these nor *Men*, nor *Angels* can be drest.
Others in part, and by Comparison ;
As *Wisedome*, *Iustice*, *Mercy*, may inuest
Man, his viue *Image*, (Brother of his *Sonne*)
But, not (as in Them) in perfection !

For, sith they are *Substantially* in *God*
(And not, as in *Man*, casually they be)
They must be odly eu'n, sith eu'nly odd
Is He, in whom they are no *Trinity*,
Though so He be in strictest *Vnity* :
But being of Him, wholly infinite,
They must be One by their infinity :
For, were they many, they were definite ;
And for the waight of his *Worth* too too light.

Who is a *NATVRE* supernaturall !²
So say *Divines*, so sayes *Phylasophy* :
Which call *God*, *Nature*, naturizing all
That was, or is, or shal, in nature, be :
The *Creature* then, is so of Him that he
Is not his nature ; nor, may he be Stil'd
Nature her selfe : though as she is a *She*
Shee's but a *Creature*, now with sinne defil'd,
Yet makes she All for *God* ; and *Man*'s hir Child.

So, *Nature* made, the *Maker* made to make
All Things beneath his *Seat*, for him alone :
Not that He after toyle need rest to take ;
Nor can He toile, though still in Action,
Yet acteth by subordination.
To *NATVRE*, *nature's* then, subordinate ;
That made, to that without Creation :
The first, makes by the last (in loue or hate)
What is in naturall, or monstrous state.

In which respect some wicked *Ones* there were
Affirm'd two *Natures* in the *Diety* :
That's good, and bad ; sith so it seemes t' appeare
In things created *vniuersally* :
But vnto *GOD* they did great iniury
To multiply his nature, being One ;
And so make *Gods* by such plurality :
Then in that *Nature*, purely good alone,
To put in *Ill*, doth put him from his *Throne*.

Though to him often, *Hate* ascribed be,
Yet that in him, is simply, good, and iust,

For, hee thereby impugn's *Impiety* :
And, in his wrath, he doth (what *Iustice* must)
Scowre, *Ill* from *Good* ; sith *Evill*, *Good* doth rust :
Yet, he to *Wrath* still goes with *Lead*en feet,
Sith his *Wrathes* hands are yron that bray to dust :
But he, in mercy, flies the *Mecke* to meet,
On feet that winged are to make them fleet.

When he *proclaim'd* his *Stiles* magnificence
To *him*, to whom he gaue his *Lawes* for vs,
He vs'd more words in *number*, more in sence
To note his *Mercy*, then his *Iustice* : Thus
His *Mercy*, ore his *Wrath's* victorious :
But yet his *Iustice* to extenuate
To graund his *Grace* is sacrilegious :
Both are most great, and good ; and most do hate
Comparisons vnequall, breeding bate.

For, as a perfect *Circle*³ doth containe
Full as much length, as bredth ; and depth as height :
So, in *Him* all things equall do remaine
By his infinity, and boundlesse might,
That in themselves do keepe on compasse right !
Then, all in *God*, is *GOD* ; sith he is all :
One, and the same : that is, all infinite ;
And, of himselfe super-substantiall
Being all one *Cause* of All in generall !

But, with *Truthtes* warrant we may this auouch,
That sith *GRACE* did his *Iustice* satisfie
(For his *Elect*) it is contracted much ;
Nay tane away ; at least made temporary :
Yet both doe meet in one infinity
In the saluation of each chosen-One :
For, iust he deemes it (and most righteously)
To saue th' vniust, made most iust in his *Sonne*,
Who is the Summe of all perfection !

Then, heere is place, great place, for *Hope*, and *Feare* ;
But more for *Hope*, then *Feare* : and yet the lacke
Of *Feare*, through *Hope*, doth make vs oft appeare
As vniust *Iudges*, that do *Iustice*, Racke
While they for it (by it) go quite to wracke.
To hope, and not hate sinne, most fearefull is ;
As *Feare* is when no *Hope*, no *Sinne* doth backe :
" But when *Loue* feares to sinne, *Hop's* nere amisse :
Then, kind are *Hope*, and *Feare*, when thus they kisse.

Then, as the right vse of this knowledge by
[The knowledge of the highest EXCELLENCE !]
Is sweet, and safe : so, the abuse doth lie
Wide open to the spoiles of foule *Offence*
Which doth his *Iustice* most of all incense :
The vse is ; not to know him as he is ;

¹ God's actions are tyed vnto his Properties.

² Wisedome, iustice, &c. are substantially in God : but in man, accidentally.

³ God is a supernaturall nature.

⁴ Prov. 16. 4.

⁵ Maniches.

⁶ Angels were not without iniquity.

¹ Joel 2. 13.

² Exod. 34. 6. 7.

³ Moses.

⁴ Mercifull, gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in goodness and truth ; compared with not making the wicked innocent, or visiting of iniquity.

⁵ Simil.

⁶ God.

⁷ Christ Iesus the God of Grace.

But, him to loue, and serue with reuerence :
Th' abuse is ; making his iust *Propertis*
Vnequall ; while we liue, and hope amisse.

For lesse'ning of his *Iustice*, we presume
Vpon his mercy most uniuersally ; whence
Come all the shapes of sin our Soules assume,
Worse then th' effects of too much diffidence :
For, sinnes presumptuous, *Iustice* most incense.
To mind great mercy, when great feares affright
Is meet, if meet be [likewise] penitence ;
But, when we weene such mercy is our right,
To mind great *Iustice* then, doth mend our plight.

To hope, and liue well, fearelesse, still we may ;
To hope, and liue ill's, worse then mortall *Fear* ;
For, it, to death, our *Soules* doth soon'st betray :
" Then hope we well, when well our selues we beare ;
But, when we fall, let *Fear* with *Hope* vs reare.
To know if we be worthy *Hate* or *Loue*,
Doth not still easily to vs appeare :
Then still to know, it doth vs still behoue
Lowly to moue to ¹ *Loue*, *Hate* to remoue.

For, some haue made their nests ² the *Starres* among
That soon'st haue downe bin ding'd to lowest *Deepes* :
And othersome, from lying but in ³ dung,
Aboue the *Heauens* are heau'd : for, low he creepes
(Strange Paradox) that soonest climbs those *Steepest* !
When we do creepe (though high we climbe withall)
We seldome slide ; for, care our footing keepes :
But when we stand on Tip-toe, on a *Ball*,
(Though sliding still) we ⁴ finally must fall.

But heere my *Muse*, repose thee with *Apollo*,
That now is fallen asleepe in *Tethis* Bed ;
That as he doth, so thou thy worke maist follow ;
Then sleepe with him, while *Angels* hold thy head,
And heavenly visions may therein be bred :
Go soft and faire ; thus much at once is much,
In wayes that *Mists*, and *Brambles* ouerspred,
Where hast makes waste : for, *Briers* intangle such
That there would post, and make their Soules to gruch.



NOW rouse thee *Muse*, preuent *Apollos* rising,
And ruminate on that which thou hast seen :
Thy Waile is old, then shun new waies deuising :
For all deuises from this way haue beene,
The waies to wracke, though nere so gaudy greene :
And though it be obscure as it is steepe,
(And thou in it maist soone be ouerseene)
Yet (*Snail*-like) cling to it, and climbing creep,
But fall not off it ; for, the fall is deepe.

This soueraigne NATVRE, (nature Stil'd is he
When that first Person oft is vnderstood

¹ God is charity.

² Psal. 113. 6.

³ Obediah 1. 4.

⁴ Dy reprobrates.

That is the *Fountaine* of the *Trinity*)
The substance cannot share of his *Godhood*
But to his Sonne, and to their Spirit, his brood :
Nor can he to his Sonne, as he is *Man*,
His essence giue, in truth or likelyhood :
For he that is *Eternall* neuer can
His *Being* giue to that which once began.

Nor yet can he beget another Sonne
Of his owne substance : for, if so he could
He should be mutable by generation ;
And so could *Diety* no longer holde :
For, that nere changeth as the other should.
Or, could two Spirits come from the *Sire* and *Sonne*
As they are God, then God were manifold ;
But he is meere, singly-simply One,
One *Trinity* in perfect Vnion.

And if he could himselfe to ought impart
But them ; in part, or whole it needs must be :
In part he cannot : for, he hath no part ;
And much lesse wholly : for, he then should see
His Creature wholly God as well as he :
And were our Soules (that he made to his *Forme*)
Part of his *Forme*, it sinnes as well as we ;
But sinne he cannot, nor himselfe deforme
To share himselfe to ¹ man, a sinfull worne.

And though we are his ² *Generation*,
And are partakers of his ³ *Nature* too :
Yet, are we not so of that only One.
As of his *Substance* ; so, to make him two :
But, we are borne of him when ⁴ well we do :
That's of his grace, by his vniting *Sprite* :
And, when our *Soules* that Spirit is come into,
He makes vs act his *Motions* with delight :
And so are said to haue one *Nature* right.

But where some say, GOD, is *Man*, really ;
And *Man* is *God* : thence falsely gathering
That the whole *Essence* of the *Diety*
Is grow'n to *Man*, though it from *God* did spring,
As if the personall-Vnion wrought the thing :
But, though that *God*, and *Man* one person be,
Yet they to either no confusion bring ;
But are so bound, as they are euer free
From all confusion in their vnity.

Mans Body hath a *Soule* ; both, make one *Man* ;
Yet each in each doth not themselves suffuse :
His *Soule's* immortall, (though it once began)
His *Bodie's* mortall ; which the *Soule* doth vse ;
And, in the seu'rall parts doth life infuse :
So, *Man*, and *God*, one compound person make ;
And yet their compound doth not them confuse :
For, neither either's *Essence* doth pertake,
Yet eithers *Essence* neithers can forsake.

¹ Man, is said to be man, in respect of his forme ; which is his Soule.

² Acts 17. 28.

³ 2 Pet. 1. 4.

⁴ Do virtuously.

For, though, the persons of the *God-head* are
Distinguish't, It must not diuided be :
So, doth it with that *Man-Gods* natures fare ;
Which we diuide not, for diuersity,
But them distinguish, for their vnity !
Diuisiō argues imperfection ;
But, true distinction still, the contrary ;
Sith it discernes what's proper to each One ;
And so preuenteth all confusion.

Then God, as Man, was synlesse passionate :
And, *Man*, as *God*, no passion can effect :
God, suffered in the flesh, in wretched state ;
But *Man*, as *God*, is free from such effect :
For, in *Omnipotence* is no defect !
True *Miracles* raisd by the *Godheads* fame ;
The *Manhoods*, iniuries did quite dyiect :
God died in flesh ; as *God*, reuiu'd the same ;
Thus, neithers *Forme* transformeth eithers *Frame*.

And, of the whole Compound, that's said, and ment,
That's said of any one ; for, the *Man-Christ*
Is perfect *God* ; and so omnipotent ;
And perfect *Man* ; so, lower then the high'st :
Yet happy Thou, that on the low'st reliest :
For, if the Compound cannot parted be
Thou diest in *God* (who ere thou art) that diest
In *Christ*, the *Man* : sith *God*, and *Man* is he
But, altogether, *God* in high'st degree.

If so, then so he must be euery where ;
He is, and is not so : but sith this Straine
May straine my wit, I will the same forbear,
While greater *Clarkes* about it beat their braine :
For *Life*, or *Deaths* life-Blood, lies in this vaine.
From questions of this kind, (sith questionlesse
They endles seeme) I willingly refraine,
And seeke a *Pow'r* expresseles to expresse,
That is, to shew what *God* I do professe.

But some may say I cannot that effect,
Vnlesse I shew what *God* my *Jesus* is :
I grant no lesse, confessing my defect ;
Nay, willingly confesse much more then this
I am vnworthy the least grace of his :
Yet by his *pow'r*, my silly strength ile straine
To shew, as he is *God*, his properties ;
And though they bee too high to be too plaine,
I hope ile touch with *truth*, though try with *paine*.

Plato (surnam'd *Deuine*, for his deepe sight)
(Though seeing by nature in *Diuinity*)
Put *God* into the world (though most vnright)
But as the Soule thereof, and yet his eie
Espied withall a higher *Diety* ;
Which he the first *Mind* stil'd, or this Soules *Sire*.
But heer's no *Vnity* in *Trinity*,
Heer's truth in part, but not *Faiths* truth intire,
Then this *Truth* is not squar'd by *Platoes* squire.

He thought that as *Mans* Soule his Body swaid,
So, *God*, the World : but, heere he *truth* deforms ;

And, by her *Test*, appeares too much alaid :
For, our *Soules* rule our Bodies as their *Formes* ;
But *God*, as th' acting Cause, the same performs :
How euer true ; an vniuersall Soule
May sway the *Vniuerse* ; yet he informes
That Soule with Skill, who all in all doth rule,
Else *Order* faire, would be disorder foule.

Then, Hee's the *God* of *Order*, ordering
All that doth *Order* keepe in all this *All* :
And yet, most simple is in euery thing ;
For, nothing Spirituall, or Corporall
Into his Substance infinite, can fall !
He is a Spirit so spirituall, that he
(Of purpose) doth himselfe *Iehouah* call :
The Letters of which Word all Spirituall be,
Sith from our Spirit, or Breath alone they flee.

No Spirits are mixed ; then, much lesse their *Sire* :
Our Soules are simple, though by synne impure :
For, were they mixt, they should againe retire
To their first Compound ; so, could not endure
Immortality ; and so were *Faith* vnure.
And nought can mix, or make it selfe : for, then
It is, before it *is*, in act, or pow'r :
Which cannot be in neither : and agen
No *Time*, or *Place* were for it, where, or when :

For, *Place* was made in time, and ¹ *Time* was made
By motion of the *Heav'n* (the cheefest place)
And nought doth moue (as Reason doth perswade)
That moues not by a greater *Pow'r*, and *Grace* :
Which [without blending doth All enterlace :]
Yet there was *Place* e're *Time*, where er'e it were ;
For, *God* was somewhere, who doth both embrace :
But, if *Place* compast him, It should appeare
More then most infinite, which nought can beare.

Then was he no where? No, somewhere he was ;
That is, himselfe within, that's *Place* without :
So, kept, eternally, his owne *Compass* :
Where he² (with time) brought *Time*, & *Place* about ;
Whereof the Eye of *Reason* cannot doubt :
For, past a boundlesse *Compass* what can go
Though it wer strong, as *Strength*, as *Courage Stout*!
No, not *Omnipotence* (and he is so :)
Can, past it selfe, the least appearance sho.

And, were he mixt, eternall were he not :
For, ere he could be ming'd, he was vnmixt :
If so it be ; then, *Time* hath him begot :
For, as he is, he was not euer (fixt)

¹ *God*, is the Soule of the World ; not formally, but effectually.

² Heb. 1. 2.

³ That which is made in time, is made before, and after some time : therefore the World was made neither before, nor after, but, euen with time.

Sith *Time* must needs his compound come ¹ betwixt :
 But He (Prime-Cause, effecting all *Effects*!)
 From all eternity was thus confixt ;
 Three Persons, and one *God* [without *Affects*]
 Bee'ng a *Pure* ACT, that mixture still reiects !

Mixion, vnites *Things* mixible, by change ;
 Or intermingling of their Substances :
 Things mixible, are they, which, though they range,
 Are yet contain'd in eithers *Essences* ;
 Suffring of other in their passages :
 (As th' *Elements* each one, by other, do)
 And, may be seuer'd through their differences ;
 Then, were it so with *God*, it might vndoe
 That vndeuided ONE, and make him two :

For, if his *Substance* were deuisible
 A Body it were : for, so is eu'ry such :
 But were it so, then t'wer not possible,
 But PLACE should hold it, were it ne're so much ;
 Sith Nature there, of force, the *Same* must couch :
 For, then t' had *Magnitude*, and *Quantity*,
 Whose vtt'most bounds PLACE should, containing,
 touch :
 If so, it could not haue *Immensity* ;
 And, if not That, it cannot *Diety*.

Sith *God* is then so simply infinite,
 Filling each ² place incomprehensibly,
 What need *Saints* feare, by death, their Spirits flight
 Sith in the *Sphaere* of his Vbiquity
 They needs must fall to rest eternally :
 In him, in whom, before, they liu'd by grace ;
 To him, in whom, they shall liue gloriously :
 Beeing *Center* to the *Soules* he doth embrace,
 And of the highest *Rest*, the lowest *Base* ?

Seeing then hee's pure, and purely eu'ry where,
 We him, as much as in vs lies, defile
 When we do sinne ; sith in him we do steere
 And haue our beeing, (though we sinne the while,
 And so in greatest *Goodnesse* are too vile :)
 Yet sinne distracts vs, from his *Grace*, at least ;
 Did not that *Grace* againe vs reconcile :
 So, *Grace* being wrong'd, the iniury doth wrest
 To humble vs ; so, makes our worst, our best !

He is in all alike essentially,
 Or else he could not eu'ry where remaine :
 But not in all alike effectually :
 For, then the good should nought by goodnes gain,
 More then the ill, by ill : So, grace were vaine :
 But, where so e're he absent is, by *Grace*,
 He present is by *Iustice*, and by *paine* :
 So, he is present still, in euery place ;
 Then, blessed they that do him best imbrace.

But, to returne to his simplicity
 To answer one ³ *Obiection* which some make

Who say, that he must needs compounded be
 Sith that his *Being*, ¹ *Essence* doth pertake ;
 Then composition he cannot forsake :
Being, and *Essence* they distinguish, then,
 As well they may : for, fowly they mistake
 Which weene them one (though they be Brethren)
 Whose difference *Reasons* Eye doth clearly ken :

For, that which actually *Is*, is said to *Be*,
 Be it a *Substance*, or an *Accident* :
 But, that's an *Essence* which is really
 That which it is, in its kind remanent ;
 As by our humane nature's euident :
 In *Soule*, and *Body* *Man* is said to *Be* ;
 But, in his nature is his *Essence* pent :
 But yet, this Compound neuer can agree
 (Though nere so subtle) with *Simplicity*.²

And though that *This*, and *That* do seeme to show
 A mixture in the Things wherein they are,
 Yet in this simple *Essence* tis not so ;
 Though *This* and *That* same person, stil be there :
 For, al three persons but one *Substance* share.
 If so ; then, though the Persons diuers be,
 Their *Essence* is as pure, as it is rare :
 As in the *Sunne* a *Beame* wee likewise see ;
 Yet both make but one light essentially.

Yet *Sunne* and *Beame* are diuerse ; sith they do
 In their subsisting differ really :
 For, both subist ; then both must needs be two ;
 Yet differ nothing but respectuely,
 As do the Persons of the *Trinity* :
 Then by subsisting, in a diuerse kind,
 The Persons differ in the *Diety* :
 Which three *In-beings* in one single Mind
 One simple *Substance* doth together bind !

Now, sets the *Sunne* that lights our pen to write ;
 Then, with him, *Muse*, set downe thy weary *Pen* :
 And in the *Sunne*,³ that lights thee to indite,
 More *Wonders* marke, till th' other rise agen ;
 And then with care divulge the same to *Men*.
 These *Steepest* haue made thy trauell hard to day :
 That thou mayst hold out, thy slight fauour then :
 For, nought they do, that more do then they may,
 Then *Wis* must rest, when *Wisdome* bids it stay.



NOW *Heauens* bright Eye (awake by *Vasperi* sheene)
 Peepes through the purple windowes of the East,
 While *Night* doth sinke beneath the Earth vnscene ;
 Fearing with lightnes to be sore oppress ;
 Then vp my wakefull *Muse* to worke for Rest.
 Thou shalt not soundly sleepe till thou hast view'd

¹ The partes are euer before the whole in nature, and order.

² Ierem. 23. 24.

³ Obiect.

¹ Compounded of Being and Essence.

² Answ.

³ God.

Thy iournies end ; wherein who ends are blest :
Then, let thy course be zealously pursu'd
To find the rest of true *Beatitude*.

Which is *Eternall* ; and alone is so :
Without *Beginning*, and can haue none *End* :
Which hath nor *First* nor *Last* : for, that doth grow
From *First* to *Last* : so rise, and then descend :
But this doth no such *Motion* comprehend :
For, that's *Eternall*, that not onely *Is*,
But still is such ; and doth not paire or mend :
Then, must he needs be ¹ *First*, and *Last* by this,
Because *Eternall* is that state of his.

Our *Mynd* alone, confusedly conceiues
Th' unbounded compasse of *ETERNITY* :
It's past conceit, sith *Notion* none it giues :
Being as free from mutability,
As from beginning, end, or quantity !
It euer *Was* : that was, e're *Time* had roome
To stirre it selfe, by *Heau'n's* propulsivity :
To which there is nought past, nor ought to come,
But all is present in her boundlesse Wombe !

Our *Soules*, and *Angels* are eternall too ;
But, their eternity with *Time* was made :
As were the *Places* where reside they do ;
Which both *Beginning* and *Succession* had ;
So, seeme to vanish, though they cannot fade :
But, these ² created were *Eternities* ;
Which *Time*, from time, to time stil forwards ladd
And, though *Eternall*, yet *Were* otherwise :
But *GODS Was* euer, *Is*, and neuer dies !

He is the Author of *Eternity* :
Then, was before it, else it could not be :
He was before that made, *Eternally* :
So, is eternall in the highest degree :
Yet not the Author of his owne is he :
His owne *Eternity* and He are one ;
(Sith that's himselfe, that is his *Property* :)
So, could not be his owne creation :
And so (vnmade) eternal is alone.

Angels and *Soules*, though they eternall be ;
Yet either may, by nature, haue an end,
That of an *Act* consist, and *Potency* ;
Which *Compound* doth to dissolution tend ;
Did it not on *GODS* simple *POWRE* depend.
The *Compound* is the *Cause* that so it may ;
" For nought is rent, without a *Cause* it rend ;
But there can be no *Cause* of his decay
Who is the chiefest *Cause*, and his owne *Stay*.

And by that *Stay*, vnconstant *Man* he staies
From a relapse to nothing, which he was :
Yet falling finally, he still decaies
But nere determines : for, he still doth passe

From ought, to nought ; yet nought is ne'rethelasse :
For, (as was said) *Man* is eternall made ;
Though heere he flourisheth and fades like *Grasse* ;
Yet shall he rise againe ; and neuer fade,
To *Ioy*, or *Wo*, as he is *Good* or *Bad*.

What ! shall he liue in wo *Eternally*
If heere he liue, and die in gracelesse state ;
So, for a short bad life, for euer die :
Or, liue in death, life still t' excruciate ?
This seemes all *Mercy* quite to ruinate :
For, all neede *Grace* ; sith seuen times sins the best
Ere once the *Sunne* his *Round* perambulate ;
But seuentie-seauen times do the worst, at least,
Then, if *Grace* faile, none die to liue in rest.

If for an hundred yeares offending here
[For, that's the longest date of our liues lease]
Millions of *Ages* we were plagued there
With paines past *paine*, yet that, in time, should cease
And we for *That*, in mercy haue release :
So, *Iustice* might with *Mercy* sympathise ;
But, for a short time of our crimes increase
Euer to liue, in death that neuer dyes,
Ah ! this makes *Iustice* seeme to tyrannise !

But stay fraile flesh, and bloud, here *Truthes* reply :
Thou speak'st thus much as prompted by the *Fiend* ;
But *Truth* this *Iustice* well may iustifie :
For, had'st thou liu'd stil, stil thou would'st haue
syn'd ;
And, to thy passions euermore beene pynn'd :
Then sith thou sinn'st in thine eternity
It's iust thou should'st in *GODS*, in *Hell* be Inn'd :
For, he the *Will*, for *Deeds* takes commonly,
As well when it wills well, as wickedly.

And, synne's gain'st Goodnesse most most infinite
Are made most infinite, in ill, thereby !
Then, no proportion hold paines definite
To scourge the ill that hath infinity ;
Which must be punish't in eternity.
Then O ! what life ought mortall Men to lead
That leads to endlesse blisse, or misery ?
Then liue w'in *Hell*, for *Heau'n* (as did our ³ *Head*)
Not liue in *Heau'n*, for *Hell*, when we be dead.

O how it ought to make flesh freeze with feare,
Or flame in all deuotion of the Sp'rite,
Sith the Word *EVER* euer doth appeare
So bottomlesse ! in length so infinite !
Euer in vtter darkenesse ! neuer light !
Ah ! this is it, that's able to dissolve
Both Soule, and Body with eternall fright !
And yet to sinne some euer do resolve ;
And, *EVER*, neuer in their thoughts reuolue.

Euer to dye, and neuer to be dead ;
Euer to *Be*, and neuer be at rest ;
Euer in fire, yet neuer minish'd

¹ Alpha and Omega, Revel. 1. 8.

² There is a created, and an vncreated Eternity.

¹ Object.

² Christ our ghostly head.

Which (EVER) *Patience* neuer can digest :
 Sith it's most bad when it is at the best !
 If euer we did thinke aright of this,
 This Fire would neuer cease to moue, at least.
 And if we be not mou'd with endlesse Blisse :
 Such *paines* will moue aright, or most ¹ amisse.

Then fleshly wisdoms no let can be more
 To let this motion stay a Spirit vnstaid :
 For, that *Egerias* doctrine deemes this lore,
 And thinkes all holy fraud which *Truth* hath said ;
 That *Lawes* may so the better be obaid.
 This wisdoms Eyes are dull, yet sharply see
 To go past *Truth* for *Errors* greater ayde :
 " For, like old Eyes, at hand they blinded be ;
 " But farre off falsely grounds each quantity,

After this wisdoms comes presumption ;
 After Presumption, blindness of the mind :
 And after all these foule *Affection* ;
 Then *Customs* comes insensibly behind,
 And makes these ils vnfelt, with craft vnkind :
 So, haue the lewd no feeling of offence,
 Their pow'r of feeling *Customs* so doth bind :
 Thus fleshly wisdoms is the Roote from whence
 Spring greatest Synnes, with all impenitence !

These thrust out Reason of her *Signioria*
 (The *Brains*) where erst she sate in Siluer *Throne* ;
 Ruling with *Scepter* of pure *Iuory* ;
 That is ; Commanding nought but *Right* alone :
 For, *right* is cleare from all corruption.
 Vpon which *Scepters* Top an *Eagle's* fixt
 To note that *Reason*, bee'ng her Wings vpon,
 Transcends the *Spheares*, to see the ² world vmixt,
 With Eyes that see the subtilt's parts betwixt.

If *Reason* then, retaine her *Pow'r*, and *Place*
 Shee doth aright informe the Intellect ;
 Which counsels well the *Will* in eu'ry case,
 That it commaunds the *Members*, with effect,
 To do as she, by Reason, doth direct.
 So, wild *Affections* truely tamed be :
 For, by the Raigne of Reason they are checkt,
 Then, the *Minds* Kingdome is as fast, as free,
 Being a World of all *Felicity*.

Yet when all Vice is brought in Vertues Bounds,
 [Ah ! see how Man is here still militant !]
Prid (*Hydra*-like) hath strength from her own wounds,
 So, growing an vnconquer'd Combatant,
 Doth make the Soule, with endlesse strife, to pant :
 Vnlesse she seares *Prides* euer-springing Heads
 With the hot *Iron* of the *Law*, to dant,
 Her haughty hart (which with that *Sharpnesse* bleeds)
 For, she is conquer'd by her owne misdeeds.

Thus, when we haue subdued eu'ry Synne
 The Conquest doth beget ³ sinne, to subdew :

¹ It will cause true penitency, or desperation.
² Heauen. ³ Pride.

So, lose we more, by how much more we wyn ;
 To gaine which losse, we must the Fight renew ;
 Or else lose all that should to vs accrue :
 For, not a moment may we cease to fight,
 Lest mortall Sinne, to death, should vs pursue :
 Sith *Hydra*-headed *Synne* gets greatest might
 When we haue brought her to the weakest plight.

Shee's strongest to destroy, when we suppose,
 We haue destroy'd her by our hardynesse :
 So, worst we fall, by her worst Ouerthrowes ;
 Because we glory in our great successe ;
 So, make it not so much, or nothing lesse.
 O *Synne*, [damn'd *Nothing*] that dost all things damn
 Which thou dost touch) where lies thy mightnesse ?
 If in thy Head, our ¹ Head hath bruz'd the same ;
 Yet liu'st thou in his spight who thee or'came.

If maugre him thou liu'st, that's Lord of *Might*,
 [Whose onely frowne can Hell it selfe confound]
 How shall we, froth of *Frailty*, foyle thee quite
 Who art more whole, the more we thee do wound ;
 And mak'st vs sore, by making thee vnsound !
 O help vs Weaklings, Lord of *Hoasts*, to fight,
 Else we to *Nothing* must be captiue-bound :
 For, *Nothing* (*Synne*) doth nothing day and Night,
 But make vs worse then *Nothing* by her spight.

The *Fount* of *Goodnesse*, goodnesse makes to flow
 From out the worst of *Ills*, which we fulfill :
 For, he thereby makes vs our selues to know ;
 And humble vs, in goodnesse, by that ill ;
 So, thereby betters both our *Works*, and *will* :
 But, the curst ² *Cause* of all impiety
 Out of our *Best*, the *Worst* extracteth still ;
 Who drawes high'st *Pride*, from low'st *Humilitie* ;
 So, drawes most ill, from *Ills* most contrary.

Thus, from the high'st intire ETERNITY,
 Our Muse hath stoopt vnto the low'st *Ills* ;
 Thereby to show their inequality ;
 Yet each is such, as fils, yea, ouerfils,
 The Soule with weale, or wo : so, saues, or spils.
 But, *Phabus* Horses now their swift Careere
 Haue staid, for this day, on the highest Hills ;
 And fal'n to rest beneath our *Hemyspheare* ;
 Therefore, with them, tir'd *Muse*, thy tolle forbear.

L O how *Apollos* *Pegasses* prepare
 To rend the ring-hedge of our *Horizon* :
 Be ready *Muse*, sith they so ready are
 To flee with them in such proportion,
 That both may moue by heau'nly motion :
 And yet their Mouer moues not, but doth rest
 In restful-restlesse perfect Action ;
 By which the worst still fals out for the best
 For him, and them that by him still are blest.

¹ Christ.

² The Diuel, cause of man's fall.

He changeth not that truly euer *Is* ;
 Sith what *Is* truly, cannot changed be :
 For, what is sometimes *That*, and sometimes *This*
 Is mixt of *Simples* which do disagree ;
 But he is simply selfe *Simplicity* :
 Then, That *Is* not, that is not simply so ;
 Sith, in an *Instant*, *It* from *Is* doth flee :
 And as the restlesse Seas do ebbe and flow :
 So, that twixt *Was* and *Is*, doth come and go.

But, hee's ne're mou'd ; and so can neuer change :
 For what should moue him in whom all do moue ?
 He fills each *Place*, then can he neuer range :
 And so is fixt, all *Time* and *Place* about ;
 So, still ¹ I AM he doth himselfe approue.
 I AM ; that *Is* : which is, That which He is :
 Euer the same ; as firme in hate, as loue :
 Who could not be immortall but for *This* :
 For, who doth change, dies throught that change of his.

Each *Essence* changeable, is said to die
 To what it *Was*, when it *Is* otherwise :
 So may mans Soule, in immortality,
 Be said to dy when it from Vertue flies ;
 And liue aright when it to *Vices* dies :
 So, may immortall Spirits Angelicall
 Dy through such change, and tumble from the skies
 As some haue done ; and so [no doubt] may all
 But that a Pow'r still fixt preuents their fall.

For, what may sin, may die : and die they must
 That sin, if Grace do not their death preuent :
 If any Creature cannot be vniust,
 That *Iustice* is not ² his, it is but lent ;
 Onely the *Lender's* iust, of his owne bent :
 Who, by no change can possibly offend ;
 And much lesse dy : for, Hee's still permanent
 The *Fount of Grace*, and Life ; on whom depend
 All Changes, sith hee's changelesse without end !

But, if he might be chang'd, it needs must be
 By actiue pow'r of some himselfe without ;
 Or, by himselfe, through passiue *Potency*,
 But, nought can euer bring this change about :
 For, nought's more strong, then *Pow'r* most absolute
 Nor, can a simple *Act* be passiue ; so,
 It puts the question clearly out of doubt
 That neither can another *Agent*, no
 Nor he himselfe, himselfe change too and fro.

For, that is chang'd, that not remains the same :
 But hee's the same he was, and euer is ;
 And That still *Is*, that neuer alters frame :
 But such, alone, is that firme state of his,
 That changeth all, yet changeth not by this !
 Hee's *Glorious Sonne*, whose ³ Shade is constant sight ;

¹ Exod. 3. 14.

² All are concluded vnder sin, that God might haue mercy vpon all.

³ In him is no darknes.

Then can no Shade of change eclipse his Blisse,
 In whom's no darknes ; for, he blinds the sight
 Of bright-Ey'd *Angels*, with his glory bright.

Though he assum'd our Shape ; (so seem'd to change
 Sith what he is, he was not) yet, the same
 He was, he is : and, though the case be strange,
 Yet it is true in nature ; though his Name
 Be ¹ doubl'd, by his confixt double *Frame*.
 He came to take our *Nature* to his owne ;
 Yet ours into his nature neuer came :
 But, ours from His, by eithers *Acts*, is knowne :
 Then, by that change, no *Changling* is he growne.

That Hypostaticall rare Vnion
 Which *Pers'nally* vnites both *God* and *Man*,
 Is two in Nature, though in Person, one :
 For, God his nature neuer alter can ;
 And once begin, that neuer once began :
 It is against Gods nature *Man* to be ;
 Sith one's eternall, th' others life a Span :
 Yet *Man* is *God*, by God ; and, God is he
 That's *Man*, for *Man* ; but, both keepe their degree !

For, that's not chang'd that keepe it selfe intire
 From ought that may with it vnited be :
 And, though thereat Mans reason may admire ;
 Yet ² onely *Wisedome* doth it, which doth see
 How Two in One, vnchang'd, may well agree :
 As erst we said Mans Soule, and Body did ;
 Which truly differ in true Vnity :
 &, thogh they change their states, their kinds forbid
 That they should change their kinds in either hid.

So, did the WORD remaine that which it was,
 And truly That assum'd which it was not :
 But yet, no change thereby was brought to passe
 More then they change, that haue new garments got
 In *Name* or *Nature*, though they change their Lot :
 And to descend, and ascend, come, and go,
 And now become more cold, and then more hot,
 These Words are Tropes [for, that Word doth not so]
 That by our owne, his ³ Actions we may know.

When he drawes neere vs, we are drawne by Him,
 While still He stands : for, as the *Magnet* drawes
 Without bee'ng mou'd, the *Iron* to his Brim ;
 Or, as the *Jett*, vnstirr'd, attracteth Strawes :
 So, God, vnmooued, doth our motion cause.
 They that are Shipt, in sailing from the Shore,
 Do thinke they moue not, maugre *Rolls* Flawes,
 But that the Land moues, which stands as before,
 So God moues not : but we ⁴ do euermore.

Nor yet, by locall motion are we brought
 To God, when, to himselfe he vs doth bring ;
 Because without his Compasse there is nought :

¹ God and Man. ² God onely wise. ³ Rom. 1. 20.

⁴ So are Wee moued to & from God.

For, all that is, is compast in that RING ;
 This motion then, is not by altering
 The Place, but Person of the altered ;
 Yet, that not altered, but by gouerning,
 The wil'de Affections, erst vngouerned ;
 So, moues this vnrou'd Motion, motioned !

Thus, when God seemes to change, by changing vs,
 The change is not in Him, but vs alone ;
 So then, though *Reth'ricks* saith hee's various,
 Yet saith *Disinity*, Hee's euer One ;
 And, holds vp all things by ¹ his Vnion :
 He, in the CHAOS, on the Waters mou'd,
 But that was but by ² preservation ;
 Which by his WORD alone, he did vnrou'd,
 As by his Word may pregnantly be prou'd.

Then, sith hee's euer changelesse, as hee's good
 We Wormes, most mutable (in spight of change)
 May euer stand in him that euer stood,
 By Faith, and Hope, and Loue ; and, neuer range,
 But when, through him, we go to Places strange.
 And though, by nature, mutable we be,
 Yet may His Grace from vs, that state estrange.
 And match vs to immutability,
 In the Bride-Chamber of Felicity.

Hee's true of promise, sith he cannot change ;
 Then, why should sorrowing Synners feare to dye ?
 Sith *Earths* familiars are to Heaue's strange ;
 Then, Heaue's we cannot haue, while here we lye :
 And he that's free from all vncertainty
 Hath (in his euer-neuer-falling Word)
 Giu'n vs, by *Deeds*, (with his *Bloud* seal'd) an hie
 And Heaue'ly Mantion,³ which he doth afford
 To all whose Wills do with his Will accord.

The euer-living GOD, sole Lord of Life
 He Was, and is, from all Eternity :
 If he be such a Husband, shall his Wife
 Or any Member of her, feare to dye,
 In him, with whom is Immortality ?
 Hee's life it selfe ; then, of himselfe, he moues,
 And, all his Members moues immediatly
 To rest in him, the rest from him he shoues ;
 So, all moue by him which he hates, or loues.

Thus all that moue haue life : for, life's the Cause
 And Motion the Effect : for, we enstile
 A flowing Fount, a liuely Spring, because
 It is in motion : and, That dead the while
 It standeth still, as do some Waters vile.
 Siluer selfe-mouing, we call Siluer-quick ;
 But, Coine, though currant, we from life exile ;
 Because, of it's owne kind, it still doth stick
 Where it is set, without some Chance it nick.

Yet though they liue, that moue, they liue as dead
 (Much like *Quick-siluer* ; dead, although it moues)

That not as Members moue of Him their Head
 That moues to *grace*, and *glory* whom he loues :
 So, in them, his owne motions he approues :
 Which doth inferre no motions liuely be
 That, from this Marke, Synne all at pleasure roues :
 For, such moue still through mutability ;
 And, that still moueth to mortality.

For, Motion, in the Creatures, moues to nought ;
 And, *nought* is nothing but the rest of Ill :
 But where Ill rests, That's to confusion brought
 That so is mou'd ; and, so it resteth still ;
 Which rest, that mou'd with all *disease* doth fill :
 For, that is restlesse rest, that ill doth rest ;
 And ill that rests, that rests with euill will ;
 But, ill's that will by which the Mind is prest
 By motion ill, to rest in state vnblest.

Creatures moue not themselues : for, mou'd they be
 By the First-mouer (mouing first of all)
 Then by the End he moues them mediately,
 Which moues the Agent to be actuall :
 Then, Nature, and the Orbes-Celestiall
 With th' Host, that still, vnweary, walkes those
 Rounds
 Do moue them too, till they to rest do fall :
 And rest they do, when Time their course confounds :
 So, Motion resteth in Confusions Bounds.

Yet all must rest in him, from whom they came :
 And Hee's the Soule of Order, ordering
 Confusion, to the glory of his Name ;
 So, He Confusions doth to order bring ;
 And, order keeps in each confused Thing :
 Within their Center diuerse Lines are one
 Though out, they may be Millions, in the Ring :
 And, in the Center, by Conuersion,
 They meete againe in perfect Vnion !

Yet good, and bad, in Him, are not all one,
 Though out of him be neither good, or bad ;
 But, both, in Him, so make an Vnion
 As those which Syn hath mar'd, and he hath made :
 Yet out of Him (meere ONE) they cannot gadde.
 But yet the worst He loathes, and loues the best ;
 Sith one grieues him, the other makes him glad :
 And so, though both are said in Him to rest,
 Yet rest they restlesse that do him molest.

As when, with good, bad Humours are in vs
 In one vnited, working diuersly,
 We to the bad are euer troublous
 [Because they vex vs with their Malady]
 By reauing of their rest where they do lye :
 So, though we be not of Gods nature pure,
 Yet Good, and Bad, in him haue Vnity ;
 But He the Bad molests, sith they procure,
 His Spirits grieve, which he cannot endure.

Thus, still He liues all One ; and, in him still
 All are but One ; though many still they be

¹ Gen. 1. 2.

² Heb. 1. 3.

³ Heauenly mantions.

All are his worke ; whose Work is but his *will* ;
Which wil is good : and good [in their degree]
He made his workes, which he did, ¹ blessing, see.
Themselves they mar'd, because themselves they made
Subject to death, by vnmade perfidy :
So they from *ought*, to *nought*, do growing fade,
Sith *Nought*, that *ought* doth, marring, ouerlade.

This GOD that liues then, yea, for euer liues,
Is yesterday, to day, and ere the same :
Which constancy of state a difference giues
Betwixt the *Pagan Gods*, which he did frame,
To be but halfe-Gods ; that is, *Gods* in name.
The nearer then, to this true *God* we draw
The more his *Sunnes*-beames feede our vitall flame,
Which, frozen in our dregs, that frost doth thaw ;
And, make vs hot with loue, and cold with awe.

Thus, no lesse good is he, he then is great
Which are past *Qualitie*, and *Quantitie* ;
Both bee'ng much more then more then most com-
pleat :
For, so they must by his *Immensitie*,
Which is the cause of his *Vbiquity* :
For, nought but *Greatnesse* simply infinite
Can fill, and ouerfill All, really ;
That is, aswell in *Essence*, as in *might* ;
Sith either are alike indefinite.

And, say'ng he fills all (who is all in all)
I meane not onely all his hands haue wrought,
As *Heaue'n*, *Earth*, *Hell* ; in part, or generall ;
And, all they hold ; but all that may be thought
(If Thought may reach it) that haue further raught,
Either in deed, or possibility :
For, He that in his *Compass* all hath brought,
Not onely fills That *Vniuersity* ;
But, ouerfills farre more Capacity.

The Creatures finite are, sith they may be
Drawne to a generall or speciall Head,
By eithers *Forme*, or their *Diversity* ;
But, no *Predicament* ere compassed
His *Largenesse*, that is still valimited !
The *Heathen Sages* (led by *Natures* light)
Held the first *CAUSE* could not be measured,
Sith it, in greatnesse, was most infinite,
But what it was, they could not tell aright.

So, hee's each where in *Essence*, and in *Pow'r*,
Sith all is One in Him, the onely ONE :
Like as the *Soule* though in the *Head* [her *Towre*]
She chiefly sits : yet, is she in that Throne
And every *Member*, totally alone !
Then, in each *Part* her *Pow'r* with her appears
T'inspire those *Organs* which she plaies vpon ;
Yet, from the filthie Pipes no filth she beares,
Nor weares she euer, as the *Organ* weares.

So, in a sort, [but farre more excellent !]
Is God, in his whole *Essence*, *pow'r*, and all,
In all that is in this ALL resident,
And ouer all, that ALL in generall,
Without bee'ng toucht with *Matter* corporall :
Though some grope for him, hee's not tangible,
Bee'ng a *Spirit* most simply Spirituall :
Which to the Soule alone is sensible,
But of the Sence incomprehensible.

And, Things are said to *Be*, that be in *Pow'r*
In any thing wherein their *pow'r* hath port :
Our *Cesars* so, are chiefly in the *Towres*
Which *CESAR* built, as in their cheefest *Fort* :
But God is all in all, in other sort :
For in his *Substance*, totally intire,
Hee is in al that's liuing, or amort,
Bee't great or small, Earth, water, Aire, or Fire,
Or what els is, or can haue *Bee'ng* hier !

Looke what our Bodies, by our Sences know
Our Soules, but by one *Pow'r*, perceiue the same :
Which sow'd in our *Vnderstanding*, growes
More purely there, then in our *Bodies* frame,
[Although our *Intellect* may bee too blame]
For, it doth purge the *Objects* of the *Sence* ;
And, make that vpriht, which the *Sense* made lame
Eu'n so, in GOD Things haue more excellenoe
Then in our dul, and base *Intelligence*.

Thus, is his *Pow'r* where ere his *Essence* is ;
Which *Pow'r* is two-fold, as some Doctors teach :
That's *Absolute*, and *Actuall*, by this
He doth what ere he will within his reach ;
Then, doth he ALL, sith it past all doth stretch !
By his *Pow'r* absolute he can fulfill
What may be done, without his *Natures* breach :
And so his *Pow'r* extends beyond his *Will*,
Which could saue ALL : yet, some it saues to spill.

That which he doth is no lesse definite
Then it is certaine : but, what he can do
Is as vnertaine as it's infinite :
For, he can make more *Heaue'ns*, and fill them too ;
But, that he will not so his Word vndo :
Who by his *Actuall powre* can nought fulfill
But what his cleare *Fore-sight* did reach vnto :
But, his *Pow'r* absolute (beyond his *Will*)
Is able to do all, that is not ill !

Then, if his ¹ *Will* and *Pow'r* vnequall be
How shall we equall make his *Properties* ?
Here is a *Cloud*, through which I cannot see
With *Humane Reasons* most vnequall Eyes ;
Which made such Equals, *Inequalities* :
But, light me Lord of light, the *Truth* to view
Which in this *Mistery* eclipsed lies ;
And let me in thy *Paths* this Truth pursue
Till it I find : for, all thy *Waies* be true.

¹ Gods will, and power are equal : yet there are many thinges
in his power, which ar not in his wil

¹ Gen. 1.

Thy *Will*, and *Pow'r* are equall (as thou art)
Both alike absolute, in their true kinds :
Yet hast thou bound them both, by beau'nly Art,
To *Will*, and do no more then ¹WISDOME finds
Within her Bounds, which both the other binds :
There they are *Equall*, sith that each extends
To *Wisedomes* vtmost *Compass* ; and, that winds
About all *Workes* that haue all holy *Ends* :
And so, thy *Will*, and *Pow'r* are equall friends !

And, where thy *Pow'r* doth ouer-reach thy *Will*
There onely *Wisedome* wills it should do so :
That's in some *Cases*, by Her bounded stil ;
That's when thy will doth let thy *Creatures* know
What thy *Pow'r* could, did not thy *Will* say ²no.
But, thou canst make thy *Will* to match thy *Might*
[If so thou would'st] but *Wisedome* cryeth ho
In thy *Wils* motion, it to stay aright ;
And so thy *Will*, and *Pow'r* haue equall height.

Now, downe the *Daias Eye* goes, though yet it looks
All fry redde, as chafte with *Nights* approach :
For, *Light* could neuer vgly *Darknes* brook,
No more then bright *Renowne* can black *Reproch* ;
Then halla heere, my *Muse* with *Phabus* Coach :
This day too much thou hast bestow'd thy winges ;
Too much thou dost on *Secrets* darke encroch ;
Fly high ; yet not too nigh ³too lofty *Things*,
Which nought comes nere for *Clouds* and *Glitterings*.

Now, mantle *Muse*, sith now thou straitest must Tow'r :
For lo, the modest *East* doth blush for shame.
That shameles *Night* on it should haue such pow'r
To lie with It, till *Phabus* sees the same,
And partes them with a farre more blushing flame :
By which our *Hemisphere* Inhabiters
May see to toile in *Ernest*, or in *Game* :
Then, vp betimes, aboue the pale-fac't *Stars*,
Fear'd with that flame) to find their *Gouerners*.

Which is that blessed *Essence*, (Three, in One)
Blessed I well may call it : for, the same
Is truly blessed (past comparison)
For, what *Blisse* can the highest *Wisedome* name,
But is most ⁴perfect in his formelesse *Frame* !
Al that delights the *Soule*, or ioyes the *Sense*,
Or, makes *Selfe-loue* refinde, in him to flame ;
Yea, all that can excell *Selfe-EXCELLENCE*,
Is truly in his ALL-SVFFICIENCE !

Is't health of *Body* which thou dost desire ?
He is the *Fount* of al *Salubritie* !
Is't *strength*, or *Vallor* ? Hee is both intire !
Is't *Fairenes* ? Then hees selfe-FORMOSITY :

¹ Infinite wisdom, directs infinite power.
² Gods Will limits his unlimitable power.
³ In respect of the reach of our capacity.
⁴ In God is true & moste compleat felicity.

To see whose face is high'st FELICITY :
Is't *Pleasures* ? They, as in their *Center*, in Him rest !
Or *Glory* ist ? Him, *Angels* glorifie !
Is't *Riches* ? More then *All* is his, at least :
For, he hath more then can be all exprest !

Kings of the *Earth*, seeme blessed in their *Crownes* ;
Yet, they but onely seeme, but are not so :
Sith they sit reeling in their fastest *Thrones*,
That eu'ry moment, threats their ouerthrow ;
Which makes them sit on thorns, through pierc'd with
wo,
And, though all mortall *Knees* to them do bow
Th' adore their *Chairs*, not them ; thought to, and fro
Both reeling stand, till both are false too low ;
And then those *Bowers* none of ¹both will know :

For, *Men* [like *Paphlagonean* Partridges]
Beare in their single *Breast* a double *Heart* :
With one of which, they seeme *Gods* Images ;
But, with the other play the *Devils* part ;
Who, to all *Shapes*, for ill, themselues conuert :
These are the *Things*, [the *Things* I them do call,
Sith, for such *Artists*, I want *Tearmes* of *Art*]
That crouching stand by *Kings* till *Kings* do fal ;
Then fly these *Swallowes* lest they fall withall.

What blessednesse is then in Regall state,
That, as accurst, such curs'd *Things* attend ?
And, nought more subiect to the shooke of *Fate* ;
Nor, sooner brought, vntimely to an end :
For, oft they bow to them, that make them bend.
But, this eternall most almighty KING,
(Thats KING of *Kings*) on whom they all depend,
Is truly blest ; sith there's no altering,
Of his *State*, *Pow'r*, *Life*, *Blisse*, or any thing !

Then, sith this vnborne KING, that all vp-beares,
Is onely blessed ; how accurst are those
That fall from Him, to rest on *Prince*, or *Peeres*
Who still are fair'st for foulest ouerthrowes :
" But, *Carrion* still, is best belou'd of *Crowes* :
" And, where it is, the *Eagles* do resort :
Kites (I would say) like *Eagles* in their *Nose*
And *Clawes* ; to smel & scratch for *Budge* of *Court* ;
And so, in others spoyle, make euer sport.

These, false to *God*, can ne're be true to *Men* :
If false to him, that is as *Good*, as *GREAT*,
How can they trusty be to *Nothing*, then ?
For, *Kings* are (worse then *Nothing*) *Vermis* meat :
Then, what are they compar'd with *Worth* compleat ?
These light *Court-Locusts* here, and there, do skippe
(Like *Fleas*) to suck bloud ; so, make *Men* their meat
(Like *Cannibals*;) for, if they on the *Hip*
Haue friend, or foe, that *Standard* they will rip.

There is no trust in *Men* : for, *Men*, to *Men*
Are but meere *Wolues*, that one another rends :

¹ Edward & Richard the Second.

Nay, worse, much worse, the ¹ best are now & then :
 For Man to Man, in fury, are but *Fiends* ;
 Who oft in vertue viciously contends.
 Then, none are blest, without they well do know
 They are accusèd, till their blessed *Ends* :
 The *End* makes *All* ; because the *End* doth show
 Vnto the blest, *Gods* euer-blessèd *Brow* !

The *Act* of seeing *God*, is ² *Blessednesse* ;
 For, we cannot be blest till him we see :
 Which *Act* is ours, not his ; yet, neuerthelesse
 His *Gift* it is : but yet, he cannot be
 Our *Act*, though it with Him (pure *ACT* !) agree :
 For, ours is but th' *Effect* of him, the *Cause* ;
 So then, it *Causèd* is ; so is not He :
 Who draweth still ; yet, but the willing draws :
 Yet makes vs willing by his *Graces* *Lawes* !

So, all we haue, if good, he doth effect :
 For, what we haue, that is not his, is *Ill* :
 Which still we giue him, though he it relect ;
 Yet, for that *Gift* against, giues, by his *WILL*,
 Our *Greatest* *GOOD* ; so, good hee's to vs still !
 With *Goodnesse* thus, He doth our il ore'come :
 Yet we, orecome with *Ill*, It still fulfil ;
 But though that wrong incurs his righteous doome,
 Yet, when we strale, his *Mercy* brings vs home !

How far that *Mercy* reacheth erst we toucht,
 Then needlesse were it eft to handle it :
 As ³ pow'rfull as him selfe we *It* auoucht ;
 And Hee's omnipotent : then, if it fit
 His *Pow'r*, it is at least most infinit !
 Which *Attribute* of his *Omnipotence*
 (That most is mentioned in *Holy-writ*)
 Is the firm'st *Pillar* of our Confidence,
 Sith it to *Grace* hath euer reference.

Almightinesse includeth whatso'ere
 That is most absolutlie *good*, or *great* :
 Then it's the *Prop*, that all, in *All*, doth beare,
 More then most actiue in each glorious *Feate* ;
 Which, by still actiue *good*, doth *Ill* defeate ;
 Though it seem'd *Passiue* when in *flesh* 't'was show'n,
 Yet in that *flesh* that *Passion* had her Seate :
God's pure *Act* [which ne're was *Passiue* know'n]
 Who made that *flesh* hee tooke ; and held his ⁴ owne !

He is most perfect ; but, he were not so
 If he were *Passiue* ; which, imperfect is :
 Then is he simply *Actiue* ? simply ? No :
 Actiue, nor passiue so, is He, or His ;
 Sith his strict ⁵ *Purenesse* will not carry This.
 His *Action* then, his *Essence* is, alone ;
 Which is his *Pow'r*, *grace*, *wisedome*, *Iustice*, *blisse*,
 And what be sides he is, sith hee's but *One*,
 Which brooke no shade of Composition.

¹ The best is a Brier.

² The obiectiue Beatitude is the chiefe blessednesse.

³ Diuine mercy is as great as gods diuinity.

⁴ His owne properties.

⁵ Simple purenesse wil brooke no mixtion.

¹ But yet, the *Sonne* is said to haue receiu'd
 All that he hath, or is of Him, his *Sire* :
 If He his *Essence* then, of him receiu'd,
 His *Pow'r* he must : for, both are most intire :
 Then, must his *Pow'r* be *Passiue*, as its cleire :
² But, so to saie, is foulest Heresie
 For, like as without *heate*, can be no *Fire* ;
 Eu'n so, without a *Sonne*, no *Sire* can be.
 Thus, *Sire*, and *Sonne* are equall in degree :

For, both are one selfe *Substance* ; so, are One ;
 The *fire* is, of himselfe, omnipotent :
 Then so, sith one in substance, is the *Sonne* ;
 Who with the *Sire's* alike magnificent :
 For, both *Eternall* are in their extent !
 The *Sonne* is of the *Father*, most intire ;
 [As *heate* is of the *Fire* ; both which are pent
 In but one *Substance* of, but onely *Fire* :]
 So, equall's their degree, and their ³ desire.

The *Sonne*, not onely of himselfe, is such,
 But, by himselfe he is, what ere he is :
Eternall generation still doth touch
 The vit'most ⁴ reach of his *Sires* Properties :
 He is begotten still : but yet, by This
 His *Generation's* not deficient :
 For, as the *Sonne* still gets those *Beames* of his
 Yet perfect are as That from which they went
 So, *GOD*, begotten's, all-sufficient !

⁵ Then, this begetting *Pow'r* hath the *Sire*
 Beyond the *Sonne* ; sith that's his *Property* :
 And personall Properties (though *God's* intire)
 Cannot be common to the *Diety*,
 Least that confusion follow instantly :
 Yet, this *Powres* want, in this almighty *SONNE*,
 Is farre off from the least infirmity :
 But, it doth strengthen that *Relation*
 That truly shewe's *Gods* threefold Vnion !

Then, take away the Pers'nall properties,
 And take away the Persons : so, we shall
 Be Godlesse quite : for, *God's* none otherwise
 Then *Three* in *Persons* : and, *one* *God* in *all* :
 So, pers'nall *Powres* cannot be mutuall :
 In *Nature*, not in *Order*, then they be
 Omnipotent, alike, in generall :
 So, is all *Pow'r*, that doth with *POWRE* agree,
 Alike, and not alike, in their degree !

The *Sire*, of his owne *Substance*, gets the *Sonne* :
 Then, must the *Sonne* haue self-same *Diety* :
 Because that *Substance* is so strictly One,
 That, by it's *Pow'r* it cannot parted be :

¹ Obiect.

² Answ.

³ Their will, and power are one.

⁴ Equall in Essence.

⁵ Take away Gods properties, or Persons, & take away his *Diety*.

Though most almighty in the lowest degree.
This shewes the Sires compleat *Omnipotence*;
That still begets a Sonne as great as He:
Which *Sonne* is but the *Sires Intelligence*,
Making another one *Omnivalence*.

The *Sonne's* yet, said to be lesse then the *Sire*
Not in true *Substance*; but sith hee receiues
Of his owne *Essence*, what it doth require,
Which the first *Person* to the second giues:
Geu'n and receau'd¹ when each himselfe perceaues:
So that that *Pow'r* which in the first doth woone,
Shorts not the second's, which the same conceaues;
But, as the *Sire* it holds, and not the *Sonne*,
It is the *Sires*, not² *Gods*: for, God is One.

Thus, personall Properties are still distinct
As are the Persons by those Properties:
Then, with the *last* the *first* must be extinct:
For they can ne're be parted; otherwise
Each might be each; and so, Disorder rise.
And, that the *Sire* cannot begotten be
It's no defect of *Pow'r* which in him lies;
Nor that the *Sonne* gets not as well as he,
Tis not *Powres* want, but *Orders* Regency.

Their *Spirit* (no more then They) *Pow'r* wanteth not:
Though he *proceeds*, which is his Property:
And, though he 'gets not; nor is he begot;
Yet, holds he, with them equall *Diety*:
And, what he works, they work³ inseparably
And yet, three seuerall *Functions* to them Three
Themselues assigne, their workes to varifie;
The *Sire* Creates: The *Sonne* Redeemes And he
That is the Holy *Spirit* doth Sanctifie.

For, as the *Sire* is of himselfe, he acts
As of himselfe; yet, by the other Two;
None working by him, through their strait contracts:
The *Sonne*, as of his *Sire*, doth of him do;
Yet, by their equall *Spirit*, he worketh too.
The *Father* workes by him, He by that *Sp'rit*:
Which *Sp'rit*, as he *proceedeth* from Them, so
He works from both, with euer-equall might;
Thus, these *Respects* their *Workes* in one, vnite!

Then in respect of ther *Pow'r*, *Wisedome*, *Will*,
Their *Workes* are One, as they are One in Three:
But, in respect their *Persons* differ still
Their *Workes*, (in sort of doing) diuers be;
But their⁴ externall deeds ne're disagree:
For, by their common *Essence* they are done;
That's in their *Vnity*, not *Trinity*.
The *Sire* Creates, as God, so doth the *Sonne*,
And so their *Sp'rit*, without distinction!

¹ That is, actual, or ordinary power.

² From all eternity.

³ Personall properties are not common to the *Diety*.

⁴ Their internall workes differ not but in manner of doing.

⁵ Nota.

⁶ Gods externall Workes are euer one, the internall diuers in manner of doing.

The *Father* doth *Redeeme*; yet, by the *Sonne*:
They *Sanctifie*; yet, by their holy *Sp'rit*:
So though their *Workes* in vnity be done,
Yet due distinctions do their workes vnite,
Which make their *Workes* to be most exquisite.

¹ To eat much *Honie* hath no sweet effect:
And who too neere doth search *Pow'r* infinite
Shall be [with *Glory* overwhelmed] checkt.
Then hold rash *Muse*,² retire ere thou be wreckt.

This wondrous *Trinity* in *Vnity*,
Is vnderstood to *Bee*; but how, O here
Is such a *Gulph* of deepest *Mystery*
As none (without bee'ng quit orewhelm'd with fear)
Can looke therein to tell the secrets there!
³ For, what be seeming that *Good-erie-Thing*
Can we imagin, (though we *Angels* were)
That is as farre past all imagining
As we are short of *Pacing* with his Wing.

We erre in nought with danger more extreame,
Nor, in ought labour with more hard assay:
Yet, nought we know with more harts ioy then Them
But, in their search, if once we lose our Way,
We may be lost, and vterly decay:
It's deadly dang'rous then, for them to looke
[Through *Waies* more *sullen* then the *Foe of Day*]
Without *Faiths* Lanthorn, *Truths* most blessed *Book*:
Which none ere left, but straight the way forsooke:

For, *Justice* *SONNE* was sent by *Grace* his *Sire*,
The *Gospell* to promulgate, from his *BREAST*:
His *Councels* to⁴ disclose, our doubts to cliere:
Then if we go to seeke this *BEEING* blest
Without these *Helpes*, we strayeng, neuer rest:
But now, the Eye of *Heau'n* begins to close;
Sith rest it would, being wearie, in the *West*:
Then, wearie *Muse*, with *It*, thy selfe repose,
And wake with *It*, and go still as it goes.



NOW, o're the *Eastern* Mountaines Headles heigh
we see that *EYE* (by which our *Eies* do see)
To peepe, as it would steale on Theeuish *Night*,
Which from that *EYES*-sight, like a Theefe, doth flee,
Least by the *Same* It should surprized be:
Then, is it time (my *Muse*) thy wings to stretch
(Sith they are short, too short, the worse for thee)
For, this daies Iournie hath a mightie Reach,
And manie a compasse thou therein must fetch.

Thou shouldst be pow'rfull in thy Winges [too weakel]
Sith thou flee'st after *Pow'r* omnipotent:

¹ Prou. 15. 27.

² They fight with God that pry further into his secrets then hee woulde haue them.

³ Gods glory and goodnes is most inexplicable.

⁴ As far forth as concernes our Soules welfare.

Which may with labor, both thy *Pinions* breake :
And spend thy strongest *Sp'rits* ere they are spent :
Then, recollect them to pursue thy intent.
This *Pow'r's* almightie, endlesse, infinite,
Still most vnknown, yet, still most eminent :
Which none but ONE can hold by wrong, or right ;
For, if two had it, it were definite.

Of this, no ¹ *Creature* can be capable :
For, it can but receiue what it can hold :
And it can hold no more then it is able :
For, if a *Bucket* in the Sea we should
² Let downe, at once, t'exhaust it, if we could,
Yet that therein ingulph'd, could take no more
Then meerey but so much as fill it would ;
Which in respect of that *Clouds* boundlesse Store,
Is, as no drop at all, the *Bucket* bore.

This *Pow'r* is euermore accompanied
Which two Consociates, that still glad, or grieue ;
Which *Grace*, and *Iustice* are entitled ;
Yet more that *Pow'r*, by a *Grace* with some doth striue
Then doth, at other some, his *Iustice* driue.
Which *Pow'r*, by either, is not euer like :
(Though in it selfe, it still alike doth thrue)
For, sometimes more, (aswell in *proud*, as *meek*)
Then other some, they do ⁴ or stroke, or strike.

And, in the *Gifts* of high'st *Beneficence*
This well appears, which in themselues are pure :
But yet, in vs not so : for, much offence
They giue the *Giner*, by their state impure ;
And such They be, sith it's not in our pow'r
So to receiue Them, as they simple be ;
But as we can : and, we can but immure,
Those Sp'rituall *Gifts* with *Fleshes* sluttury :
Thus *Finite* ne're can hold *Infinite*.

Then, to be *God*, and be *omnipotent*
Is both in *substance*, one thing really :
Yet is that *Pow'r* (though ne're so preualent)
Not able *Gods* to make ; moue Locally ;
Deny himselfe ; change, be vnjust, or lye :
And many more such ⁵ like he cannot do ;
Sith in his *Pow'r*, is none *Infirmity* :
For, if he could do these ; then, were he TWO ;
Both *good*, and *bad* ; and, either *finite* too.

Nor, is it (as some dreame) that by his *Might*
He can do all ⁶ *Impossibilities*
Sith nought's impossible (bee't wrong, or right
As they suppose) to *Pow'r* without Comprise ;

¹ No Creature is capable of omnipotence.

² Simil.

³ Manasses, Nabuchadnezer, S. Paula.

⁴ Stroke is an action of much indulgence ; strike, of much anger.

⁵ As he cannot eat, drink, grow, sleep, or any corporal action : for he is a most pure Spirit, yet is there in him nothing but substance.

⁶ Some things impossible to be done by omnipotence.

So, in his *Will* [they say] his *Goodnesse* lies.
As if he would, he could do passing *Ill*,
But, that he will not : fond *thought* ! most vnwise !
Can perfect *goodnesse*, perfect ill fulfill ?
If so it can, it's most imperfect still.

His *Pow'r* (I grant) hath force it selfe t'extend
To endlesse Things, for number, infinite :
Though in his changelesse *Will* now all haue end :
So, cannot (for his *Will*) do all he might ;
Nor, cannot (for his ¹ *Pow'r*) doo ought vnright.
Nor yet, doth he his *freedom* lose hereby,
That, to his *Will*, doth so himselfe vnite ;
Sith still his *Will*, and He hold vnity,
Then, bee'ng but ONE haue onelyest *Liberty* !

Nor, can He make that That which *Is*, is not :
For, then he *Nought* should make ; which cannot *Be* :
For, *Nought* can ne're be made, much lesse be'got ;
Sith it's lesse then *Prination* in degree ;
Though He of *Nought* made all Things perfectly :
Yet, could he cause that *Christ* Is not, and *Is*,
Then could he cause *Nought* Men should iustifie ;
Which were repugnant to that ² *Truth* of his,
That flat affirms, *Christ* chiefly worketh This.

³ His *Pow'r* to two Things He hath fastned then,
That is to *Nature* still, for *Orders* sake :
And to his WORD, for his Words sake to Men ;
That so they might his Word the rather take ;
Who can aswell himselfe, as it forsake :
Yet, NATVRES Bounds his *Pow'r* doth oft transcend,
When it works *Miracles*, Men good to make :
But, past his WORD it neuer can extend :
Sith it is That, which neuer can haue end.

So then, he can do whatsoere he will ;
But yet he will not do what ere he can :
For he could melt the Heau'ns the *Earth* to spill :
But will not, nor destroy the ⁴ righteous *Man*,
Though all the World a Deluge ouer ran.
He will not do so : sith he will not so :
The reason of his *Will*, his *Will* doth scan :
But, he that would the same yet further kno,
Looke in his Word, but no step further go.

He can do nought but what is *good*, and iust ;
And though that all he doth be simply so,
Yet doth it not ensue, that needs he must
Do what he doth ; and, likewise do no mo
Lest he his *Grace* and *Iustice* should forgo :
No : if he would do more, or otherwise ;
All should be good, and iust which he should do :
For, hee's the ⁵ fount of GOODNES, whence doth rise
Pow'r infinite, all *good* to exercise !

¹ To do vnright is great infirmity.

² The scriptures.

³ God hath tyde his omnipotency to two thinges : to nature for orders sake, and to his word for his promise sake.

⁴ Noah a preacher of righteousness.

⁵ Paal. 36. 9.

But, some affirme that he can do no mo,
 But what he did foresee he should performe.
 By his *Pow'r* actuall the same is so :
 But his *Pow'r Absolute* can that reforme ;
 And make much more, in much more better forme :
 So, though he, through his Purpose, did foresee
 What he would do ; yet did himselfe informe
 That he could do much more, then now can *Be*
 Because his Purpose is as fast, as free.

But he saw all, he made, was perfect ¹ good :
 Then could they not, by nature, better be :
 He must haue chang'd their *Essence*, with their mood,
 If he had made them better in degree ;
 Sith, in their kinds, he Them did perfect see :
 No *Pow'r* can multiply a *Numbers* Store
 But it must change the *Number* really :
 So Man, as he was made his Fall before,
 Was good : if better ; then, a Man no more.

We meane, as he was good essentially :
 For, ² accidentally, no doubt, he might
 Haue bin complish't much more perfectly,
 With neither *Will*, nor *Pow'r* to do vnright :
 And, haue continued in that perfect *plight* :
 Yet, as *Immortall Saints* are Men no more
 Then we : so we, though made more exquisite,
 Should be but Men (as we were made before)
 For, *Fooles* are Men aswell as ³ *Isidore*.

But O ! had he so pleas'd t'haue made *Man* staid,
Man had beene staidly-blest, till his remoue :
 For, hence, at last, he should haue beene conuall'd
 To stay for euer *Motion* farre aboue ;
 But how remou'd, *God* knowes ; I cannot proue,
 Assumpted, some ⁴ suppose ; but, howsoe're,
 It should haue bin as best should *Man* behoue :
 The Way could not haue bin through *Death* or *Fear* :
 For, *Sinne* made Them, els they had bin no ⁵ where.

But, why he made *Man* to His constant *Forme*,
 Yet, made him changeable ; so, most vnlike :
 And why his Sonne endur'd his *Angers* Storme
 Sith so *Man* chang'd ; I am heerein to seeke ;
 But sure I am for *It* Hee Him did strike.
 Could He resoue before he gaue the Wound
 With his owne *Paines* (past *Paines*) to heale the Sicke,
 When with more ease he might haue kept them sound ?
 He did ; and what he doth hath perfect ⁶ ground.

Though he were *GOD* : yet suffe'r'd he in *Flesh* :
 Such *Agonies*, as made that *Flesh* to sweat
 Both *Blood* and *Water* : which came streaming fresh
 From all his *Parts*, to coole his *Angers* heat,

¹ Gen. 1. 12.

² Man might haue beene made more perfect accidentally but not essentially.

³ Or any other Philosopher.

⁴ Curiosity. ⁵ By Sin cam Death and Feare.

⁶ Infinit wisdom can do nothing without like reason.

As he was *God* : which is as hot as great !
 Nay, it was such, that, though true *GOD* he were,
 Yet, that the *Cup* might passe, he did intreat ;
 So much he did ensuing Torments feare,
 Which he came to sustaine ; yet, fear'd to beare !

His *Glory* was the Marke whereat did ayme
 The Shame and Torments which he did sustaine !
 Yet, why ? sith he all glory wel might claime
 As his owne *Right*, without so strange a Straine
 As to endure for *Glory* shamefull paine :
 But O ! the depth of al *Profundity*
 His *Iudgements* ! O who can attaine
 To know his Councels, ful of mystery !
 Not one, not *God*, as *Man* ; then much lesse I !

It was his suffrance, and it was his ¹ will,
 That man, made staillesse, so should fall, and rise :
 So he permitted, not desired ill ;
 Or, if he *Ill* desir'd, t'was *Good* precise :
 For ill he cannot will, thats onely wise :
Damnation's ill but in respect of vs :
 But, in regard of him, quite otherwise !
 Then, if he will'd it, it were righteous,
 Which makes (as well as *Grace*) him glorious !

Mans *Free-will* was the Cause of all the ill
 Beneath the *Sunne* ; which *God* did well fore-see :
 Yet, sith Mans dignity requir'd *Free-will*,
 No *Man* without it, could his *Essence* be ;
 Much lesse, with Gods *Forme* could his *Form* agree :
 For, by his *Free-wil*, and *Intelligence*
 He is the *Image* of the *Diety* :
 And hauing ouer ² *All* preheminnence,
 Twas fit he should command his *Will*, and *Sence*.

And though the Diuine *wisedome* did foresee
 He would abuse *Free-wil*, to his decay ;
 Yet, with that *Wisedome*, it doth well agree,
 To let him on his owne Supporters stay ;
 To stand vpriight, or downeright fall away :
 That so Gods *Grace*, and *Iustice* might appeare,
 Which due *Rewards* and *Punishments* bewray :
 Both which [as vselesse] quite extinguisht were,
 If *Man* from his foule *Fall*, had stil bin cleare.

He knew that, through temptation, *Man* would sinne,
 Yet, made him apt in foulest sinne to slide ;
 Sith he fore-saw the good that *Ill* within
 Made for his greater *Glory* ; sith he dide,
 That *Man* then dead, might still in life abide ;
 Deeming it better ill should still consist,
 That he through it might more be glorifi'de
 By doing highest *Good*, for *Euill* high'st,
 Then that there should no *Ill* at all exist.

Yet he gaue *Man* not onely freest *Will*,
 But, with it, *Reason* and *Intelligence* ;

¹ Gods will and suffrance are neare of kin.

² All creatures.

To choose the *Good*, and to reiect the *Ill*,
Sith, he had heard it would wound his Conscience,
And Diuine *Iustice* mightily incense :
So, had he *Meanes* the force of *Ill* to foile,
Had he but vs'd them with ful confidence ;
But willingly he fel before the Broile :
So, freely did [though charg'd to fight] recoile.

Yet, was he fram'd so, that if he had
On God relide, as he both might and should,
He had o'come in fight ; but, being mad
With Diuinish pride ; fell as the Deuill would :
Sith willingly of God, he loost his hold.
That man might see, God could not be distrest
For want of him, or what performe he could,
He made him free, to serue whom he likt best :
So, *Sinne* he seru'd, at his Freewils request.

But yet, the good which we by *Sinne* receaue,
Doth farre surmount the *Ill* that comes from thence :
If God, the World of *Ill* should quite beraue
There were no *Test* to try our *Sapience* ;
So, might want *Reason*, and *Intelligence* :
But, we haue both to know the *Good* from *Bad* ;
So, know we *God*, and our Soules safe defence ;
Then sith, by *Ill*, we are so well bestad,
We cannot greeue for ² ill, but must be glad !

For, were there no *Temptation*, then, no *Fight* :
And if no *fight* ; no *Victory* could bee :
No *Victory* ; no *Palmes*, nor ³ *Vertues* white :
No *Crosse* ; no *Crowne* of *immortality* ;
And thus from *Ill* comes good abundantly :
For, by the Conquest of it, we are Crown'd
With glorie, in secure felicity :
So, from great *Ills*, more *Goods* to vs redoun'd,
As oft most Sicknesse maketh vs most sound !

⁴ *Ill* (like a *Mole* vpon the *WORLDS* faire *Cheeke*)
Doth stil set forth that *Fairenes* much the more :
She were to seeke much *Good* were *Ill* to seeke :
For, *Good* by *Ill* increaseth strength, and store ;
At least in our Conceit, and *Vertues* Lore.
" There's nought so euill that is good for nought :
[God giuing vs a Salue for ev'ry Sore]
The *Good* are humbled by their ⁵ euill's Thought :
So, to the *Good*, al's good that *Ill* hath wrought !

Then, better say some ⁶ things *cannot be done*
Then that he cannot do them : For, he can
Do al that can be done ; whose *Pow'r* is One
With his owne *Essence* infinite ; and than
He can do more then can be thought by Man.
If he could, *sin* could *feare*, could *Weare*, could *Dy* ;
These *Coulds* are sicke ; no *Paraclesian*

¹ Gen. 2. 17.

² To greeue for sinne, is a small sorrow.

³ Reuel. 3. 5.

⁴ Simil.

⁵ Yet we must not do euill in any case that good may come of it, but when vnwillingly it is committed, drawe good out of it.

⁶ Its better to say that impossibilities cannot be done, then that God cannot do them.

Can cure them of their great infirmity :
For, to be able, so's debility ;
And not so able, highest *Potency* !

So can his *Pow'r*, his *Wil* not straine, nor bow,
How ere it seemes to do it to our *Sence* :
Nor, can it do it, truely, but in show ;
If truely we could see the *Cause* from whence
That *shew* proceeds by our *Intelligence* :
For, he is reall ; and, doth hate to *seeme* :
Sith it doth strongly argue *Impotence* ;
But when he seemes to mis-do, we misdeeme,
That still, his workes of *Iustice*, disesteeme.

Nor, chang'd he state, when He, in fry Tongues,
Descended on his *Darlings* : for, that Show
To vs, as Men, not him, as *God*, belongs ;
Who cannot see him otherwise then so :
But, He, in forme confin'd, cannot go :
For if he were confin'd, he were no where ;
Sith, by the same, he should his state forgo :
But, he to vs, doth often so appeare
(His state vnchang'd) as our weake state may beare.

Nor chang'd he *mind* when as his *Will* reueal'd
He alred ; as he did for ¹ *Niniue* ;
Because he chang'd not then his *Will* conceal'd ;
Which was to saue it, through his Clemency :
Who knew they would repent, er'e they should die.
And, touching ² him, for whom the *Sunne* went back
To crosse his will, erst show'n apparantly,
His secret *Will*, did That reueal'd, wrack,
That one might firmly liue, by th'others lack.

Heere am I Clouded with a *Mistery*,
That makes my *Muses* Eyes quite lose their sight :
O Heau'nly *Wisdome*, Sonne of *Verity*,
Disolue this *Cloud*, and lend those Eyes thy light,
To find this *Truth*, which is obscur'd quite :
For, onely-*Goodnesse* can no ³ *Euill* will ;
Yet, *Ill* it wills : but turnes that wronge, to right :
But, how he should a Wronge a right fulfill
Here lies the *Maze*, my *Muse* amazing still !

Yet, by the *Clew* of his directing *Word*
W'are led to say, he suffers *Ill* to *Bee*
With right good will ; to make *Ill* more abhord
When it is Parraleld with *Pisty* ;
Yet, wils, what he permits, vnwillingly :
For, *Ill* he wils not, that *good* thence should spring,
Which to his *Will*, and *Word* were contrary :
And yet, against his *Will* can *Be* no ⁴ thing :
So, wils a crosse, in crosse considering.

¹ God doth often change his open sentence, but neuer his secret decree : for the sentence is euer conditionall.

² Ezechias. Yet both wils are one in effect : for, the indigment against Nyniue was conditionall (as are all Gods threats) if it did not repent.

³ God simply God, cannot will euill simply.

⁴ Rom. 9. 19, In a diuerse consideration, God wils diuersly.

Yet Contradictions, in one kind of *Sense*,
He cannot [though he most *almighty* be]
Cause to exist : for, that were violence,
To *Nature*, *Truth*, and his owne *Equity*;
Which in great *Pow'r*, were great *Infirmity* :

¹But, sith the *Rule of Goodnesse*, is his *Will*,
Ill, is not *Ill*, that he wils willingly ;
Because his *Will* to good conuerteth *Ill* :
So, *ill* is good if he performe it stil.

He did commaund ²him, who did hope, past hope,
To kill his onely *Sonne* ; which was not *ill* :
Because that *euill* hath no *euill* Scope
That is confin'd by his exact good *Will* :
The Judge that doomes death iustly, doth not kill :
³*Shimey* Curst *David* by the like commaund ;
And yet the same he iustly did fulfill :
For, in the *Bidders* will no *Ill* can stand,
Sith by it *Right* is rul'd, with vpright Hand.

⁴In *Synne* two Things we chiefly must respect,
The *Act* it selfe ; and Its deformity :
The *Act* (though it be euill in effect)
Yet, hath a *Being* ; so, is good thereby ;
For *GOODNES*, *Beings* made most righteously :
But, as it is deform'd, tis a *Defect* :
So, not of *GOD* (free from *Deficiency*)
Who is an *ACT* ; and works, without neglect,
All *Beings* Being, be they low, or hye,
So, though we lie in Him, He doth not lye.

⁵For, as one managing a *Courser* lame
Doth put him too't, to vse those *Limbs* of his,
That he doth stirre, his *Rider* works the same ;
But, that he lamely stirs, his fault it is ;
That through his lamenesse stirreth still amisse :
So : That we *doo* ; of *God* the cause is still ;
But, that we *doo Ill* ; we, too blame for This :
Then, not for *doeing*, but, for *doeing Ill*,
We are condemn'd, as *Steedes* that stumble will.

We are condemn'd, and ⁶justly so we are ;
Sith *Synn's* the high contempt of his good *Will* :
Synne is the *Cause* effecting all our care ;
And with *Confusion* all the World doth fill,
Which is the *Ill*, producing eu'ry *Ill* :
All breake-backe *Crosses*, which we vndergo,
Are cast vpon vs, by this *Euill* still :
In *Summe*, it makes this World a *Sea of Wo*,
Wherein we, sincking, swim ; tost to, and fro.

When I behold a *Towne* [erst fairely built]
Which *Time* (dissmantling) doth in Heapes confuse,
Thus say I to my selfe ; *Here, Men haue dwelt* ;
And, where Men dwell, there Syn to raigne doth vse ;

And where Syn raignes ¹*Confusion* still ensues !
Thus, from *beginning* to the *End*, I fall
Of this rude *CHAOS*, (whereon moues my *Muse*)
And all the way I see *Sinne* ruin'd all ;
So *Synn's* the *Soule* of *Ills* in generall.

The *Plague* (which late our Mother-CITY ²scour'd
And erst the *KINGDOME* made halfe ³desolate !)
The *HEAV'NS* (through *Aire* contagious) on it pour'd
For odious *Syns*, which them exasperate,
⁴For which they oft dissolue the *Crownes* of *STATE*.
Likewise the *DELUGE* (that did rince this *ROYND*)
Came, (sith foule *Synne* did it contaminate)
To make it cleane, and so to keepe it sound,
Else filthy *Synne* that *BALL* would cleane confound.

Then, o how blest are they that dye to *Sinne*,
And liue to neuer dying *Rightousnesse* !
They, in this *Sea* of *Misery*, begin
To enter in the *Hau'n* of *happinesse* ;
Though ouerwhelm'd the while withall distresse :
For, in a *Calme* we fall to frolike it ;
Or sleepe secure in *Pleasures* idlenease :
Which doth preuent the *Wil*, corrupt the *Wit*
Vntill our *Stearne* be torne, and *Keele* be split.

With ⁵*Thornes* he Hedgeth in his *Missions* Way,
That if they tread awry, they prick their feet :
So, thus Hedg'd in, they cannot go astray ;
Or, if they do, their feet with *Thornes* do meet,
That make them strait go right, through sharp regret.
But, with the *Reprobate* it is not so :
Their wales are wide, & faire, and smoth, and ⁶sweet :
So that, in all lose liberty, they go
Through *Worlds* of *Pleasure*, to a *World* of *Wo*.

Thus, is this *Pow'r* diuine, to *Grace* connext
For those that are to *Glory* preordain'd ;
Yet, by that *Pow'r*, and ⁷*Grace* they stil are vext,
For, want of *Pow'r*, and *Grace* to haue refrain'd
Some *Synne* which they perhaps haue intertain'd.
But touching the remorcles *Reprobate*
This *Pow'r* to *Iustice* euermore is chain'd :
Yea often *Gifts* of *Grace*, through secret hate,
⁸Do fat them vp for death in frolicke state.

Now, on this *Pow'r* of his *Almightines*
Hangs that greate ⁹*Question* in Religion
For which so many [with rare hardines]
Their *Liuelihoods*, and *Lines* haue erst forgon :
" But though *Mens Faiths* be diuers : *Truth's* but *One*.
To vrge his *Pow'r*, our *Faith* to strengthen still,

¹ All confusion springs from sinne.

² London.

³ Therefore I will make thee sicke in smiting thee, & make thee desolate because of thy Syns. Micha 6. 13.

⁴ Make Anarchies of Monarchies.

⁵ Hosea 2. 6. ⁶ Eccles. 12.

⁷ It is Godes grace to punish his children in the World, least they should be condemned with the World.

⁸ Rom. 9. 18, 1 Cor. 12. 11.

⁹ Reall presence.

¹ Gods will is the rule of Iustice.

² Abraham. ³ 2 Sam. 16. 5.

⁴ Two things to be noted in Synne. ⁵ Simil.

⁶ We are condemned for violation of Gods revealed will.

In that wherein his will is simply show'n
We lustily may : else, do we passing ill,
To presse his *Pow'r* against his holy *Will*.

¹ Hence may we take incoragement to giue
(With open hand) to those that are in neede :
For supernaturally he can releuee
Those that fast oft, the hungry Soule to feed,
Sith they are rarely constant in their Creed !
But now (alas) this free *Beneuolence*
Is shunned as a superstitious deede :
To offer [as some weene] the *Poore* our Pence
We make an Idoll of their *Indigence*.

Yet, nought's more sure then that that *Members* dead
That hath no feeling of his *Fellowes* paine :
So, if this fellow-feeling once be fled
From those that *Faith* professe, their Faith is vaine :
And they in Death insensibly remain ;
A faithfull Heart, doth make an open Hand ;
And, in all harts, an open Hand doth raigne :
For, they by *Reasons* rule should most command
That (like God) most releuee, on Sea and Land.

Riches (like *Thornes*) laid on the open Hand
² Do it no hurt ; but, gript hard, wound it deepe :
So, while a *Man* his *Riches* can command
He may command the *World*, and safely sleepe :
For, all men bound to him, to him will stand ;
And from all *Wants*, and *Woes* him safely keepe :
But, they whose hands are clos'd by *Avarice*,
Ly open to all *Hate*, and ³ *Preiudice*.

From this almighty *Pow'r*, in deep'st distresse,
We fetch our *Anchor* (*Hope*) our selues to stay ;
Where safe we lie [though plung'd in wretchednes]
For, well we wot, we neuer can decay
While, neuer-falling *Pow'r* our *Sternes* doth sway :
And, sith it's mighty, most in Clemency
[If wilfully we do not fall away]
We are secur'd in greatest iobardy,
Sith on that *Pow'r* alone we then rely.

All that GOD promiseth he hath a Will
(A willing will) to make ⁴ good euery way :
And, what his Wil is willing to fulfill,
His *Pow'r* performs ; and so his Will doth sway
Almighty *Pow'r* ; which freely, doth obey :
Then, none can feare his *Promises* can faile
That his *Omnipotency* well doth waigh ;
Sith as he wils that *Pow'r* doth still preuaile ;
Then, Crosse we both, when we in Crosses quail.

It that, of *Nothing* [onely with a Word]
Made this huge twy-form'd ⁵ *Fabrick* which we see,
Can all assure, that is by It assur'd :
For, what *It* wils, it can ; what ere it be !

¹ From Gods power wee may take encouragement to be
liberall to the poore.

² Simil.

⁴ God is infinite in truth.

³ Prov. 11. 24.

⁵ Heaven & Earth.

Who doubts hereof denies the *Diety*.
Then, as we would not *Athiests* be in fact,
We must [like God] to all his Likes, be free :
For though our *Sanctity* doth seeme exact,
If nought we giue, nought is our ¹ holiest Act.

For, to beleuee alone, God died for Man,
And not to line as we, in *God*, should dy,
Our *Faith* is thus, but an *Historian* ;
Liuing to *Truth*, and dead in *Verity* ;
For, *Faith* liues not, if dead in *Charity* :
Who speake like *God*, and yet like *Demils* do,
Speake *Truth* to their Damnation ; for, his Eye
That sees their Words and Deeds are euer two
Doth doom them by their words, and damne them too.

Whose *Pow'r* doth muzzle ² *Lions*, *Deepe* ³ deuilde,
Make forceles ⁴ *fire*, from scath to saue his ⁵ *Frends* ;
And, none that euer on the same relide
Had worse then heav'nly, if vntimely ends :
For it, in death, from Death his Saints defends !
It, from the dust of the obscurest Graine,
Doth raise to *Glory* What on *It* depends :
And from the deepnesse of the swelling Wane,
Doth lift to Heau'n all those *It* wils to saue.

In *Summe*, sith nothing is impossible
That good is, to his all-performing *Pow'r*
We should (with *Hope* and *Frailties* ⁶ *Spectacle*
Which that Sea-damming *Monster* did deuou'r)
Depend thereon ; and so, in Death be sure.
But now the greatest Taper in the Sky
Doth, like a *Candle* in the Socket dure ;
Which seemes as it were at the point to die,
Then die a while (dul'd *Muse*) for Company.

NOW [in the resurrection of his *Light*
⁷ That late lay buried in the *Ocean Lake*]
Arise dead *Muse*, resume thy wonted *Spright*,
And once againe, with *Him*, thy Iourny take
Through Heau'n, to find him out, that *All* did make :
Yet knowes he more then he did ere ⁸ create :
For all created *Was* when as he spake
With Time ; whose *Tearme* had no eternall state :
But, he knowes more then *Time* can circulate.

He knowes those Things that are not, nor shalbe ;
And cal's That which *Is* not, as though it *Were* :
For, in him Selfe, he more then All doth see ;
And, thogh they be not, there, he knows them there :
That is, he knowes them though they ne're appeare ;
For, sith his Knowledge and himselfe are *One*,
He knowes well what he can, though will do nere ;
So, That may in his knowledg Bee alone,
That neuer shal *Bee* by Creation !

¹ Our praiers are turned into sin, if wee haue not charity.

² Dan. 6. 16.

⁴ Dan. 3. 25.

⁶ Ionas.

⁸ God knows more then he euer did or will make.

³ Exod. 14. 25.

⁵ Iohn 15. 15.

⁷ Sol.

This knowes he simply by his *Intellect*,
 As That which nere shalbe but in his *might* :
 But, That which he doth purpose to effect
 Is euermore existing in his sight :
¹ For, all is present to his Wisdoms *Sp'rite* /
 And though of that That which *Is* not, nor *shal Be*
 Can be no *Notion* ; so, no knowledge right,
 Yet, *Creatures* onely know in that degree ;
 But God knowes (*Notionlesse*) Essentially.

² Those Things haue euer an vnbeing *Being*
 Which in his *Vnderstanding* onely *Bee* :
 And neuer object made to his *All-seeing*,
 But Them he intellectually doth see,
 As though they *were*, yet *are* but virtually :
 As *Pictures* are in *Painters* Fantasies ;
 Although they neuer make them actually :
 So, without *Notion* (sith all in Him lies)
 These are in Him, as Things he could deuse.

³ So then we must obserue a difference
 Betweene the knowledge of what once *shall Be*,
 And that which shall not : for, as t'wer, by sence
 God sees the first, the last he doth not see
 But as they are in Possibility.
 Yet some may vrge, what *truth* can be of Those
 That ner'e shall be? Yes, They, with *truth* agree
 That truly are in Gods pow'r to disclose :
 So, in that *Pow'r*, with *truth*, they still repose.

⁴ For, sith his knowledge is indefinite
 To Things indefinite it must extend :
 And sith his *Pow'r* can make Things infinite
 He needs must know them, sith he knowes the end
 Of All that on his endlesse *Pow'r* depend :
 But all that is or euer shall be made
 Is finite ; then, his knowledge must transcend
 Their highest *Reach* ; as Reason doth perswade :
 For, it is infinite, and cannot fade.

ONE is an Vnity, which can extend
 To Numbers infinite [if multiplide]
 For, eu'ry Number doth thereon depend :
 Then, if that Vnity did know how wide
 It could extend, it knew the rest beside.
 Man, in Conceit, can multiply this One
 To Numbers infinite : for, such abide
 Still subject to increase, by Vnion :
 Then, God must know past limitation.

He knowes distinctly, and in generall :
 For, knowledge indistinct imperfect is :
 He counts the *Starres*, & by their *names* them call ;
 Numbers our *Haires*, & knows when one we misse :

¹ Whatsoeuer god means to doe he seeth as done from all eternitie.

² Things which onely Bee in Gods vnderstanding or pow'r haue an vnbeing being. ³ Nota.

⁴ The things which God knowes must be infinite like his knowledge.

⁵ Psal. 147. 4.

⁶ Matth. 10. 30, Luke 12. 7.

Then, must his knowledge be distinct by This.
 He in their *Causes* sees Contingent Things
 Yet *nought's* contingent to that *sight* of his :
 For, he that all in *All* to *Being* brings
 Must hatch them ere they *Be*, beneath his Wings.

In him that did ¹ betray the Lord of light
 It was Contingent ; sith in him it was
 To do, or not to do that damn'd dispight :
² But, God did in himselfe [as in a *Glasse*]
 Past Time, see *It*, in Time, should come to passe.
 Then, in the second and Contingent *Cause*,
 Contingently he knowes : but, if it has
 Relation to his preordaining Lawes,
 Necessity it on the Action draws !

Then must he needes knowe *Ill* aswell as *good* :
 But, *Ill* is nothing, but a meere *Defect* ;
³ Which hath no *Notion*, by a Likelihood,
 So nought can know the same in true *Effect* ;
 And nought to know, Gods knowledge doth relect.
 Then *Ill* is know'n by *good* (as death by life)
 Though by no *Notion* it can Sence direct :
 For though *Ill* nothing be, tis still at strife
 With *Goodnesse* : so this knowledge still is rise.

God knowes not *Evill* by receiuing in
 A *Notion* to his *Mind* ; which knowes not so :
 For if he so should do, so should he sinne ;
 But sith he knowes himselfe, he *Ill* doth know
 By his owne goodnesse : so, knowes *Ill*, his foe.
 But if, by *Notions*, he did ought perceiue,
 Them that percei'd, those *Notions* needs must show ;
 So, should he more then erst before conceiue
 And so might be deceiued, and deceiue.

But his high knowledge is the *Cause* of all :
 Then, must it be before All Actually :
 His *Providence* could not be generall
 If ought there were he knew not ⁴ specially :
 But, he knowes All from all Eternity :
 Then, must he needes know *Ill*, that all doth marre,
 By his owne *goodnesse*, most essentially :
 But, if that *Ills* do stretch themselves so farre
 To yeeld such knowledge, more then *nought* they are.

This knowledge knows together what it knowes ;
 So doth it not augment, much lesse decrease :
 Himselfe (the *Medium* of his knowledge) shoves
 The state of Things, at once (not peece, by peece ;
 As men do know, their knowledge to increase :)
 Then is his Knowledge firme, as infinite,
 And can no more be chang'd, then it can cease :
 So, to his vndeceiueable fore-sight
 All *Haps* on *All* ⁶ inevitably light.

¹ Iudas.

² God is a Mirror wherin al things are seene.

³ Ill hath no notion to know it by.

⁴ Whatsoeuer is ordinarily by the vnderstanding perceined is perceined by notions.

⁵ Gods prouidence wer imperfect if he knew not particular things.

⁶ Nothing is contingent with God.

If so ; it seemes this Knowledge doth impose
 On all *Mens* Acts a meere necessity :
 Not so ; for his fore-sight doth not dispose
 The wils of Men, nor lets their liberty ;
 But what they do, they do most willingly :
 Though second *Causes*, by their *natures* course,
 Make vs to do some things vnwillingly ;
 Yet, *Gods* Fore-sight doth not those *Causes* force :
 No more then ours makes great Loads lame an Horse.

So, *Gods fore-knowledge* may two waies be wai'd :
 First, as he did foresee what ere should Be ;
 Last, as his *fore-sight* in his *Will* is staid :
 And so his *fore-sight* is his *Wils* decree ;
 Which must be acted of necessity :
 So, al Things, of necessity, are such ;
 Though they be such perhaps condicionally :
 For *God* doth moue them but by *natures* touch
 So, moues them as they will, lest She should gruch.

¹ Two *Causes* in the World his *Pow'r* hath set
 To Cause (as second *Causes*) all Effects :
 The first are certaine, and Effects beget
 As certaine : As the *fire* with *heate* affects,
 The *Sunne* giues light : and so of other Sects :
 The later *Causes* are indefinite,
 And their *Products* vncertainly respects :
 Those are Contingent, and extend their might
 Vnto *Mens Wills*, and Actions, wrong, or right.

Now, though *Gods fore-sight*, ioyned with his *Wil*,
 Be such, as by no *Pow'r* can changed be ;
 Yet we thereby are not enforc'd to *Ill*,
 But meere do it of our owne decree,
 As mou'd by nature, to Iniquity :
 Yet can we not do other then we do,
 If it we waigh as *God* did it foresee :
 And so, foreseeing, iustly willd it too :
 For, what he doth, he iustly may ² vndo !

Say we fore-knew the nature of a Frend
 Would credit vs in all that we should say ;
 Should our *fore-knowledge* so his nature bend
 As it were bound ; and so must needs obay,
 It hauing liberty it selfe to sway ?
 Not so : no more doth *Gods* ³ *Foreknowledge* force
Mens Wills against their *Nature* any way :
 But still their *Wils* by Nature haue their Course,
 Yet nought their *Wils* from *Gods* will can deuorce.

⁴ For, as we freely in a *Ship* do walke,
 And yet our walking hinders not her Way ;
 But, holds her Course [wel stir'd] and Lets doth balke
 Till she arriues where shee's designed to stay,
 By him whose *Goodes* she safely doth convey :
 So, in the surest *Ship* of *Gods* DECREE

¹ God hath but two second causes in the world, to produce all effects.

² We are vndone by ill doing.

³ Gods foreknowledge forceth not our wils.

⁴ Simil.

Wherein we saile, [and cannot fall away]
 Though our *Will* crosse the Course, yet cannot we
 That Course auert, but needs must with it flee.

¹ And, as one hauing fastned a Boat
 Vnto a *Rocke*, hales at the rope to draw
 The *Rocke* to him ; yet, so himselfe doth float
 Vnto the *Rocke* (vnmon'd) by *Natures* law :
 So, we being fast to That which *God* foresaw
 Do strue to pull his ² *Purpose* to our Will ;
 Yet are we driv'n therby (as by a Flaw)
 Vnto his *Purpose*, which is stedfast still :
 So though we seeke our *Wils*, we His fulfill !

But though *Man* workes, as of necessity,
 According vnto *Gods* most staide decree,
 Yet workes he at his *Natures* liberty ;
 And so he workes as being bond and free ;
 Both which *Gods* wisdom could not but fore-see :
 So then he might *Mans* nature haue restrain'd
 From working ill, but then it bound should be :
 For though *Mans* Workes to *Gods* *Decree* are chain'd
 Yet workes he by his nature vnconstrained.

³ Then, though he knows from al eternity
 What we would do ; that caus'd not our Deede :
 But what he wil'd impos'd necessity
 Vpon our workes [who works as he decreed]
 Which Works, his practice knowledge do succeed
 His *Will* and *Knowledge* then is cause of All
 At once : For, all at once from them proceed :
 Sith in Him nought we first, and last must call
 But, He is all One *Cause* in generall.

Then in this fearefull Sea which we be in
 We must beware two *Rocks* : That is to wit,
 We must make *God* no Cause of any sin :
 Which we do if we say he ⁴ willet it :
 For, as its *Ill*, he doth it but permit.
 The other is, when that without his *Will*
 And his *Fore-knowledge* we do *Ill* admit :
 For, so we do his perfect knowledge spill ;
 As in the other make his *Goodnesse* ill.

Our *Soule* doth moue our *Body*, being lame,
 And yet our *Soule* is whole in euery Limbe :
⁵ Then *God* is not for our misdeeds to blame,
 Though he Workes all in All as pleaseth Him :
 Who makes the sinfull in their sinnes to swim
 Vntill they sinke to Hell : so, punnisheth
 Much Sinne, by Sinne : for, he their *Eyes* doth dim,
 That they should not perceiue the Snares of Death,
 Vntill they fall those mortall Snares beneath.

He moues aright the most peruersest Will ;
 But, by that crooked Will it waxeth Wrong :

¹ Simil.

² Ioh. 1. 8.

³ Gods prescience causeth not our Actions.

⁴ Simply.

⁵ God moues vs well, But being Lame in our affections, we moue ill.

¹ As good meat put into a *Stomache* ill
Turnes to bad *Humors*, with disease among :
So, *Good*, to *God*; and *Ills* to *Men* belong.
He worketh all in All : or good, or bad :
Either, as either are, or weake, or strong :
And so we are or ill or well bestad,
As our demerits him do greeue, or glad.

Then, wicked Actions, as they Actions are,
[And not as they are wicked] God doth will :
For, they are *Beings*; but we must beware
(Sith ere our fall we well could them fulfill)
We make him not the Author of their ² *Ill* :
For, he may willingly stil suffer sin,
Though to his Will it be repugnant still ;
Which suffering, by indulgence, seekes to win
The lost Sheepe, though astray the more it ryn.

³ Then, willing sufferance, needs must be his Will :
So then in God two ouert Wils we proue :
The *Greater*, and the *Lesse*; yet neither il ;
Although the lesse to suffer *Ill* doth loue,
Which yet the *Greater* euer doth reprove :
He, by the *Greater*, would we should do wel ;
And, if by *Ill*, the *Lesse* we more approue,
Against the *Greater* then we do rebell,
By doing his wil that doth not so excell.

⁴ He suffers vs to sin, when by his grace,
He might restraine vs from transgression :
So, willingly doth Wil it, in this Case,
As tis an Act, to show his *Goodnes* on ;
Either by *Iustice*, or Remission :
The lesser *Good* is th' object of his Will
Aswell as that *Good* past Comparison :
But *this* doth saue ; and *that* doth often spill,
Yet *glory* gaines when he doth each fulfill.

So, though his Will be one, yea, simply One,
Yet, is he said to will both *Good*, and *Ill* :
Most properly he willesh *good* alone ;
But, *Ill* he wils as t'were against his Will
Improperly ; against his nature stil.
He willesh al that to himselfe pertaines
Vrg'd by his nature, not by Force, or Skil :
But, his free-wil his Creatures state maintaines ;
Whose *Good*, or *Il* in his free choise remains.

⁵ No Man doth good or ill against his wil ;
Though some do il (in sort) vnwillingly :
Yet, in so doing, do their *Lusts* fulfil ;
Therefore the Wil excludes Necessity,
Sith it, by nature, hath free liberty.
Then none are damned but for wilful sin ;

¹ Simil.

² 1 Ioh. 4. 13.

³ Willing sufferance is gods will.

⁴ God doeth wil sin as it is an act whereon to shoue his
diuine goodnesse either by Iustice or mercy.

⁵ Touching at the intentions.

Nor, sau'd but for willing Piety :
So, the Wil's free, as it hath euer bin,
From al Constraint, saue Sin the same within.

Then, *Reprobates* vniustly do complaine
Of being preordain'd for *Castawaies* :
For, though to perish, *God* did them ordaine ;
Yet die they not, but for their wicked Waies ;
And so the vniust iustly stil decaies :
They freely sinne, by nature, which is free ;
Then God, Sinnes wages, euer iustly paies :
So, *Sinne* steps in betwixt his iust *Decrees*
And th' *execution*, that he iust might be !

¹ There's no *Discourse* nor *Motion* in his will
That he should now wil This, then That againe ;
His *Will* is euen with his *Knowledge* stil ;
Though it in *Order* do behind remaine ;
For, nought but *God*, *Gods* Substance can containe :
Then, from eternity, He wils their wrack
On whom, by *Iustice*, He doth glory gaine :
Yet dye they for their sinnes (sith *grace* they lack)
So, *God* doth iudge, and neuer *Iustice* Rack !

His *Judgments* then, are all iust, strange, and deepe :
For (in a most vnutterable kind)
They that transgresse his *Will*, his *Will* do ² keepe :
For nought is simply done against his *Mind* ;
And al fals out, as he hath fore-disigne !
He suffers *Ill*, and that most willingly ;
But would not suffer it, did he not find
His *Might* can make *Ill*, *Good* almighty :
So, *Ill* he wils, to make it good thereby !

Hz, and his *Glory* is the *End* of all ;
And all that *are*, are *meanes* vnto that *End* ;
For, as they are by Him, in generall :
So, are they for him ; and on him depend !
For him : That is, his *glorie* to defend.
But yet, this *End* doth not so moue his *Will*,
As by the *End* ours moue, and to it tend :
To seeke a ³ *Cause* of his *good-Will*, is ill,
More then his onely most good *Pleasure* still !

Then, no *Cause* is there why he saueth some,
But onely that good pleasure, which is free
To saue, or spill his Works, by vpriht doome :
Sith through all freedome, all *Deaths* Vassals be ;
Then, some to saue, is freest Clemency :
And, as of *All*, he freely some ellects :
So, by his euiternall sure DECREE
Ordaines them to the *END*, and the *Effects* ;
And, so his own free *Gifts* in them *Affects*.

Then, in his *Will*, remains our Weale, or *Wo* ;

⁴ Yet, still we pray his will may still be done :
Who by that Act doth will our ouerthrow,
By which he wils his owne dominion ;

¹ No discourse or motion in the wil of God.

² The transgressors of Gods reuealed will, keep his secret wil.

³ No cause of gods wil, but his meere good pleasure.

⁴ God, by one act of willing, wils his glory, & our confusion.

To which all *Pow'rs* are in subiection !
 Then must we needs submit vs to his will,
 Although it be to our Confusion :
 (Sith that is good for him, though for vs ill)
 And seeke, for life, his know'n-will to fulfill.
 But let no temprall Torment, or anoy
 Perswade vs, he is not our willing friend :
¹ For, as the *Persians* punishments employ
 Vpon their *Nobles Weeds*, when they offend,
 That by that *grace*, they may their manners mend :
 So, *God* doth deale with those he loueth best,
 Whose *Rods* he on their Corpes, & State doth spend,
 To sane their Soules ; and, those he loueth least,
 He plagues, in Soule, and lets their Bodies rest.
² For, as an ouer-gorged *Stomack* makes
 An aking Head, by Vapors that arise,
 So, too much Weale the staidest *Iudgement* shakes ;
 And quite smoks out the *Vnderstandings* Eyes :
 For, *Over-much* makes *fondlings* of the Wise.
 Then let all outward griefes be heapt on me,
 So inward Comforts giue my wants supplies :
 For so, by *Justice*, *God* still makes me free
 From his iust vengeance, in great Clemency !

¹ Simil.² Simil.

The higher we from Earth vp-lifted be
 The lesser will all Earthly Things appeare ;
 And so the neerer we to Heau'n do flee,
 The lesse we value Things that Earthly are ;
 But, Clogg'd with *Earth*, that Clogg is all our care.
 Then (with that Hen'n-rapt ¹ *Saint*) rapt *Muse*, ascend
 That third aethereall Heau'n-reuealing *Sphere* !
 Yet, lo, quite spent, before our Iournies end,
 We must t' a lower full Point ² now descend.

And, though we must confesse all *Helps* we tooke
 That *God*, and Men afforded vs herein,
 Out of Mens Writings, and *Gods* blessed *Booke*
 Yet to our *Muse*, it hath so waightly bin
 That now she (fainting) sincks, for feare to sinne :
 Then, here an *End*, before an endlesse *End*,
 Sith we may lose, if more we seeke to win :
 And what is done, we meekely do commend
 To mortall ³ *Saints* ; to vse, refuse, or mend.

FINIS.

¹ S. Paule.² Will exceeds power herein.³ The church militant.

*He that loueth purenesse of hart for the
 grace of his lippes, the King shall be his
 Friend. Prou. 13, 11.*



Ood *Preachers*, that liue ill [like Spittlemen]
 Are perfect in the way they neuer went :
 Or like the *Flame* that led *Gods* Children,
 It selfe not knowing what the matter ment :
 They be, like *Trumpets* making others fight,
 Themselves not striking stroke ; sith liuelesse Things :
 Like *Land-marks*, worne to nought, beeing in the *Right* :
 Like well-directing ill-affected *Kings* :
 Like *Bels* that others call where they come not :
 Like *Soape*, remaining *blacke*, and making *white* :
 Like *Bowes*, that to the Marke the Shafts haue shot,
 While they themselves stand bent, vnapt for flight :
 For, where their *Wordes* and *Works* are not agreed,
 There what they mend in *Word*, they marre in *Deed*.

*Blessed be the mercifull : for they shall
 obtaine Mercy. Math. 5. 7.*



Hat wit hath *Man* to leaue that *Wealth* be-
 hind
 Which he might carry hence when hence he
 goes ?
 What *Almes* he giues aliuie, he, dead, doth find ;
 But what he leaues behind him, he doth lose.
 To giue away then, is to beare away ;
 They most do hold, who haue the openest Hands :
 To hold too hard makes much the lesse to stay :
 Though stay there may more then the Hand commands.
The Beggars Belly is the batful st Ground
That we can sow in : For, it multiplies
 Our *Faith*, and *Hope*, and makes our *Love* abound ;
 And, what else *Grace*, and *Nature* deerey prize :
 So thus, may Kings be richer in their Graue
 Then in their *Thrones* ; thogh all the world they haue !

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 4, Verse EPISTLE-DEDICATORY TO THOMAS LORD ELSMERE . . . and ALICE, Countesse of Derby. See Memorial-Introduction for notices of these patron-friends of Davies. Line 12, '*Squire*' = Square; but so spelled in the poem itself also: = a measure.

P. 5, col. 1, l. 10, '*is*'—misprinted a la Cockney 'his': col. 2, l. 8, '*Properties*'—misprinted 'Porperities'; one of a considerable number of errors that need not be recorded: l. 2 (from bottom), '*Nature's*'—apostrophe mark supplied: perhaps it had been well to have done so more frequently, but I have limited myself to cases of probable misunderstanding without it.

P. 6, col. 1, l. 11, '*vine*' = living: l. 16, '*no*'—query 'an?': l. 41, '*Diety*'—the spelling throughout—according to pronunciation: col. 2, l. 14, '*graund*'—query 'make grand' or exalt? See Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 16, '*bate*' = debate, controversy.

P. 7, col. 1, l. 23, '*ding'd*' = cast down—*Scotic* still: l. 26, '*climbs*'—misprinted 'climbe': l. 39, '*gruch*' = grudge, grieve: l. 40, '*preuent*' = anticipate: l. 46, '*onerseene*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

P. 8, col. 2, l. 1, '*alaid*' = alloyed: l. 3 (from bottom), '*ming'd*' = mingled.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 4, '*Affects*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 19, '*couch*' = afford resting-place for, as on a 'couch.'

P. 10, col. 1, l. 19, '*propulsivity*' = propulsion: l. 28, '*ladd*' = led—as elsewhere by stress of rhyme: last line, '*determines*' = ends: col. 2, l. 1, '*ne'rethelasse*'—as in l. 28, note before.

P. 11, col. 1, l. 7, '*let*' = hindrance: l. 15, '*graunds*'—see on p. 6, col. 2, l. 14: col. 2, l. 18, '*onely frowne*' = simple frown: l. 8 (from bottom), '*ring-hedge*'—now called 'ring-fence.'

P. 12, col. 2, l. 24, '*admire*' = wonder at.

P. 13, col. 1, l. 6, '*Siluer-quick*'—see last line: col. 2, l. 7 (from bottom), '*reaving*' = bereaving, robbing.

P. 14, col. 1, l. 30, '*raught*' = reached: col. 2, l. 16, '*amort*' = dead: see Glossarial Index, s.v.

P. 15, col. 2, l. 15, '*Paphlagonian Partridges*'—probably a mere mouth-filling name, albeit Paphlagonia was celebrated for its game.

P. 16, col. 1, l. 27, '*oft*' = oft.

P. 17, col. 1, l. 5, '*Omnivalence*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 11, '*woone*' = won, reside.

P. 18, col. 2, l. 35, '*spill*' = spoil.

P. 20, col. 1, l. 7 (from bottom), '*say some thinges*'—supplied in contemporary MS. corrective of—'Then better say that they cannot be done:' last line, '*Paraclesian*'—query—either from Paracelsus or the Paraclete?

P. 21, col. 2, l. 11, '*rinse*' = rinse, scour: l. 24, '*Minions*'—a noticeable use of this long deteriorated word in a good sense: l. 31, '*lose*' = loose.

P. 22, col. 1, l. 3 (from bottom), '*twy-form'd*' = twain or two.

P. 23, col. 2, l. 13 (from bottom), '*marre*'—misspelled 'mare': and last line, '*inevitably*' misspelled 'inevitably.'

P. 24, col. 2, l. 4 (from bottom) '*stir'd*' = steered: *ibid.*, '*Lets*' = hindrances: col. 2, l. 26, '*practicke*'—query—practicke = practical?

P. 25, col. 1, l. 6, '*bestad*' = bestead, for rhyme's sake.

P. 26, col. 1, l. 9, '*Weeds*' = clothes or dress: l. 19, '*fondlings*' = 'fools.'

SONNET: He that loueth, etc., l. 1, '*Spittlemen*' = inhabitants of hospitals.

BLESSED, etc., l. 6 (from bottom), '*batful'st*' = fruit-fulest: see Glossarial Index, s.v.

The parenthetic markings are irregularly—() and [] and [. Both kinds have been made uniform, i.e. () or []—G.



MICROCOSMOS,

ETC.

1603.



NOTE.

By the kindness of HENRY HUTH, Esq., London, I have had the lengthened use of his charmingly fine and almost *unique* exemplar of 'Microcosmos' (1603). It is identical with that dated in title-page 1605 (Bodleian, Malone's Books). It is Davies's usual small quarto: title-page, 6 leaves [unpaged]: A Preface, etc. (in verse), pp. 1-28: Cambria, etc., pp. 29-38: Microcosmos, pp. 39-232: An Extasie, pp. 233-254: Sonnets, etc., 15 leaves [unpaged]—*verso* of last, blank. On this extremely noticeable volume see our Memorial-Introduction.—G.

MICROCOSMOS.
THE DISCOVERY
OF THE LITTLE
World, with the government
thereof.

Manilius.

An mirum est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro ?
Exemplumq; Dei quisq; est sub imagine paruâ.

By IOHN DAVIES.



At Oxford,

Printed by Ioseph Barnes, and are to
bee solde in Fleetstreete at the
signe of the Turkes head by

Iohn Barnes. 1603.

TO MY MOST DEERE AND

dread Sovereigne IAMES by the grace of

God King of England, Scotland,

*France, and Ireland, be all heavenly and
earthly happinesse.*

THoughts, *fight no more, but now (with Wit's accord
Yield al obedience to Art's rightest rule ;
Then, like a constant treble-twisted cord,
Binde vp the sweet'st affections of my Soule,
And, in a Poesy giue them to, O no,
They are too base for such high Excellence !
Yet (prostrate) giue them to him, and say so ;
So, I may skunne dislike, you, insolence :
Great (ð too narrow is this name for thee)
King, (yet too strait a stile for thy great worth)
And Monarch, (this with it doth best agree)
Deigne to accept a Base base Wit brought forth :
And base it is (great Highnesse) in each line,
Because indeede it is too rightly mine.*

His Maiestie's lesse then least, and most vnworthy Subject :

IOHN DAVIES.

To the sacred Queene of England's most excellent Maiestie.

I F those *Wombs* blessed be, from whom proceedes
A world of *blessings* to the *World* accurst ;
Or if *that* gracious be, that *Graces* breeds,
To make *Men* gracious, being at the worst ;
O then how blest and gracious is thy *Wombe*,
Deere Daughter, Sister, Wife vnto a King !
Wherein *Heaven* wrought (as in a sacred *roome*)
Strong *Props* of *peace*, which blest *Time* forth did bring.
Vnto a *Mother-maide* we all are bound,
For bringing forth our *Soule's* preservative ;
Who, for the same, is Queene in *Heaven* Crownd ;
And, sith thou bring'st our *Corpes* conservative,
We must crown thee in *Earth*, or els, we should
Doe otherwise then *Saints & Angels* would.

Your Highnesse most humbly devoted Vassall.

IOHN DAVIES.

The whole Ile of greate Brittain was of yore divided
into 13. Kingdoms, as by Monuments of antiquity, and
Historie (the witnesses of time) appeareth, viz.

England into 8. namelie, Kent, South-Saxons, East-
Saxons, West-Saxons, Bernicia, (aliàs Northumber-
land) Deira, (or Southumberland) Est-Angles, Mercia.

Scotland into 2. viz. Scottes, & Picts; The Scottes
on the West side, the Picts on the East, called Pictland,
as the other, Scotland.

Wales into 3. viz. North-wales, Southwales, and
Powys-land. Vppon which Plaine-songe thus I descant.

AN Articke Ile there is (most famous) found
In the great Lavor of this lesser Round,
Which Neptune's hand (as most esteemd) infolds
And in his vnsweet-sweating bozome holdes,
On whom at once, Heaven's providence begate
Thirteene Kinges, which did her participate;
Shee fedd them sweetlie, made them fatte to grow;
For, from her Brest did Milke and Hony flow:
Who being pampred, so, ambitious made,
Gainst Nature gan each other to invade:
Shee greatly griv'd, they quited so her loue;
And ay to make them one, shee oft did proue:
But (froward) at the least, they would be Twoo,
So livéd long (in strife) with much adoo:
Yet like a tender Mother (vext to see
That hir deere children could no better gree)
Shee laboured night and day with Tyme, to doe
That which shee tride, but could not bring them to:
Who (both together ioyn'd) did them attone,
So, Tyme and shee, (at last) haue made them One.
Then if in One, Thirteene vnited be,
How great, how glorious, and how good is hee?

JOHN DAVIES.

ÆNIGMA.

ATreble paire, doth our late wracke repaire,
And sextiplies our mirth, for one mishappe;
These six, as hopes, to keepe vs from dispaire,
(When clappes wee feard) were sent vs at a clappe:
That we might clapp our hands in his high praise,
That made vs, by our Head's losse, much more faire,
And vs beheaded, so, our Head to raise:
One headlesse, made all looke as blacke as Hel.
All headlesse makes the Head and all looke well.

SPHINX.

IF this a Riddle be, then so be it,
Yet Truth approues what therein hid doth lie,

And Truth's most louelie in the Eye of Wit

When she is rob'd with richest misterie:

In few, by losse we haue gott benefitt,

That's, six for one, by lawfull vserie:

Then, if we gaine by losse, our losse is gaine;

So saith France, Flanders, Scotland, Ireland, Spaine.

To the iudicious Reader.

THou seest this great World (Reader) & perchance
Thine Eie is cloid with often seeing it;
Then see the Lesse with noe lesse circumstance,
And with Wittes Eie, that Monarchy of Witte.¹

The Heav'ns and Earth; do make the greater World;
And Soule and Bodie, make the Lesse (we prove:)
The Heav'ns doe moue the Earth, & they are whirld
By Him,² that makes the Soule, the Body moue.

Who conquers it (at least) are Monarchs great,
Greater then those that conquered the greater;
For, from their goodnesse Men their greatnes gette,
And they are best, that doe subdue the better.³

The great World's good, but better is the least:⁴
Then view it, to subdue it, thou wert best.

JOHN DAVIS.

A Request to the Citty of Hereford.

Deere Mother, in whose Wombe my vitall flame
Was kindled first by the Almighty's breath,
Lend me thy name, to adde vnto my name,
That one, with other, may keepe both from death:

Vnto thy conscience I (poore I) appeale,
Whether or no, I haue deserved it;
My conscience telles me I haue sought thy weale
With al my skill, my will, my woorth, my witte.

Iudge God, iudge good men, iudge my truth herein,
Impartiall Iudges you shall iudge for me;
If so, my soule is sear'd, or I haue bin
(Deere Mother) what I now would seeme, to thee:
And doe confesse, though vnkinde Parents proue,
Yet are their children bound to seeke their loue.⁵

John Davies of Hereford.

¹ Microcosmos.

² Primus Motor.

³ Prover. 16. 32.

⁴ Things living though never so small, are better then liveles
things, though never so great.

⁵ Eph. 6. 1, 2, 3, 4

In Microcosmon IOH. DAVISII
Herefordiensis.

EN tibi Pythagoræ sacram diamque repactur,¹
Alma Natura scatebram fontemque perennem :²
Cuius quis pandet mysteria ? quisve profundos
Audebit timido gressu tentare recessus ?
Audet Davisius nec magnis excidit ausis.³
Non is Dædalea per calum remigat ala,
Nec Phaetontæo raptatus in æthera curru
Stellarum inspector stupet, aut Iovis atria lustrat :
In se conversus,⁴ Divinae particulam auræ
Non lippo aut lusco solers rimatur oculo.
Hunc lege quisquis aves Animam, tam nobile germen
Nascere, decerptum delibatumque supremi⁵
Quod de mente Dei quisque hoc in corpore gestat.
Non te Ægyptiacus teneat tardetque character ;
Nulla Syracusij Senis arte inventa morentur,⁶
Suspensus calis fornix & vitreus orbis :
Ædibus in proprijs quæ recta aut prava gerantur ?
Inspicias, haustamque polo vigil excute mentem :
Cælitus emissum descendit γῆθη σεαυτῶν.⁷

IO SANFORDVS.

Charissimo Iohanni Davisio Salutem.

OXonia vates cum sis, Herefordia quare
Davisii, in titulo pristina scripta tuo ?
Crede mihi, doctam non urbem tale pigebit
Ingenium in numero nomen habere suo.
Charus & illius mihi nomine, charus & huius
Urbis es : hinc artes ducimus, inde genus.
Charior at proprio mihi nomine : fas mihi suave
Ingenium, mores fas sit amare probos.
Ingenium moresque tuos redamem : illud & istas,
Plura mihi, cunctis hic liber ipse probat.

Robertus Burhillus Coll. C. C. Soc.

Liber Lectores alloquitur.

HEm ! tu qui (leve paginas pererrans
Nastras pollice, & inquiete oculo)
Piscaris ravidum tibi venenum
Ex hoc fonticulo, scaturienti
Nisi Castaliæ liquor, nullo ;
Abito procul hinc : facessat isthic
Ocelli malè prurientis ardor.
Non nostris olida natant papyris
Algæ ; nec levidus tumesco nugis
Moles tanta, scelus Patre expiandum
Lemnio ! hinc profugus Cupido : liram,
Sordes, quisquilæ exulant, & omnis
Putredo, inveni nocens legenti.

¹ Quadrua vis animæ. Prud. in Psycho.

² Πηγάς ἀνείκτου φέροντες. Pyth.

³ Metam. 2.

⁴ Horat. Lib. 2. Sat. 2.

⁵ ἀνέκτουρα θεῶν, Epict.

⁶ Claud. Epig. 21.

⁷ ὄρνις τοῦ ἐν μαρίσσῃ &c. Hom. Odys. 2.

⁸ Iuv. Sat. 11.

Quin tu, sobrie, docte, perspicacis
Cui lucas Aquila, altiusque acumen,
Cultor Virginis integer Patrimæ ;
Et tu, Montis amans bifforme culmen
Chara progenies novem Dearum,
Adris ; & genium, meumque carmen
Expendas (rogo) strictiore lance
Tui iudicii sagacioris.
Non supercilium, striasve frontis
Declino tetricas minacioris :
Thauletem accipio ; venito Brute,
Censorem volo te ; severioris
Nec durum fugio Catonis unguem.
Hoc est quod fugio ; labore tanto,
Commentum peperisse mollicellum,
Vel tricas, apinasve ; queis, inepto
Ridendi moveatur ansa vulgo.

N. Debillus.

In Libri Auctorem.

Philosophi laudes, laudes meruere potæ ;
Davisius vatem, philosophumque refert.
Ergo Parnassi lauro, lauroque Lycæi,
Philosopho, & vati cinge Britanne caput.
Nam quorum Pyllos unum dare postulat annos,
Hæc effecta duo sedulus ille dedit.

MIrum in modum, Men did wonder-maze,
Which wonderment, this later worke of thine
(Not by detracting from it) doth deface.
How so ? by giving out a greater shine :
The soule's Horizon that made light whil-ere,
But this enlightens her whole Hemispheare.
Blest be thou Sunne from whence this light doth spring
And blessed be this little World of light
By which who walkes, perforce must be a King.
King of a little World, in Fortune's spight ;
For force, and vertue, in the soule doe sitte,
And they doe raigne that ruled are by it.
Then raigne thou in Men's thoughts, thou thoughtful
Soule,
Whil'st thy rare Worke among their Workes shall
raigne ;
For, it in passion, passion doth controule,
Then mightie is thy grace, thine Arte, thy paine :
As thou for writing faire art most renownd,
So, writing thus, thou must be Lawrell cround.

JOHN IAMES.

Mihi charissimo Iohanni Davisio
Herefordiensi.

Quid petis nostra leviora Musa
Fila, Davisii ? fateor, Sorores
Tardus ignoro Ardalides, quid isthoc !
Me-ne lacessas ?

*Eia! nec factum bene! mellilinguis
Te canat Maid genitus; Camæna
Te canant diuæ; ingeminentque cantus*

Agmina vatuum:

*Cui bono? Maid genitus, Camæna,
Agmina & vatuum proculte: mirum
In modum dio cecinit seipsum*

Carminis vates.

*Dij boni, talis titulus Pæsi
Optimæ quàm conueniens! & isthic
Microcosmos- sed tamen acquiesco;*

Ipse loquatur.

*Desinas & tu steriles arare
(Me citando) aruos: nivenum Libelli
Est scelus frontispicium lituris*

Tingere nostris.

T. R.

To the Author.

MAN's soule (th' *Idea* of our *Maker's* mould)
Whiles it doth harbour in this *house of clay*,
Is so ore-whelm'd with *passions* manifold,
Is so ore-throwne with *Adam's* olde decay:
That much like bastard Eagle, dimme of sight,
It dares not take a view of *Reason's* light.

O then, redoubled thanks deserues thy *Worke*,
Whose Verse *Prometheus*-like strives to enflame
That sacred *Sparke*, which in our *Soules* doth lurke,
Giving blinde *Reason* eies to see the same:
Davies, thine *Arte* beyond our *Arte* doth reach,
For thou each *Soule*, soule-humbling *Arte* dost teach:

Thus *Oxford Artists* are oblig'd to thee,
Who, *Stork-like* building heere a while thy *Nest*,
For *Earthly* Lodge dost leaue an heav'nly fee,
Giving a *Sword* to kill that foe of *Rest*,
Faire learning's blott, which *Scollers* know to well,
I mean, *Self-loue*, which thy *Self-Arte* doth quell.

DOUGLAS CASTILION.

*Vpon Master Iohn Davies, Beginning his Discoverie
of the little World with a Preface vnto the most
high and mightie Prince Iames the first
King of England &c.*

SO, ere he dare adventure on the Maine,
The prudent Sailoure prostrate on the shoare
Makes first his vowes vnto the swan-bred Twaine,¹
And their aspect religiously implores:

So, ere vnto the Ocean he sets-forth,
Who is this lesse World's great Discouerer,
He turns his eies vnto the hopefull North,
And viewes the Cynosure that shineth there.

¹ Castor and Pollux.

Auspicious Star, at whose divine arise
Earth did put of her saddest maske of Night,
Shine mildely on him, who beholdes thine Eies,
As sole directors of his course aright.
So that the great world may the lesse world see
By that faire light he borrowed first of thee.

Vpon the Discoverie of the little World By Master Iohn Davies.

Of *Drake* of England, *Dona* of *Italie*,¹
Vnfolde what ever Neptune's armes infolde,
Travell the Earth (as Phœbus doth the skie)
Till you begette newe Worlds vpon this olde.

Would any wonders see, yet line at rest,
Nor hazard life vpon a dangerous shelve?
Behold, thou bear'st a World within thy brest,
Take ship at-home, and sayle about thy selfe.

This Paper-Bark may be thy Golden-Hinde,²
Davies the *Drake* and true discou'rer is,
The end, that thou-thy-selfe thy-selfe maist finde;
The prize and pleasure thine, the trauell his:
See here display'd, as plaine as knowledge can,
This little World, this wondrous Ile of Man.

Charles Fitz-Isfry.

To the Reader.

BEYOND the reach of vulgar Intellect,
Inbred by Nature, but refin'd by Art,
Doth wisdom's *Heyre* this monument erect,
Grace't with what ere the *Graces* can impart.
Here, Wit's not soild with looser blandishment.
The *Subiect* pure, abstruse, and worthy paine,
Anatomizing civill goverment,
And, of the *Soule* what Reason can attaine.
The many *sweetes* herein containéd be,
Epitomiz'd, would aske too large Narration
To be compris'd within this narrow station.
Reade then the *Worke*: when, if thou canst not see
Th' infolded flame; be rapt with admiration,
But censure not: for, *Owles* haue beared eies,
Dazled with every *Starre* that doth arise.

*To the Booke as it is dedicated vnto his most
excellent Maiestie.*

THrise happy Issue, brain-begotten Birth,
Wit's pure Extraction, life of Poesie,
Together borne with *England's* endlesse mirth;
How haue the Heauens grace't thy nativity!

¹ Christoph. Columb.

² The shippe wherein Sir Fr. Dra. compassed the World.

Wast from disdaine to powre th' ambrosian dew
(Dropping like Nectar from a sacred quill)
Into the common Lavour, vulgar view;
That Heaven defend thy birth these howres vntill?

O blessed *Booke*, reserv'd to kisse that hand,
From which, desert nere parted discontent!
Go, pay thy vowes; await his dread command
To whom in prostrate duty thou art sent.

Shall *He* say, liue? fie Time; swell *Lethe* lake;
Burst fell Detraction; thou liu'st: and when
A thousand Ages dust shall over-rake,
Thy living *Lines* shall please both God, and men:

For, grace't by *him*, whom swift intelligence
Hath made Arch-Master of each excellence,
It needes must follow, that succeeding daies
Cannot detract from what *he* dain'd to praise.

Nicholas Deeble.

Ad Lectorem de libro.

B *Enigne lector, parvuli orbis incolae,
Qui coeca falsi transfretans mundi vada,*

*Dirigere recto tramite exoptas ratem,
Istum libellum ut Nauticum Indicem sequens;
Fugies Ceraunia saxa, Syrenas leves,
Fugies truce Carybdis, & Syrtes vagas.*

Vide Teipsum, & inspicie omnes angulos;
Quisquis seipsum non videt, cernit Nihil.
Noscito Teipsum, cordis explorans sinus;
Quisquis seipsum nescit, hic novit Nihil.
Cura teipsum, ut proprii medicus mali;
Quisquis seipsum negligit, curat Nihil.
Vides teipsum modò Animam inspicias tuam.
Curas teipsum modò Animam sanes tuam.

Nathanael Tomkins.

To praise thee, beeing what I am to thee,
Were (in effect) to dispraise thee, and mee:
For, who doth praise himselfe, deserves dispraise;
Thou art my selfe, then thee I may not praise:
But this, in Nature, may I say by Arte,
Thine Arte, by Nature, makes thee what thou art.

Your loving Brother and worst part of your
selfe Richard Davies.



*A Preface in honor and devotion vnto our most
puissant, and no lesse roially-accomplished
Souveraigne, Iames by the grace of God
King of England, Scotland,
France, & Ireland, defen-
der of the faith, &c.*

Thou blessed *Ile*,¹ white Marke for *Envie's* aime,
(If *Envy* aims at most felicity)

Triumph, sith now thou maist by iustice claime
Precedence in the VNIVERSITY,
Wherein best *Iles* doe strue for mastery:
Now, shalt thou be great MODERATOR made
In each *Dispute*, that tendes to EMPERY,
So that AMBITION shall no deeper wade,
Then thy DECREES in *iudgment* shall perswade.

Now *Grand-dame* ALBION, in thy *grandure* thinke,
Thinke seriously vpon each circumstance

¹ Albion.

(Sith late thou wert at Pitt of *Perill's* Brincke)
That may make thee (though *old*) as *yong* to dance,
Mou'd by sweete *straines* of more sweete Concordance:
But stale (deere *Mother*) ô I doe thee wrong
To putt thee in thy *Muses*; now advance
Thy voice, in *Praise* to whom it doth belong,
GOD, and thy KING, that made thee, fainting, strong.

¹ Thy *God*, and *King*, *King*, given thee of *GOD*
To make thee loue thy *God*, and like thy *Kinge*;

¹ My son loue the Lord, and the King, and medle not with
them that are seditious. Prover. 24. 21.

And so gaue thee a *Royall*, for a *Rod*,
To punish thee with what doth *comfort* bring,
And make thee *richer* by his chastening.
Hee came by no *Meanders* of *Man's* blood
Vnto our *Land*; but with a sure-slow *winge*
Hee flew farre from *it*,¹ and did leaue that *Flud*
On the left hand, for those that *Right* with-stoode.

Though home-bred *harts* may harbour strange desires,
Nere-pleas'd *Perversnesse*, yet, must needs confesse
He to this *Crowne*, by double right, aspires,
Bloud, and *Bequest*; say, *Male-contentednesse*,
(If thou dost liue but I hope nothing lesse)
Ist true, or no? I see *Shame* holdes thy tongue
From such *deniall*; then, for shame, expresse
Thy loue to *right*, and doe thy *Liege* no wrong,
But say, long may our *Crowne* to *him* and *his* belong.

His precious *Veines* doe flow with our deer'st *bloud*;
Bone of our *bones*, *Flesh* of our *Flesh*, is he:²
If he by vs, then, should haue beene withstoode,
We had withstoode our selues; and curs'd bee
The *hand* that with the *head* doth disagree.
Beyond his birth, he was a *King*, in right,
And borne to beare *rule*, in the high'st degree,
Whose *hand* and head endow'd are with might
Scepters and *Crownes* to weld, and weare aright.

And giue we her, her due, that now is gone,
Who had in her a World of *Princely Parts*:
Yet shee hath left her *World*, and *Worth* to one
That's Master of himselfe, and of the *Arts*
Which *Art*, and *Nature*, but to *Kings* impartes:
And as this *Queene* was oft from *death* preserv'd
When in his *jawes* he had got all her *partes*;
So was this *King* from like distresse conserv'd,
And both (no doubt) for *England's* life reserv'd.

And right well worthy of the *Crowne* is hee,
Were it more deere then *Cesar's* *Diadem*
(When envious *World* did him her *Monarch* see)
That never did molest our *Queene*, and *Reame*,
That might with *bloud*, for *bloud*, haue made it streame:
That *God* that tenders all that tender *bloud*
Blesse *him* and *his* for it, and make his *Stemme*
Yeeld many *Branches* that may ever bud,
And bring sweete fruit, for *Scottish-England's* good.

Much *Bloud*, though drawne from *Heaven's* vnholly *foes*,
Seemes irksome (if not loathsome) to their sight:
For, when iust *David* thought their *Arke* t' inclose
Within a *Temple*, with all glory dight,
(Which hee (in *seale*) meant to erect outright)
Hee was forbid by *Heav'n's* most holy *One*
For making *Bloud* to flow (though in their right)
And that *Taske* put on peacefull *Salomon*:³
Then peacefull be thy *Raigne* (deare *Lord*) alone }
To build the *Temple* of true *Vnion*.

¹ Killing this, or that Cousin; that, or this Competitor.

² Sam. 5. 1.

³ Sam. 7. 2. 13.

But, though our *Bloud* were thus deere in thine *Eies*
(More deere then *Gold*, although a double *Crowne*)
Yet did our *fears* thy *Loue* with care surprise
And bee'ng our *owne*, we vs'd it as our *owne*;
For, safe we kept *it*, as to thee it's knowne:
We lou'd thee so, as still we fear'd thy powre,
For, if a *wren* from vs to thee had flowne,
We (as supposing that hee ment to towre)
Would keepe him safe, for *loue* and *fears*, in *Towre*.

Deere *King*, drade *Sov'raigne*, sacred *Maiesty*,
And what *stile* els, a mortall *state* may beare,
We, truly *English*, doe but liue to die
For thee, for that thou (stirr'd) didst not steere
Thy *powre* against our *peace*; but didst indeere
Vs to thee, by thy peerlesse patience showne,
True token of thy *loue*-begotten care
Of *us* and *ours*; as if that *loue* alone
Had held our losse of blood (as tis) thine owne.

Had not our *blouds* beene precious in thine *Eie*,
Thou mightst (perhaps) haue made vs buy it deare
Or made thee *heire* apparant publikely,
As *Iustice* would; but crost by *private fears*:
Stories swarme with *Examples*, farre, and neere,
That many further off, and of lesse force
To catch at *Crownes*, would *heires* thereto appeere,
Or pull of *Crownes* and *heads* of them perforce,
That, wearing *Crownes*, crost their vnbless'd course.

But thou (to thy true glory be it said)
Though having *hands* of *powre* to reach a *Crowne*
Thou didst thy selfe containe, and praid, and staid,
Till now in peace thou haste it for thine owne;
And still may thee and *thine* by it be knowne:
That *Scots*, and *English*, no more may be *two*,
But made, by true-*lounes* artlesse *Art*, all *one*,
As *Nature* hath made vs, and *Contry* too,
Both which to vnitie vs both doe woo.

So neighbour *Nations* seeing our concent
Shall stand in awe of our vnited *powr's*;
And (of our *friendshippe* glad) shall vs present
With precious *gifts*, and all that *loue* alures;
So all, as *friends*, while friends we are, is ours:
And may hee bee a *terror* made to all,
That twixt vs the least *discontent* procures;
And as a *Monster* most vnnaturall,
Let odious bee his damn'd *memoriall*.

If wee, when wee were but halfe, what we are,
And had a *woman* to our *soveraigne*,
Were able all *foes* at their *dores* to dare,
What may we doe, when over vs doth raigne
A kingly *King*, and one *Realme* made of twaine?
If ever therefore twixt our *Fathers* were
(That now are rakt in dust) cause to complaine,
Let it be rakt with them, for wee are cleere
From wronging each, and each to other deere.

Both subject to one *Souveraigne*, then draw wee
Togeather kindlie in *subjection's* Yoke ;
God, and our *King* will ioy, if wee agree,
But greive, if we each other shal provoke,
And make vs feele their *wrath's* resistlesse stroke :
Then dwell in our *harts*, for *ioyes* cordiall
(Which nothing but your *sorowes* can revoke)
Haue made them large ynough to hould you all,
And lend vs yours, to doe the like withall.¹

Call for them when yee will, they shalbe *yours*,
Together with the *Tenants* harbred there :
But take our *harts*, for now they are not *ours*,
But *yours* for ever, let vs then endee
Vs to you ever, who are to vs deere :
My voice, though base, to highest *Concord* tends,
Then tis in tune (I trust) to ev'ry *Eare* :
If it be harsh, my *hart* shall make amendes,
For it doth relish *Loue* which nere offends.

Then weigh our *Prince* (our *Peace*) with *Vprightnesse*,
And presse him to no more then *that* will way,
For, (if not too perverse) we must confesse
Our best *requests* sometimes may haue a *may*²
For better *ends* ; which he may not bewray :
It is no ease for *one* two *friends* to please
When both, perhaps, doe but for *one thing* praie :
Then die, o die ere once him so displease,
As to vrge *that*, that may his *hart* disease.

O that I had a *Soule*-enchanting *Tongue*,
That with an *Eare*-bewitching violence
I might perswade to all that doth belong
To perfect *Loue*, and true *obedience* ;
Sith our *felicities* must flow from thence :
If so it be, then nought the *Will* can moue
To loue, if *objects* of such excellence
Cannot allure the *Mind* and *Will* to loue,
As the *felicities* which now we prove.

Our *King* comes not to our late barren *Crowne*
Himselfe alone, but brings a fruitfull *Queene*,
And (*England's* comfortes) children of their owne,
By which the *state* ay stablisht may be seene ;
Then blest are wee, if ere wee blest haue beene :
O let vs then blesse him whose blessednesse
Hath (when our *sinnes* expected *sorowes* keene)
Preserv'd vs both from *warres*, and *wretchednesse* ;
And let vs loue, in *Soule*, and *singlenesse*.

Giue vs your *Daughters*, and take *ours* in marage,
That, *Blouds* so mixte, may make one *flesh*, and *bloud* ;
We will not *yours*, then doe not *ours* disparage,
But ballance all by *woorth*, and *Linely hood*,
By *Vertue*, *Beauty*, and what ere is good :

Each bend his *wittes*, and all his *industrie*,
To make all *one* in *body*, *minde*, and *mood* :
Then *God* will blesse all, bent to *unity*,
And plunge vs all, in all felicity.

If *Concord* makes of weake, most mightie *things*,
And *Discord* of most mightie, *things* most fraile ;
If *subjects* *peace*, and *glorie* be the *Kings*,
And their *Disgrace*, and *strife* his disavalle ;
Then o let my weake *words* strongly prevaile
To strongest *peace*, (that makes weak'st *weaknesse* strong)
Then, nought shall dare our daring *peace* t' assaile,
But we shall right th' oppressed *Neighbours'* wronge,¹
And make them holde their *owne*, as we doe, longe.

As when a humane-flesh-fedd *Caniball*
Hath singled out some *weakling*, for a *Pray*,
And by the power of some *Knight* (armed all),
Is sker'd (at point to feede) with skath away :
So from th' opprest, we shall *oppressors* fray ;
And be as *God's* *Liu tenants*, heere belo,
To see his highest *iustice* done each way,
That *Heau'n* by vs may make the *Earth* to kno²
We are *Heau'n*-holpe, to helpe all wronged so.

Whiles *Myne*, and *Thyne*, did disvnite our *Crownes*
(Two *things* for which, the *Sire* and *sonne* will iarre)
There was some cause, sometimes, of secret *frownes*,
That ended too too oft with open *warre* ;
But now both *We*, and *They* vnited are ;
And, surely to sustaine that double *Crowne*,
Fiue *Proppes* we haue, (*Ambition* so to barre)
Made of each other's *substance*, so, our *owne* ;
Then what remains but still to *loue*, as *One* ?

The *Lion* to the *Dragon's* reconcil'd,
That whilome did vpon each other feede ;
Ierusalem hath *David* (erst exild)
Free denized, & *King* proclaim'd with speede ;
Whose *Members* dance for ioy of that iust deede :³
Hir *King* is now, according to *his Hart*
Which, with, saue *goodnesse*, nothing is agreed ;
He is a *King* in *all*, and in earth *part*,
By *bloud* (without bloud) *Nature*, *Minde*, and *Arte*.

Fortune that crost the *will*, and *worke* of *Nature*
For many *yeares*, hath now made her amends
By making vs, (as we are) one, in nature,
And of vnfaithfull *foes*, most faithfull *friends* ;
That *Hand* on whose direction all depends
(Disposing *Crownes* and *Kingdomes* as it lists)
Hath made vs *one*, I hope, for endlesse *endes* :
Then curst be he that *Heau'n* herein resists ;
And blest be him that *it* therein assists.

And, though I be no *Seer*, yet let mee
(Out of my darke foresight in *things* future)
Speake like a *Seer*, that can such things see
That may be seene without the *seeing* *pow'r*,
And their like, seene of blind men ev'ry howr :

¹ Prov. 27. 19.

² Wee may not aske God why he (sometimes) denies our requests ; but because hee is as good, as wise, suppose it is for the best : no more ought wee a wise & good King, &c.

¹ Eccl. 4. 9.

² Prov. 24. 12.

³ 2 Sam. 6. 14.

If *sinne* crosse not the course of *Heav'n* herein,
Our *Land* (that flowes with *Hony*, *Milke*, and *Floure*)
Shall be an Earthlie *Paradise*, wherein
Plentie, and *Peace* shall woo from, and to *sinne*.

But *Plenty*, like an *Ease-enticing Snake*,
Shall tempt vs with the Eye-delighting *fruits*
Of all *voluptuousnes*, which if wee take,
There is a *power* that can our *fortunes* sute
With *Adams*, when hee *Eaden* was cast out ;
And, with stil-sweating *sorrow-furrowed Browes*,
To lue, or begge, or starve if we be mute :
For nought hath roote so fast, or gaily growes,
But *Heav'n's* least puffed extirpes, and overthrowes.

O tis *perfection* next to that of *Gods*,
When *Men* are compast with all sensuall sweetes,
Then, then, to make the *Will* to know the odds
Betwixt *that sweets* that lasts, and *this* that fleetes,
And so restraine *hart's* ioy when *pleasure* greetes :
An abiect *Slave* will glut his greedie Maw
With what so ere his *Sense* with *sweets* regreets,
If he can snatch it, but great *Myndes* withdraw
Their *Wills* from such base blisse, by *Glorie's* law.

A *Beare* will breake her Belly, if shee may,
So *hoony* be the *meane* to do the deede :
And so will *Men-beares* doe, as well as thay,
If they catch boonied *sweetes*, themselves to feede ;
Who make it their *Mind's* laboure onely meede :
Basse humane *Beasts*, how senselesse is your sense
That will gainst *sense* and *Reason* so exceede !
Base is your *minde*, worse your *intelligence*,
Odious to *God*, and vnto *Men* offence.

If *Landes* are saide² to flourish and reioyce
Vnder new *Kinges*, though oft worse then the old,
How may this *Land*, as if shee had made choise
Of hir *Liege Lord*, (that now the same doth hold)
For vertue onely, ioy him to infold !
If *Soule's* extreame ioy makes the *Body* dance,
(Witness sweete *Psalmist*) then, deere *Liege*, behold
Thy *subjects* iesture at thine enturance,
And be assur'd they blesse this blessed *chance*.

And see how *Vertue* pulls to, and putts fro,
Like to the *Loadstone* whose *North-point* attracts³
And *South-point* putts off, what the *North* pulls to :
So thou (*North-point*) by *right* and vertuous Acts
Dost draw our *Crowne*, and vs to thee contracts :
And those, *South* from thee (that in show might draw)
By *Vertue* mou'd (as loathing bloudie facts)
Put off the *Crowne*, (before their *head* it saw)
To thee, whose vertue breeds their *loue* and *awe*.

See, see how Mother *Nature's* totall *Body*
Doth (as inspir'd with a second *Soule*)

Exult to see thee weare the *Crowne* vnbloudy !
See how the *Orbes* of *Heav'n* doe slowly roule
To slacke *Time's* course, which they for thee controule !
The hoast of *starres*, with *Sol* their *soveraigne*,
Fight, all *aspects* malicious to ore-rule :
The *Elements* renew their force againe,
To blesse with *plentie*, thy thrice-bless'd *raigne*.

Our *Fields*, are clad in three-pil'd *Greene* in *Graine*,
(Three-pil'd for thicknesse that none sees the *Ground*) :
In 1 *Graine* which no *Land* can (for goodnesse) staine ;
Like ioyfull Sommer-*Queenes*, they thus are *gound*
To see their *King* (by whom they flourish) croud :
Who will for thee such *larges* throw about
(With open hand) that *Beggars* shall abound
With fill of *Bread* ; yea all the *land* throughout
Shall glut her *Children* with *Milke*, *Floure*, and *Fruits*.

Behold our *Heards* crowning our gorgeous *Downes*²
With *Diadems* of rich and rarest *Wooll* !
See how the virgin *Lambes*,³ in milke-white *Gowmes*,
Doe skip for ioy (whereof their harts are full !)
No *Beast*, nay not the *Asse* (though nere so dull)
But in his voice (though vnarticulate)
Salutes these times, and vp their *spirites* pull :
So, *Airie*, and *Watris* *Flockes* congratulate
Thy fortune blest, to staie this sinking *state*.

No *Beast* is backward in this common ioy,
But the slowe *Oxe* ; and hee with open Throte
Complaines, for that *Men* will him now employ
More then before ; yet tunes a doubtfull *Note*
That none may him directly griev'd note :
For, he (though nere so blunt of *wit* and *sp'rite*)
Cannot but know (except hee can but dote)
That his whole *Tribe* might haue bene bucherd quight
To feede huge *Hosts*, if thou hadst not thy *right*.

Our *Houndes* and *Haukes*, with *Spaniels* them among,
Together drue their Heads, so to decree
(With Triumph such as to them doth belong)
How th' one should *runne*, and *crie*, the other *flee*
To sport their *King*, for their *Sports*'s libertee.
They fear'd their *game* had bene expired quight,
And that their owne decay they soone should see ;
For no flesh comes amisse t' a hungry *wight*
That hunts for *Flesh* for neede, not for delight.⁴

The *Rivers*, dallying with their beaution *Bunches*
With voice of comfort, whisper in their *Eares*
That *Swans* shall decke them now, not *Soldiers*' *Rancks* ;
Swans, whose sweete *Songs*, shall banish *cares* and *feares*,
And both ioy-drown'd do interchange sweete *Tears* :
Each silver *Prill* gliding on *golden Sand*
Transmuted so, by these new golden *yeares*,

¹ A noble and good hart will haue consideration of his meate
& diet. Eccl. 30. 25.

² Eccl. 10. 17.

³ Note Simil.

¹ Corne.

² Psal. 144. 13.

³ Pro. 27. 26.

⁴ The person that is ful despiseth an hony-combe but vnto
the hungry Soules (as hunger-bitten Soldiers) every bitter thing
is sweete. Prov. 27. 7.

Oreflowne with ioy, doth laugh vpon the *Land* ;
Which as with blisse entraunct, amas'd doth stand.

The senslesse *Trees*, which sense of ioy past *Ioy*,
Send, through their Buff-skyn *Barks*, their *iuyce* in
Teares ;

Which, ere they fall, blithe *Nature* doth imploy
In *Buds*, and *Blossoms*, so that each appears
Smiling on all, and *Roabes* of Triumph weares :
So, all doe weepe and laugh, and laughing weepe
That *earth* (the *Iade* of *Elementals*) beares ;
And as an *holy-day*, this *years* doth keepe,
Drownd in a *Sea* of hoonied *pleasures* deepe.

The *Seasons* of the *years* in councill sate,
Which of the *few'r* thee first should entertaine ;
Who all decreed the *Spring* (as chiefe in state)
Should welcome in thy comming here to raigne,
And decke our *Triumphes* for our *Soveraigne*.
Among the *Monthes*, *March* was thereto assign'd
Yet hee refus'd, till hee his *puffes* restrain'd,
And having spent his *spight*, to wit, his *winde*,
In fine, he welcomes thee in mildest kinde.

The *Day*, and *Night*, straue then for greatest might
When thou should'st come this *Ile* of *Isles* to sway ;
So greed, there should bee as much *Day*, as *Night*,
The *Day* to triumph in, the *Night* to play
With Heav'nly *Visions*, which sweete *sleepes* bewray.
Neptune now hugs his *Darlinge* in his *Armes*,
(This *Queene* of *Isles*) lest that his *Trident's* sway
Should bee made subiect to her *Sceptred* *Armes*,
So, flatt'ring, seekes to shunne his feared harmes.

Her *Eies*, (witnesse mine *Bies*) *lights* of the *Land*,
Oxford, and *Cambridge*, distill'd ioyfull *Teares*,
With *cries* among, for loe, the *Doctors* stand
(Prest with the *Presse*) filling the *World's* wide *Eares*
With *shouts* of ioy, that fainted late with *feares* ;
Vp go their *Caps* ; so *Gravity* for ioy
Doth light become, and *Age* like *Youth* appears,
Which doubled mirth to see *Eld* play the *Boy*
And with *Cap* tost, till lost, to sport and toy.

Looke in the *studies* of the *younge*, and *old*,
Their wonted studies wee shall chang'd see,
For now the *Muse* their *heades* (deere *harts*) doth hold,
The while their *hands* are making *lines* agree
To meate their ioy, that cannot measur'd be :
Happy is he that can light on one *line*
That may expresse (and kisse it for a fee)
The thousandth part of what his *hart* doth line,
Namely that ioy that no *name* can define.

Some bend their *browes*, and wroth with their *conceits*
Doe scratch their *Cogitation's* ¹hardest *Hold*
For having no *Words* in their rude *Receipt*
Worth the bestowing, though the worst be *gold* ;
Which is but *Drosse*, compar'd with what they would :

¹ The forefront of the Scull.

Some other write and blot, and blotting write,
So *thoughts* in Blots infolded, *thoughts* vnfold ;
Bewraying so the *Worlds* of their *delight*,
Is more then *Worlds* of *thoughts* can well recite.

And hee that best dischargeth his *Soule's* charge,
Doth it displeasingly, with much adoe,
As when rare *Preachers* with a blessing large,
Discharge their *hearers*, thronging out they goe
That at the *Gate* they sticke, and stumble too :
(When *some* by maine force from their *fellowes* breake)
So, *thoughts* in them, so one another woo
To be out first, and so the same doe seeke,
That in the *Portall* of the *minde* they seeke.

And those that breake out, come but stumbling out
Nay, cannot stand, without some other's stay :
So, one each other stay in stumbling *doubt*,
And yet no one can well his doubts bewray,
For doubt he doth, say what his friend can say :
He doubts his *Lines* may be (for *Loue* or *hate*)
Led to his *Liege*, that can all faults display ;
Hee doubts their *worth*, and (carefull) doubts their *fate*,
So *Doubts* distresse his *thoughts*, oppresse his *Pate*..

Learning and *Vertue*, that did hang the *Head*,
As if they had receau'd their doome of death,
Or had bin in a *Dream*, or rather dead
With their kind *Nurse* deere *Queene* *Elizabeth*
(Who did *them*, with hir *Crowne*, to thee bequeath)
Lo, on the sodaine how they looke aloft,
Being reviv'd (at point to render breath)
And with the *Muses* treade the *Measures* oft,
Meating their ioy with *fete* high-falling soft.

The *Braine* bredd *Godesses*, poore forlorne *Crue*
That still she feeds, which *some* cal broken-*Braines*,
Some *Poets*, and some fellowes fangled new,
Some *Rimers* base (that all the *World* disdaines)
And other some, *Men's* plagues, (but they are *noaines*)
These being well neere out of hart before,
Each to his *fellow* ioy vnfaired faines,
Because they likely were to *Be* no more
For being but (poore *Soules*) the *World's* *Ey-sore*.

But when they heard with cheerefull *Trumpett's* clange
Thy peacefull *name* proclaim'd, as *England's* *king*,
They skipt & daunc't, and Heav'nly *Hymnes* they sange,
That *Angells* did admire their *Carrolling*,
Which made both *Heav'n* and *Earth* with ioy to ring :
Each now retakes his late abandon'd *Pen*,
And *Night* and *Day* they plie it, pestering
Thy *Name* with *Fame*, thy fame with more then *Men*
Maie beare, if they be not remade agen.

And who hath held their *Pens* from blott of *blame*
And ever kept their *Muse* immaculate,
Their conscience now takes comfort in the same,
As if some *God* were come, (that *Vice* doth hate)
With *Grace* their virtue to remunerate :

As when the *Kings of Kings* shall come at last
To give all *Men* their *meeds*, in righteous rate,
The good alone reioyce in their *lines* past :
So perfect *Poets* now must comfort tast.

Now, their cleere *Soules* (free from distemp'rature
That constantly ensues vnconstant *Vice*)
Doe (*Angell-holpes*) draw *Lyres* diuinely pure,
T' expresse their *Soules'* prais-worthy auarice
To draw their *King* to read their *Subiect* twice :
They melt in *Nectar of Phrase* most refia'de,
That may the *Pallate* of the *Soule* intice
To tast and retast (in a greedy kinde)
The *Sweetest* these mixt to recreate the *Minde*.

Healths, now goe round among the *rude*, & *Ciwill*,
The *Earth's* best *blaud*, (that bettereth our *blaud*)
Is suck't each where, and he esteem'd a diuill
That will not drinke (to show his mery moode)
A little more (perhappes) then does him good :
If *Wine* were made to gladd the *hart* of *Man* :
(Although our *gladnesse* needes no *wyny* floud)
Then now, or neuer, trouble about the *Cans*,
Till *sober* moode cries hoe, and no more can.

A time there is for all things vnder *Sunne*,
A time for *mirth*, aswell as to be *sadd*,
The time for *mirth* is now, ev'n now begun,¹
Now wisest *men* with mirth doe seeme starke madd,
And cannot choose, their *harts* are all so gladd.
Then let 's be merry in our *God*, and *King*
That made vs merry, being ill bestadd ;
South-hampton, vp thy cappe to *Heauen* fling
And on the *s Viall* there sweet praises sing,
For he is come that *grace* to all doth bring.

If thou did'st fault, (iudge *Heav'n*, for I will spare thee,
Because my *faults* are more then can be cast)
It did to greater *glorie* but prepare thee,
Sith greater *virtues* now thereby thou hast.
Before our troubles we seeme goodnesse past,²
But cold *Affliction's* water cooles the heate
Which *Youth*, and *Greatnesse* oft too much doth wast ;
And *Queenes* are coy, and cannot brooke the sweat
That such *heate* causeth, for it seemes vnsweete.

But yet thy *worth* doth wrest from what aore
Thereto opposd, by vnseene violence,
Acknowledgment of what in thee is deere
That is, the *glory* of much *excellence*
Fitt for the vap of high'st *preheminece* :³
The *World* is in the wane, and worthy *Men*
Haue not therein in each place residence :
Such as are worthy should be cherisht then,
And being overthrowne raisd vp agen.

¹ Psal. 104. 15 ; Eccl. 31. 28.

² When the righteous are in auctority the people reioyce :
but when the wicked bear rule, the people sigh. Prover. 29. 2.

³ Psal. 144. 9

⁴ Ps. 139. 67. 71.

⁵ God & King.

Pembrooke, to *Court* (to which thou wert made strange)
Goe, doe thine *homage* to thy *Soveraigne*,
Weepe, and reioyce, for this sadd-joyfull *Change* ;
Then weepe for ioy, thou needst not *teares* to faine,
Sith late thine *Bies* did nought els entertaine :
If I mistake thee not, and thy best *part*,
Thy vertues will thy *Liege's* fauoure gaine :
For, *Vertue*, vertue loues, as *Arte* doth *Arte* ;
Then will hee loue thee (*Lord*) for thy desert.

Thy *Sire* and *Grand-sire* were two mightie *Peeres*
That were strong trustie *Pillars* of this *State* :
Thou hast what they had, thy *want* is but *yeeres* ;
Yet *Arte* in thee doth *Tyme* anticipat,
And maks thee, being yonge, in old estate :
For lo, thy *Judgment's* iointes are strongly knitt
And in *Art's* *Limbecke*, thy all-learn'd *Pate*,
Wisdoms extracts the *Quintessence* of *Witt*
To make the same for his *employment* fitt.

Hold vp your hartlesse *Heads*, and headlesse *Harts*,
All yee whom *Time* and *Fortune* did suppress ;
Hee's come, hee's come, that *Life* halfe dead reverts,
Deere little *Lord*, great in too great distresse,
(With smoothed front) goe kisse thy *happinesse*.
Ladies, and *Lords*, purse-pinched, and *Soule*-pain'd,
Poore, Rich and all (rich in all *blaudmesse*)
Blesse him by whom yee haue till now remain'd,
To tast these *Tymes* which yeeld sweet *ioyes* vntain'd.

High humbled *Lady*, high though humbled,
High by thy vertue, humbled by thy *Crosse*,
By *Fortune* lift vp, and downe tumbled,
Two (I speake, *World*) had ere one such a losse
As shee had of two *Pheaxes*, who did engrosse
The richest *Wares* that *Arte* and *Nature* sold,
Yet *Fortune* in their fines was over-crosse,
For both vntimely shew return'd to *Mould*,
Yet, *Lady*, new be cast in *Comfort's* *Mold*.

Yee seemely *Senators* that *God* do feare,
Virtue's true *Louers*, *Bloud*-detesting *Sages*,
Peace & *Right's* friends, (as now doth wel appeare)
Load-stars to this, *Lights* to the after *Ages*
Reioyce you may, for, your well-ern'd *Wages*
(Earn'd of your late *Mistris*) he will pay
That's now your *Master* ; Then with harmeles rages
Of seale inflam'd exult, and with vs say
Blest be *King James*, our *King*, our *Ioy*, our *Stay*.

Mount-joy, let *ioy* now mount as high as *Heav'n*,
For now thy (long-left) *lond* in *Heav'n* become :
Come ; come away, the *Foe* to flight is driv'n,
Hasten thy comming, hie, O hie thee home
That *ioy* (though nought els can) may thee orecome :
Muses' deere *loue*, *Mecenas* to their *loues*,
Thy *King* vnto this *kingdome* now is come,
And like the *sunne* in our new *Heaven* moues
To comfort thee and all that *glorie* loues.

If wee that still live here doe *Heav'n*'s it hold,
What wilt thou thinke it with that *Hell* compar'd
Where yet thou liv'st, among deathes manifold,
(Which for our safety thou hast long endur'd?)
Thou sure wilt thinke no *Angell* now doth ward
The Esterne *Eden*, plac'd now in the *North*,
But, *Scots*, and *English men*, the same doe guard
And therein live; then come Heroicke *Work*,
Attend thy *Liege* till he rescends thee forth.

Mecke-harted *Worcester*, friend of Humanity,
Honour'd for *honesty*, so rightly honor'd:
God's white-guilt *Whiteneft*, glory of *Prulacy*;
Buckhurst our *Treasurer*, royally *treasur'd*
With richest *Rules of Rule*: *Egerton* famouz'd
For loue to *equity*: chiefe Justice of the *land*,
Bold *Popham* resolute, for thy friend, for thy *Head*;
Strive, strive, & strive to make fast *Peace's* Band,
That you (obeying) may in peace command;
So you by it, and it by you may stand.

Great harted *Heros*, great *Northumberland*,
Furnish with all that may make great a *Peere*;
And *Tethys*' true-loue, ventrous *Cumberland*;
Together with the rest to *England* deere
Deere *Peeres* let now your peerelesse loy appeere:
Goe *Lordes*, goe meete your *sans-Peere* Sovereigne;
And tell him yes are *his* while *hee* is here,
And when he leaveth the *Earth* for heav'nly raigne
You and yours will be *his*, whiles *they* remaine.

Thou lively Image of our *World's* perfection,
Our little *World's* great *Paragon* of fame,¹
Both taking being (by the *Head's* direction)
In one selfe wombe, that both should be the same
In *Spirit*, in *virtue*, *nature*, and in *name*;
This *World* begins to cotton now for thee,
For whom the *World*, sometimes, was much to blame:
Virtue, deere *Sidney*, now advanc'd shalbe,²
Sith *Virtue* knowes no partialitee.

Thou virgin *Knight* that dost thy selfe obscure
From *World's* vnequall *eies*, and fain wouldst dy
Er' thy name³ should be knowne to *World's* impure,
Now shew thy selfe, thou canst not hidden lie
From our new *World's* desert out-searching *Eie*.
Great *Sidney's* loue (true proove of thy great worth),
Live now, for now thou maist not living die;
Virtue must vie thee, then (*Dyer* Knight) come forth
To haile thy *virtue's* *Loadstarre* from the *North*.

And Albion's *Scæva*, whose crosse wounded *Corse*
Like t' an imbalmed dead-Corpe in aspect
Twenty times dead, yet still hast vitall force,
And so dost counst death, through *dastie's* defect,
Yet scornst, nay hat'st thy *life*, in *Fame's* respect:⁴
Vp with thy *Coats of Steele*, it's time for thee,
No *foe* is now in field, and in effect

Thy *Veines* are drie, thine *eies* do dimmely see,
Then loy in *peace*, with *life* at last agree.

Great *Maiestie*, last let the least, of all
Thy Subjects least, send from his hart a *signe*
Of that it holds and whiles it *is*, it shall;
That is, that loue thou only mai'st define
By that vnbounded loue (to vs) of thine [1
I haile thee happy *Sou'raigne* from a farre,
Vnworthy to approach thy view of *Eine*,
Saying blest be *him* that blessed thee from warre,
To be our *peace*, in whom we blessed are.

And be thine *come*, though others' praises come short,
O sacred *Sou'raigne* Southe of *England's* loy,
Let matchlesse vertues, *Virtue's* praise report,
Which thou alone dost questionlesse enjoy:
The *Vulgar's* laudes thine *Eares* doe nought but ejoy,
The *Concave* of a *Crowne* may cease that *winde*,
Which froward *Fates* have power to destroy:
But that pure *praise* that's due to thy pure *Minde*,
From *Fates* is free'd being of immortall kinde.

Well wott'st thou *Princes'* liues haue much more force
Then purest *Loues*, their *Subjects* to refine;
For, *Subjects* follow still their *Sou'raigne's* course,
As, *Sunne-like* *Marigolds* doe *Sol* divine,
Who lose their grace when *hee* doth cease to shine:
This makes thee shun, what may eclipse thy light,
Because thou lead'st *all* by that light of thine,
And striv'st to glitter in all vertue bright,
That *all* might haue thereby direction right.

Though at thy becke be all *sens*-pleasing *sweetes*,
Yet art thou pleas'd with what thy *sense* contains,
In *Straights* where *Abstinence* with *Reason* meetes,
Which head-strong *Appetite* (*Synne-spurr'd*) raignes,
And binds thy *Passions* in *Soule*-staying chaines.
Thus *Reason* strictly ruleth thee, we see,
Which over thee (as thou raign'st ore vs) raignes:
If *Reason* thou obai'st, much more should wee,
That are borne to obey *Reason*, and thee.

How came I with thee to bee so acquainted
That so I should describe each part of thee?
Thy *Bookes* wherin so fluely thou art painted
(Deere *Liege*) I once (loy-ravish'd) did see,
For which I shall, till death, the better bee:
Then saw I thee, and then I heard thy *Wordes*
Which with *God's*, and thy glory, did agree,
And *Charity* beliefe to them affords,
Sith shee knowes nothing that with them discords.

And if the *Bookes* compil'd by vs, do beare
The *Image* of our *Mindes*, (as thou do'st say)
Then in that *Booke* that *Image* doth appeare
Bright as the *Sunne* (in *Virtue's* best aray)
To light all *Kinges* to keepe their *Kings*'s high *Way*:

¹ Sir Phil. Skid.

² Sir R. Sidney.

³ Sir Ed. Dy.

⁴ Sir Ed. Wingfield.

¹ The light of the king's countenance is life: & his favour is as a clowde of the later raine. Prov. xvi. 15.

² Tim. 6. 15. Rev. 22. 26.

No *Sentence, Line, Clause, Word, or Syllable*
Therein contain'd, but doth pure *thoughts* bewraile :
Then, sith thy *Minde* is to it *semblable*,
No Earthly *King* is to thee sutable.

Never was *Piety* with *Policy*
So well compounded in the *Head of State* :
The *Serpent's* wisdom many *Snakes* apply
To *Sores of Kings' Simplicity*, but hate
The *Dove-like innocence*, as out of date.
If *Piety*, and *Policy* doe iarre
(As some suppose) then can we bee s' ingrate
As not to crowne him that did end the warre?
Nor be compos'd by such a *Temperer*?

For, if from *Harts*' abundance *Monthes* disperse
Vertue or *Vice's Mammon* all abroad,
What may we deeme thee then, that did'st reherse
Such *precepts*, as besee'm'd a *Semi-God*,
How best the *Sonne* should bear an *Empire's* Lode
(Which *weaknesse* oft, back-broken, vndergoes)
We needes must weene that *Vertue* makes abode
(As in her home) in thy *Hart*, sith it floes
With goodnesse like *God's*, to thy *Friends & Foes*.

How like a Lord of thy selfe do'st thou strue
To conquer *Passion* (*Princes'* great'st *disease*)
In him that likely is thee to survive?
And, as an old tride *Sea-man* tells at *Seas*
What *Rocks* and *Flatts* a yong *one* may displease
Ere first he settis out, that he them may shunne :
So, from thy *prooffe* (for thy *Succeder's* ease
Thou tell'st him (ere to *rule* he hath begune)
What *Compass* he should keep, safe *Course* to run.

For *Empire* is a *Sea* most faire to see,
But perillous to proue, as they best kno
That all their life-long to it bounden be,
Subiect each *Tyde* to be orewhelm'd with woe,
If not to *wrache* and finall overthro :
Wherein thou dost thy *course* so wisely guide
That like a skilful *Pilot* thou dost sho
(By demonstration) how this *Sea* t' abide
And safely saile, or else at *Ancor* ride.

Then, ô how bless'd is this blisful *Ile*
Whose *God* is Loue, whose *King* is *Vertue's* Host,
Whose *Grace* and *Wisdom* (with an holy *guile*)
Doth catch the *Least* and binds them to him most,
As to their *Filler*, and vpholding *Post* !
Who makes his *Subjects* great, as *good*, as *great*
By his *example*, without *Checks*, or *cost*,
And to *vnequalls* equal *Law* doth meate
With *Loue's* right hand, which stil doth *hate* defeat !

The *Fire*, as be'ng the noblest *Element*,
Is plac'd, by *Nature's* hand, about the rest ;
That, by it's active vertue prevalent,
It might repurifie the *worst*, and *best*,
That be inferior, or in lesse request :

So thou art iustly plac'd (in *Nature's* right)
About the *great'st*, that with thy vertue least
Canst purge them from their greatest vices quight,
And make them shine, through thy high vertue's light.

Such *Kings* should be obaid, and *glory-croun'd*,
Because their *Vertues* al men's else excede :
For, they that are in all abundance drownd,
Yet, set no more in, then may *Nature* feede,
And spare the rest for those that haue more need,
O ! these are rightly *Fame's Superlatiues*,
(*Gods* vpon *Earth*, that's *Kings* like *Gods* in *deede*)
From whom the *subiect* vertue high derives,
Whose liues are *Lights* to lead obscurer lines.

And, *Vertue* in a *King* is more of price,
Then in a *poore man*, though most vertuous,
For *Kings* haue more meanes to be drawn to *Vice*,
And may, without controle, be vicious ;
But *poore-men*, not, for *Want*, and *Summun ius* :
If *Sol* would *Venus* vse, what *Starre* comes not
At becke, wel neere, too neere to him, to vse?
But if a naked *poore Snake* be so hott
He may be coold, but so be coold, cannot.

What glory gettes constrain'd *Sobrietie*
(If glorie gotten be by *Vertue* right)
Constrain'd b' imperious *Necessitie*,
Other, then to be chast for want of might
In *Purse*, or *Parts*, or all the *Bodie* quight?
Where's no *Foe* to oppunge, what conquest is 't?
But where be many great *Ones*, there to fight,
And with a *Kingly* courage them resist,
O such an one is a true *Martialist* !

How easie this is sedd, who doth not see?
How *Arte* may picture *Vertue*, all perceane ;
But to inspire her with vitalitee,
This none but onely *Gods* haue powr to geue,
From whom alone *shee* doth her life receane.
O, deere *Liege*, that I could, as faine I would,
Make *Vertue* lively ; then by thy good leave,
Thou should'st not leave me (wretch) sith then I could
Leaue all the *World* to serue thee, as I should.

Then would I with a never wearied *Eye*
Help thee to watch from *wolves* thy *Flocke* to keepe :
Thy *Flocke* is great, and *Wolves* may hurcking lye
In each darke *Corner* to deuoure thy *Sheepe* :
But blest were he that would, & could dive deepe
Into th' *Abisse* of ev'ry darke *device*,
(While thou gav'st *Nature* necessarie sleepe)
To feele their *Snarres* to catch, & *Larres* t' intice,
So, make them knowne that would thee preiudice.

Due, due to *Hell*, blacke *Hel's* inhabitants
(Children of *darknesse* that envie our *light*)

Albion's no place for such blacke *Miscreants*,
For *God*, and *Man*, there, with (not for) you fight :
Then, doe your selues ensconce in endlesse *night* ;
There stand vpon your *guard*, guarded with *Fiends*,
That *guard* and *griue* you, both at once, with *spight* ;
There shall yee feele smart of *God's* fingers' ends,
Sith diuine *Iustice* deeper nere descends.

Deere *Loue*, sweet *Lord*, *goodnes*-surmounting *God*,
How stands this *Land* oblig'd vnto thy loue !
This little-great *Land*, or great-little *Clod*
Thou more regard'st (it seemes) then *heav'n* aboue ;
For there thou plaguedst *sinne*, as *Angels* proue :¹
But, though this *Ile* doth *flote* on *seas* of *sinne*,
Thou, mou'd with loue, from it dost *plagues* remoue,
As if against the streame thou wouldst it winne
To perfect goodnesse, and to rest therein.

O bow our *Harts* of *steele*, make them well bent,
That they may through thy *hart* shoot *shafts* of *loue*,
And wound the same with loue most violent :
But what neede that, sith now the same we proue ?
But yet, sith thou such *shooting* dost approue,
And, by thy *lawes*, alone it's lawfull game,
Let all the *shafts* of our *indeuors* roue
At thy *hart's* whitest *loue*, sith in the same
Consists our *gaine*, *grace*, *glory*, *ioy*, and *fame* ;

Gaine, for all's gain'd in thy all-giving *loue* ;
Grace, for *God's* loue is *man's* extreamest grace ;
Glorie, for thou do'st glorifie thy *loue* ;
Joy, sith thy needs must *ioy*, whom ² *ioies* embrace ;
And *fame*, for *Fame* ensues the loue of *Grace* ;
All these winne we, if we thy *loue* doe win :
Then should we draw our *Soules* out of *sin's* case,
And, be'ng well bent, shoote *loue*-shafts at the *Pin*
Of thy deere *loue*, which lies thine *hart* within.

Orecome vs (*Lord*) in kindnesse, let thy *grace*
Ever triumph ore our vngrac'ousnesse :
So, wee le triumph in that gracious *disgrace*,
Giving all *glorie* to thy *graciousnesse*,
And, loue, and feare thy dread *almightynesse*.
Let not these *Blessings* greater make thy *Curse*
Against our inbred base *vngratefulnesse* :
O let not thy *grace* make vs worse, and worse,
But to be gracious let it vs enforce !

These super-supererogating *Workes*
Proceeding from thy sup'rinducing *loue*
Might make vs (though farre worse then *Iewes* or *Turkes*)
To entertaine them as thou do'st approue :
And giue thy *loue* no cause *ours* to reprocue.
Since borne I was, I saw but *sinne* abound,
And thy *grace* ore abounding, which might moue
A senselesse *stone* to sincke in *Teares* profound,
Flowing from highest *loue*, in *Teares* ydrownd.

¹ 2 Pet. 2. 4.

² In *God* are all, sith without him are no *Ioyes*.

³ *Math.* 11. 21.

Thou deal'st not thus with the adiacent *Lands*
(Although perhaps they haue provokt thee lesse)
Captiuitie hath oft bound them in *Bands*,
And the *Destroyer's* *Sword* hath had egresse
Through all the *Members* of them, more, and lesse,
Which did not *cut*, but *eate flesh* (greedy *sword*)¹
Nor *shed*, but was made *drunke* with *bloud's* excesse
But to our *land*, alone, thou do'st afford
Peace, *Plentie*, *Freedom*, *Health*, *Wealth*, and thy
Word.

Yet from him sitting on the kingly *Throne*
Vnto the *Slave* that at the *Hand-mill* grindes,
Others, by ciuill *Sword* haue beene orethrone,
And *Masacres* of *Bodies*, and of *Mindes*,
Haue beene performed in all hellish kindes :
Vpon their *Wallies* were *Woes* and *Wellawaies*
Breath'd out with *groanes*, like hollow-voic'd *windes* ;
Their *streetes*, with *shrikes* through *soddaine stabs*'
dismaies,
By *Nights* did *eccho*, and did ring by *Daies*,
While *stormes* of *rage* did *bloudy billowes* raise.

The venerable *Lore* that *Time* and *Arte*
Exchequer'd had, in one *Head*² (rarely wrought)
Was let-out by a *Dagger*, or a *Dart*,
As good for nothing, but to bring to nought :
Vertue was held a *Rebell*, and still sought
But to be slaine, and so, by *Death*, embrac'd :
Vice was secur'd by that which *Vice* had wrought
By *Vertue's* helpe, by *Vice* now quite defac'd,
So all, but *Vice*, then dide, were disgrac'd.

And heerewith keene-cheek'd *Famine* made a way
Through their best *Citties*³ bowels, so to bring
Their *Bellies* and their *Baches* to kisse, and plaie,
So to beguile the smart of *famishing*,
Which in the *hollowes* of the *Hart* did sting :
Dogs, *Cats*, *Mice*, *Rats*, stale *Carion*, and *Horse-dung*
(Wherewith perchance they *humane-flesh* did minge)
These did they eate, they were so hunger-stunge,
Nay, dide for want of these, through *famine* longe.

Thinke what it is to *Sowe*, and not to *Reape*,
Or what to haue, what others haue in hold
That haue no hold ; yet *all* away doth sweepe
And so by spoile of *all*, liue vncontrold :
What tis to haue a *Wife*, yet haue thy *wife*
To haue no *power* to doe, as thy *wife* should,
But, to auoide the *Ravisher's* rude *knife*,
Cannot auoide the losse of more then *life*.

O could a *Man* behold, at one *aspect*,
The many *Hells* attending *Ciuill-warre*,
He would suppose (no doubt) by the effect,
Hell had broke loose, and tane *Earth* prisoner,
And vad it worsen then worst *Hell* by farre :

¹ *Deut.* 32. 42.

² *Ramus.*

³ *Paris, Rochel.*

For, if the *God of Heav'n* a *Realme* would damme
About the *Earth*, he needs but let it iarre
Within it selfe; and then no *Hellish* flame
Can so torment with anguish, as the same.

Diff'ring in nothing but in *Time* and *Place*,
Sane that the *Sense's* light makes the griefe the more;
For it giues light to see the hidious *case*
Of *all*, when *all* are almost drown'd in *Gore*,
That, like a *Deluge*, oreflowes *Sea*, and *Shore*;
Which, if it might be *felt*, and not be *seene*,
Sense would suppose the same to be lesse sore;
For *Sight* (the *Senses'* Sovereigne) would weene
That, that is still *myself*, that is *unseene*.

And but that *Woes* are priviledg'd from *iest*,
I well might say (and yet but *iest* in sho)
That this *damnation Dive!* more detest
Then the perdition in the *Hell* belo;
For there their vtmost *miseries* they kno:
And well they wot, if they (as these) should iarre,
Their *kingdome* (like these) should to ruine goe:
So they, much more then *Hell*, feare *civill-warre*,
Because a *kingdome* it doth more then *maire*.

The *Night* that *Nature* bath ordain'd for *rest*
Then yeelds no *rest*, yet endlesse *rest* it giues;
No *rest* it yeelds, but kills both *Man*, and *Beast*,
Yet *rest* it giues, by reaving of their lives;
So, *knives* bereave their *rest*, that rest by *knives* /¹
Men go to *bed* (as to their *grave*) with breath,
Where *Death*, vnwares, of *breath* them oft deprives;
So, while they sleepe in *life*, they sleepe in *death*,
True *Image* of the *life* in *Hell* beneath.

For if in that *Hell* be degrees of *Woe*,
As *Truth* it selfe affirms (with voice divine)
Then may these seeme to be the worst of those
That lowest *Hell* doth in it selfe confine;
For, *weeping* and *Teeth-gnashing*, that *Hell's* *Signe*
Is seeme each *where*, where *civill Swords* doe rage,
Which do the best-backed *states* in sunder chaine,
And with *Hell-like* confusion doe engage
The brightest *Empires* to darke Vassallage.

As when the might'st *Balaath* is come
Into the *clawes* of some rude *Tamburlaine*,
Hee's vsd more basely then the basest *Groome*,
Till he be forc'd to beate out his owne *Brains*
Against the *cage* of his hard *Hart's* *disdaine*:
So, when the *civill Swords* vncivilliz'd
In mightist *Empires*, there it runnes amaine
Through all, till all be with *Contempt* surpris'd,
Or, *all* doe end, ere so will be displac'd.

Thus whiles *Athalia* hath her owne *blood* suckt;²
And *Achas* in the fire his *Flesh* did frie;³

Yea whiles *Samaria* on her *Walls* hath pluckt,
Her *children's* *Limbs* in sunder savagely,
Devouring them with hunger greedily,
Our *Milke* and *hony-flowing Palestine*
Hath overflowne with all *felicities*;
Whiles *Ravie* sought, but could not (sane repine)
To hale vs from this *Sea*, with *Hook* and *Line*.

So wee alone (orewhelm'd in *Barthie Blisse*)
Still dwe in *Pleasures* *Streames* to finde new *letes*,
Not knowing once what *Sword*, or *Famine* is,
Nor the least thing that *Nature* ought annoyes,
Sane when we list to make *them* sporting *Toies*.
What are we (*Lords*) or what our *Father's* house;⁴
That *it* by *thee* such *welfare* still enjoys,
As it doth seeme thy whole care's cast on vs,
And to vs only wert most gracious!

What endlesse *Peales* of *Praise* are due to thee
From those to whom (as to vnworthy vs)
Thou leavest not an headlesse *Anarches*,
As to the *Cassibab's* prodigious,
A *Government* more then most monstrous!
Nor as to the *Tartarian Herdes* of *Cham*,⁵
Nor *Swarms* of *Tubal-gox* (most ravenous)
But with thy *power* divine, them vp didst dam
Farre off from *Abion* in the Land of *Hame*!

Our present *happnesse* shall more appeere
(And long may it bee *present* and to *come*)
Compar'd with the *state* wherein we were
At our grand *Ancestors'* first calling home
To *civill* life (that long did rudely come).
Their *common-weale* (if so it may bee call'd)
Was (like to *Rome's* when *Sylla* rag'd in *Rome*)
With *Rage*, and *Wrongs*, and *lawlesse* might enthrall'd,
And by each savage *Furie* ever gall'd.

The *greates* devour'd the *meane*, the *meane* the *lows*:
Who could gripe hardest held *all* as he would;
Who crost his *will*, the *law* did then transgresse,
For which he dide, or dying liue he should;
So strongest *Thames* themselves did *Princes* held:
All was worse then it seem'd, yet seem'd all woe,
For twas a *Nation* (which this *Land* did hold)
That liv'd by one another's overthro,
Yet, for they liu'd together, seem'd not so.

I could, although my *Muse* were nere so dull,
Be endlesse in this infinite *discourse*:
But now, *Decorum* by the earre doth pull
My forward *Muse*, and stales her in her course,
Lest that a *Booke* her *Preface* was perforce:
It is ynough my *Booke* doth ore abound
With tedious *lines*, if not with *lines* farre worse.
Yet in well-borne *Prolixities* is found
That which abortive *Briefenesse* cannot bound.

¹ They disease thereby killing, and ease them being killed.

² 2 Kin. 11. 1, 2, 3.

³ 2 Kin. 16. 3. & 2 Chron. 28. 3.

⁴ 1 Kin. 6. 26, 27, 28, 29.

⁵ Gen. 10. 6, 8, 10.

⁶ 2 Sam. 7. 18.

⁷ 1 Sam. 6. 19.

And for a tast (God graunt it may prooue tastie)
Of what the *Muse* can doe now thou art come,
That which ensues (though shee were over-hastie)
Is her first *speech* since *Musing* made her dumble:
This *Brut*, conceav'd in her barraine *Wombe*,
Was made to moue by the *all-mouer's* aide,
And if *both* moue thee to like *all*, or *some*,
I shall account my *Muse* the blessedst *Maide*
That ever for an *Husband* so long staide.

Yet shee that next to *God* and thee hath right
My *service* to command, commandeth me
To be hir *Mouth* (to vtter what shee might)
Vnto her great'st *Protector*, next to thee,
Ere that my short wing'd *Muse* doo further flee:
My dearest Country *Wales* commandeth this,
That in the depth of all *Assimilation*

I let hir *Prince* to know how ill shee is,
For want of him, hir *Lowe*, hir *Life*, hir *Blisse*.

What shall I say (deere *Liege*) I'm at a stand
That haue so much (with little skill) to say;
Heav'n, Earth, Men, Beasts, Fish, Fowle, yea Sea and Land

Exults with vs, insults on those that may
And will not; surst be those I (cursing) pray:
To curse *God's* foes, and *yours*, is but to blesse
Those that be *his*, and *yours*, and both obey;
David did so, and *Davies* doth no lesse,
Amen saie all, that loue true *blessedness*.

John Davies.



CAMBRIA

To the high and mighty, Henry by the grace of
God Prince of Wales.

Great *Grandame Wales* from whom those *Ancestors*
Descended, from whom I (poore I) descend,
I owe so much to my *Progenitors*,
And to thee, for them, that vntill mine end
Thy *name*, and *fame*, the honor and defend:
Sith *Ioy* doth passage to thy speech deny
(For that thy *Prince* thine *honor* doth commend)
Lest that thy *silence* might be tane *surrie*,
Mine Artlesse *Pen* shall thy *Tongue's* want supply.

Did *Curtius* more for *Rome*, then I for thee,
That willingly (to saue thee from annoy
Of dire *dislike*, for *ingratitude*)
Do take vpon me to expresse thy ioy,
And so my *Muse* in boundlesse *Sauis* desire?
Yet, lo, deere *Grandame*, how myne active *Lowe*,
My little *All* doth (more then *all*) imploy
For thee, that thou by me thy *Prince* maist moue
To loue thee for the ioy he makes thee proue.

O then most gracious *Sonne* vnto that *Sire*,
Whose *grace* doth glorifie both *Sire*, & *Sonne*;
Of thy great *grace* I (prostrate) thee desire
To cast thine *Eye* on mine *intention*,
Rather, then on my *Muse's* action.

The *Burden's* waighty which shee vndergoes,
And shee is *Weake*, and *Dull* in motion;
Then let thy liuely *Soule* hir *Soule* inclose,
And giue hir *youth* and *Spright*, that aged groes.

As when a *yongling* lieth by the syde
Of some old *Sire*, his *age* doth vertue draw
From his deere *youth*, that makes *Age* longer tide:
So mine *invention* old, cold, rude, and raw,
(Not able to digest *ought* in hir maw)
May by the quicke hereditary heate
Of thy yong *Muse* (that yciest *thoughts* can thaw)
In *Wales*, my *Countrie's* name, performe this feate,
And welcome thee to thy long empty *Seate*.

But O! I feele, but with the *thought* of thee,
My frozen *thoughts* to melt, as with a *Sunne*,
Whose comfort *Brutes Remayne* doth long to see:
And through my *Nerves* I feele the warme *bloud* runne
From *hart*, to *braines*, to heat *invention*.
Mount, *Muse*, vpon the winges of high desire;
Runn, *Numbers*, now my swiftest *thoughts* outrunne,
That prostrate on my face (while you aspire)
I may salute this *Prince (Wales)* and his *Sire*.

Welcome ten-thousand times, ye sacred *Paire*,
Great *Atlas*, and *Alcides* of this *Land*,
Vpon whose shoulders (safe from all impaire)
The *Common-wealth* thereof doth fix'd stand,
Which dext'rously your *Virtus* doth command.
Deere *Prince*, the weale of *Wales*, the *Brittains'* blisse,
By me (thine owne) *Wales* lets thee vnderstand,
That she desires thy princely *fete* to kisse,
And praies, as for her *Heav'n* on *Earth*, for this.

Then come, sweete *Prince*, thy *Principalitie*
Doth long to beare thee on her blisful *Brest* :
There shalt thou see the Hart of *Loyalty*
(Loue-sicke) for want of thee in great vnrest ;
Then come (Deere *sweete*) and to thine owne giue rest.
For, as an hungrie *Stomach* bites the more
The neerer *meate* is to the same address :
So is thy *People's* longing made more sore
To hold thee now they haue thee, then before.

There shalt thou finde *Brute's* venerable *Stoche*
To loue thee, as the *Creame* of their best *bloud* :
For, all about thee wil they thronging flocke
To tender thee their *Eies*, to doe thee good,
Such is the nature of their loving *moode*,
As when a *Father*, fallen in decay,
Doth see his *Sonne*, that giues him *Cloth* and *foode*,
Crown'd as a *King*, *Ioy* makes his *hart* her *Pray* ;
So will they *Ioy* to see their *Ioy* to sway.

From *Owen Theodor*, who from *Camber* came,
(From *Camber Sonne* of *Brute* who came from *Troy*)
Art thou descended ; and thy *Bellsire's* name
Was *Theodor* : let vs (*Brittaines*) then enioy
Our *owne* in thee, in thee, our onely *Ioy*.
We haue bin long afflicted, and opprest
By those that sought our whole *Race* to destroy ;
Then sith we are in thee so highly blest,
Lett's haue our *owne*, thy selfe, to giue vs rest.

O come, and comfort vs, our *Ioy*, our *Peace*,
Let vs haue *thes*, then haue we *all*, in *thes*,
All that, that tends to *Peace* and *ioyes* increase ;
And in thy *presence* we shall blessed be ;
For *thow* art blest, then in thee, blest are *wee* ;
Sith blest thou art with all that *Heav'n* doth cast
Vpon the *Heav'n* of *Earthe's* *felicities* :
Our *bloud* in thee craues part of it, at last,
In recompence of all our *sorrowes* past.

What shall oppunge *this*, our *bloud* doth convince ;
Nature hath made thee *ours*, and we are *thine* ;
We are thy *people*, and thou art our *Prince* ;
Betwixt vs *Loue* will haue nor *Thyne*, nor *Myne*,
But the Word *Oures* she doth to vs Assigne :
Our *Land*, our *Prince*, our *People*, and our *Loues*,
Our *State*, our *Common-weale*, our *Hand*, *Seale*, *Signe*,
All ours, & nought but ours, (deere *Prince*) because
Both *Prince* and *People* clos'd are in this *clause*.

Then come *All ours*, blesse all ours with our *Eies*
Plac'd in the *Head*, begotten by our *Head* ;
Which was begotten by our *bloud* likewise :
Come, rule thou vs in that *Head's* place, & steede,
Till thou that *Head*, in his place, shalt succede.
Here shalt thou see, cas'd in poore *Coates* of *fraese*,
Rich *Spirits* of *Troians*, which on *glory* feede,
Who, for they *are*, and rightly came of *these*,
Each with the nature of the *Stoche* agrees.

Our greatest *braverie* lies all within
(Where greatest *Harts* do loue the same to haue)
We say, to braue an abiect *sprite*, is sinne ;
But, to be braue in *Spirit* is passing braue :
We scorne a double-gilt base-mettled *Slawe*,
For we are harted-whole, true *Iouialists*,
Making our *glorie* goe beyond our *Graue*,
So to dissolve *Oblivion's* foggy *mists*,
And blind the *Eies* of squint-Ei'd *Satyrists*.

For, be it that we know no *Complement*,
Other then such as our deere *Ancients* knew,
That's plaine, and simple, like our *harts'* intent ;
Yet, if we pleas'd, we could be fash'ond new ;
Lou'd we not more our *Fathers* to ensue :
We want nor *wit*, nor *sprit*, nor *wealth* (perchance)
Swift-flying *Fash'on* swiftlie to pursue,
In *guise*, in *gate*, and courtly *dalliance*,
At *Till*, each way, with *Loue*, or *Marses* lance.

Witnesse our *Owen Theodor*, who could giue
True *demonstration* how to court a *Queene* :
Who from the seede of *Loue* did *grace* receiue
To beare him selfe in her *Eie* best-beseene,
And made her *thoughts* a demy-God him weene :
He so could draw the motion of her *eie*
By *motions* seemely, which, in him were seene,
That he alone best pleas'd her *fantasie*,
As beeing full of best-grac'd *Maiestie*.

Now, from the *Court*, descend we to the *Campe* :
And from *those* elder *times*, to *these* of *ours* :
There finde we (no lesse currant for the *stampe*)
WILLIAMS¹ (world's wonder for his native *powers*)
Out-daring *Death* in many *sanguine showres* :
The singing *Bullets* made his *soule* reioice,
As *Musicks* that the *hearing* most alures ;
And, if the *Canons* bas'd it with their voice,
He seem'd as ravisht with an *Heav'nly* noise.

And when the *Fo-men's* Muskets *spight* did spitt
Then would he spitt, in sport, at them the while :
The *Blowes* his courage gaue, were plac'd by *witt*,
For *Witt* and *Courage* dwelt still in his *Stile* ;
While *Comardise*, and *Polly* made them vile
Whose glory lay all in their *Ladies'* Lappe,
And when he came to *Court*, at them would smile
Yea, smoothe lie iest at their soft-silken *Hoppe*,
Yet could, like *Mars*, take there somtimes a *Napp*.

¹ Sir Roger Williams

Runne over all the *Stories Tymes* affoord,
Or prie vpon them with the sharpest sight,
We shall not finde one did more with his *Sword*
Then this braue *Brittaine*, and true *Troian-Knight*,
Who putt ¹ *Achilles* in his *Tent* to flight
By such an over-dareing *Enterprise*,
As *all* that heare it, not beleuee it might,
But that these *Tymes* haue seene it with their *Eies*,
And that the fame thereof to *Heaven* flies.

Quite through & through *Death's* grizely lawes hee ran,
And made a way through *Horror's* vgli'st *Hell*,
Yea, danted *Death*, more like some God, then *Man*,
Vntill the *Prince*, and *Death* he did compell
To flie for life, which his *sword* sought to quell :
O *Skinck*, how blessed wert thou in his loue
That drue thee on, through *Death* to *Glorie's* well,
From whence the life of *Fame* doth flowing move
To all, that for her sake such *Dangers* prove !

Should I recount the pettie *Miracles*
By him performéd, in his martiall course,
My words would scarce be held for *Oracles* :
Suffizeth me, the *World* (that knew his force)
Well knew his *Hart* was *Witt*, and *Valour's* Source,
And they that most envie our *Brittish* fame
Must needs thus much of him confesse (perforce)
That whatsoever from this *Brittaine* came
Was *Witt* and *Spright*, or savor'd of the same :

But, should I instance in *particular*,
What *Truth* doth warrant for the *Brittaines'* glory ;
I could (perhaps) runne vp their *Race*, as farre
As *loue*, and finde them famouséd in *story* :
But, for in me it may be thought vaine glorie,
Sith being one, my selfe I seeme to praise,
I will desist, although my *soule* be sory
I should desist from that which many waies,
Might *Camber* crowne with everlasting *Baies*.

Then come, sweet *Prince*, take thou vs to thy charge,
And we, the while will take the charge of thee :
Thou shalt thine office easily discharge,
For we will more then most obedient bee,
Which, to his comfort, thy dread *Sire* shall see :
For, when *obedience* flowes from ardent *loue*,
It is perform'd with all alacritee ;
Which thou in vs (we hope) shalt shortly proue,
For with thy becke thou shalt vs stay, or moue.

If thou wilt come to vs, thou well shalt see
Weele spare no *paine*, that may effect thy *pleasure* ;
For each one will be busie, as a *Bee*,
To yeeld thee honied *ioie*, by waight and measure,
And shunne (as *Hell*) the cause of thy displeasure.
Weele plant our *Mountaines* with the rarest *Trees*,
That may be culléd from *Pomona's* Treasure,
And all our *hedge-rows* shall be ranckt with these,
To please thine *eye* with *what* with *taste* agrees.

¹ P. Parma.

Weele root vp all our *roughes*, our *heaths*, our *furs*,
And, in their place, make *grasse*, & *cowslips* gro :
We will remoue what thy *dislike* incurs,
And with the *Mountaines* fill the *Vales* below,
If by *Man's* *powre*, and *paine* they may be so :
Nought shall offend thee, be it what it will,
(Be it but mortall) if we it may know ;
For, weele bring downe the proudest *He*, or *Hill*,
That thou shalt *doome* to be scarce good, or ill.

Then liue with vs (deere *Prince*) and we will make
Our wildest *Wasts* *lett*-coulored *Garden-Plots* ;
So, *Flora* will her flow'rd *Meades* forsake,
To set *floures* there, in many curious *knots*,
To please thee and (our other selues) the *Scots* :
Weele turne our Villages to *Citties* faire,
And share them twixt the *Scots*, and vs, by *lots*,
Whereto both one, and other may repaire,
To interchange *Commodities*, or *Aire*.

Weele cleue the *Mountaines* *Neptune* to let in,
That *Ships* may floate, where now our *Sheepe* do feede :
And, whatso-ere industrious *hands* may win
Shall not be *lost*, that may thy pleasure breede,
Or richer make our intermixéd *Seede* :
And whereas now two *Townes* doe scarce appeere
Within the largest *Prospect* ; then, with speede,
They shall be built, as if one *Towne* they were,
That we may be to each as neere, as deere.

Those pleasant *Plots* where erst the *Romaines* built
Faire *Citties* for their *Legions* to liue in,
Whose gorgeous *Architecture* was oreuilt,
That by the *civill* *Sword* haue ruin'd bin,
(" *Which Ruines are the Monuments of sinne* ")
These will we now repaire, faire as before,
That *Scots*, and *Brittaines* may mixt liue therein :
Caerleon, where king *Arthur* liu'd of yore,
Shall be rebuilt, and double gilt once more.

And all along her gaudy gallant *Streets*
Weele go in Triumph, singing once a day
God, and our *Prince's* praises (*sweete of sweetes*)
Vpon our *Harpes*, like *Angels*, all the way,
For that our *Prince* is pleas'd with vs to stay :
What ist that loiall thankefull *Harts* can doe,
But we will doe, nay, do much more then thay ?
Thus doe we *Brittaines* our *Prince* kindly woo
To rule vs, ere *misrule* doth vs vndoo.

If proude we be (as *Pride* perhaps will say)
How can wee choose, now we haue such a *Prince* ?
Yet shall we prouder be *him* to obey,
Then proude of our dominion, long since,
When with our *Swordes* we did the *Land* conuince.
Wee were a *People* free, and freely fought
For *glorie*, *freedom*, and *preheminnence*,
But now our totall glory shall be sought
In this, that we will serue thee as we ought,

Beleeue not *Envy* (*Prince*) that vs pursues
 (Because shee knowes our *Race* is halfe diuine)
 That will (perhaps) say we our selues misuse,
 And to *contention* over-much incline ;
 This may be put on any mortall *line*
 By *Envy's* malice ; but thou shalt perceane
 Our vice is *Wit*, and *Courage*-masculine,
 With constant kindnesse mixt ; which *Brute* did leane
 To *Camber*, from whom, we did it receiue.

Nor may it be harmonious to thine *Eares*
 To heare our *stocks* depraui'd by *Iniurie* ;
 For, thy deer'st *bloud* (as to the *World* appeares)
 Is soild thereby with odious *obloquie* ;
 Then stop their *monthes* that breath such *blasphemie* :
 Let not our *plainnesse* be their *common-place*
 To make them sport, in bitter *foolery* ;
 For we hold *plainnesse* to be no disgrace,
 How ere, false-harted *Fiends* may deeme it base.

I doe confesse wee open-harted are,
 Scorning *Italian-hollow-hartednesse* :
 Where we *dislike*, there shew the same we dare,
 And where we *loue*, we loue for nothing lesse
 Then that which tasts of base *vnworthinesse*.
Troy had no *Sinon*, though the *Greekes* had store,
 Nor can her *Offspring* their crosse fortunes blesse
 With creeping to a *Deuill*, or adore
 A senselesse *Blocke*, though double-gilt or more.

We like *Civilitie* when it is dide,
 In *colour* which will take no *kue* but one,
 That's *Blacks*, which still will like it selfe abide,
 As well in raging *stormes*, as shining *Sunne*,
 Till it doth change by dissolution ;
 We hate, as *Hell*, the fowle bi-forméd *face*,
 Because it alters its creation,
 And thinke, that *glorie* hath her greatest grace
 In *vniformitie*, and *keeping place*.

We are whole-*chested*, and our *Breastes* doe hold
 A single *Hart*, that is as good, as great ;
 And that doth make vs in our actions bold :
 For *Innocence* with feare doth never sweate,
 How ill so ere the *World* doth her intreate :
 Our *Kith*, *Kinne*, and *Aliance*, with our *friends*
 We by the measure of kinde *nature* meate,
 If so, we needs must loue thee, for these *ends*,
 And, for our *happinesse* on thee depends.

O could I tune my *Tongue* vnto thine *Eare*,
 That so my *Words* might musicke seeme to it,
 That so thou might'st alone the *Burden* beare
 Which it requires, as it is requisit !
 Then, should my *Note* be noted to be fit :
 I speake for *those*, whose *Tongues* are strange to thee,
 In thine owne *Tongue*, if my *words* be vfit,
 That blame be mine ; but if *Wales* better be
 By my *disgrace* ; I hold that *grace* to me.

And better shall it be if my weake *lines*
 Shall draw thee but one *furlong* thetherward
 For as, when in the *Morne*, *Sol* farre-off shines,
 Yet cheeres vs with approaching betherward
 (But makes vs heaue going from-vs-ward)
 So *Wales* will much reioice, when thy sweete *face*
 Doth (though farre off) with fauour her regard :
 Thine only *countenance* shall giue her grace,
 And make her deeme her selfe in blessed case ; }
 But ten times blest if shee might thee embrace ! }

None otherwise then as a widow poore
 Vext with oppressions, and aduersity,
 If some great *Prince* doo match with hir, therefore,
 To shield hir so from woes, and *iniurie*,
 Shee'l kisse his *feete* in *loue's* humility :
 So shee (that like a *widow* long hath liv'd
 Without a *Prince*) our *Principalitie*,
 Will kisse thy *feete*, and be (halfe dead) reuiv'd,
 If such an honyed *Husband* she had wiv'd.

Shee, good old *Ladie*, then (with youth renew'd)
 Would foote it finely in blith *Roundelaies* :
 No *Bellamoure* should then be better *ku'd*,
 For hir *Hart's* mirth in hir *face* bloud would raise,
 That would deserue thy *Loue*, thy *grace*, thy *praise* :
 And, as inspiréd with a courtly *Spright*,
 Vpon the soddaine, would spend *Nights*, & *daies*,
 (As *Dido* entertain'd the *Troian Knight*)
 In all that should or *thee*, or *thine* delight.

Thou shalt perceave, though she be far from *Courts*,
 Clos'd in a *Cantone* of this blessed *Land*,
 Yet shee hath in hir *Trayne* some of all sorts
 Of either *Sex* ; whereof some vnderstand
 The *Dialect* of *Court*, and *Court's* command ;
 To whom shee giues most royall *Maintenance* :
 For, pettie *Kingdoms* some *Squires* haue in hand,
 Who will the glory of thy *Court* aduance,
 Sith they themselves keepe *Demi-Courts* perchance.

Then come, sweet *Prince*, *Wales* woeth thee by me
 (By me hir sorrie *Tongs-man*) to be pleas'd
 To liue with hir, that so, shee may by thee
 Bee rul'd in loue, and ruléd so, be eas'd
 Of what in former *times* hath hir displeas'd.
 The *Sheepe* their *Owner's* keeping most approue ;
 For, he will cure them, when they are diseas'd,
 With *Loue's* right hand ; But *Hirelings*¹ (*Truth* doth
 prove)

Doo keepe the *Flocks* for *Lucre*, more then *Loue*,

Wales hir most vnworthie Solicitor JOHN DAVIES.

¹ Job. 10. 12, 13.



MICROCOSMOS.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE
LITTLE WORLD, WITH
the government thereof.

Sith that thou hast so soundly slept, my *Muse*,
Dreaming on that which thou before had'st done
Being awake againe, thy *Spirits* rowze,
To make an end of what thou hast begun :
Be'ng *rest*-refresht therefore, now forwards run
With bright ¹ *Apollo*; (pray him be thy guide)
Vntill thou touch the Tropicke of *Reason*
Where *Wisdom*e puts *Plus ultra*, there abide,
For past that *point* to *passee*, is passing pride.

For our *Will*'s Baiard blind, yet bold, and free,
And, had she way made in hir maine *Carreers*,
Sh' would runne into that *Light* that none can see
Saeue light of *Lights*, to feeble the *secrets* there,
Which *Angells* wonder at, yet not come neere :
But *Reas'n*'s conduct is nothing safe ² herein,
Therefore the *Will* hath too iust cause of *fear*e
Lest shee should runne into presumptuous *sins*e,
For which diuine *Angells* damn'd haue bin.

For since our *Proto-parents* lowest fall,
Our *wisdom*e's highest pitch (God wot) is low :
But had *they* stood *Hee* had infus'd in all
His *Word*, (selfe-*Wisdom*e) which alone to know
Is to know all that *Wisdom*e's selfe can shewe :
But since, the state of things is so vnstay'd
That *humane wisdom*e stands it wotts not howe ;
Vnsure, in all ; for *Iudgment*'s oft betra'd
In that which *prooffe* before had well ³ assai'd.

¹ Christ the true God of *Wisdom*e, & the onelie *Sunne* enlightning our *Intelligence*.

² The *secrets* of the highest *Heaven* are farre aboute the reach of humane *Reason*.

³ Every knowledge hath its beginning of the *senses*, which are often deceiu'd. Therefore all sciences which are deriu'd & fast rooted in the *senses* are vncertaine, & deceitfull.

But having toucht the *Braine*, the *Soule*, the *Will*,
(All which (saue of the *soule*) can brooke no touch)
It rests that *Reason*'s *heasts* wee doe fulfil,
To prosecute much more, or more then much,
That *Witt* for *Will* wil willingly avouch :
Th'al-giving *Giver* giveth al that liue
(His *Creatures*) such *desires*, and *Natures* such ;
As for their *good* with good wil stil should strue,
And shun what ere should them of it deprue.

Beasts more then *Men* (the more *Beasts* men the while)
Pursue that *good* that doth their *natures* fitt.
To them for that (though they be nere so vile)
Is highest *knowledge* giv'n, and they vse it,
Thereby condemning both man's *Will*, and *Witt* :
And yet hath *Man* a (synn-peruerted) *will*
To seeke that *good* he knowes most requisit,
Who knowes & loues the *good*, yet takes the ill
Oft for the good, but for the *evil* stil.

Yet as he was ordain'd to greater *good*,
So greater *knowledge* was in him infus'd ;
With no lesse *will*, (were it not *sinn* withstood)
To seeke that *Good* ; yet the *will* witt-abus'd
When it hath found it, is oft *witt* ¹ refus'd :
Vnhallowed *sense*, drown'd in that damn'd *inyc*e,
(*Synne*'s Syder) from *Eaue*'s fatall *Apple* bruis'd,
Be'ing deadly drunck) makes stil the wors

Among the hoast of *Nature*'s creatures, bee
Three kinde of *Appetites*,² (there ay consorts)
Naturall, *sensitive*, and *Voluntarie*.
The first divided is into two sortes ;

¹ The vnderstanding abused by the misreport of the inferior senses diuerts the will from embracing good objected to hir.

² 3. Kinds of *Appetites* in all creatures.

One found in all that to the *World* resortes :¹
That's *inclination* voide of *Sense* or *Soule*,
To doe what the owne nature most importes :
As *light things* mount, and *heavy* downwards roule,
Which nature, *Nature's* selfe cannot controule.

The other with this vertue *action* haue,
Which nerthelesse proceedeth not from *sense* ;
To *Vegetative*² *Soules* this, *Nature* gaue,
Which in *Trees*, *Plants*, and *Grasse* hath residence ;
Who doe desire to sucke that *influence*
That feedes them, and avoides the contrary ;
A *plant* will thirst for *moisture's* confluence ;
And draw to it all kinde humidity,
Retayning that it liues and prospers by.

The like in our owne *members* we obserue,
Who wanting *nutriment* doe sucke the *vaines* ;
The *vaines* doe sucke the *bloud* themselves to serue,
Thus *each* attracteth *foode* when *need* constraines,
And all *things* living seeke the same with paines :
Hence we deuide this *naturall desire*³
Into two *kindes*, the one, each *plant* retaines,
The other, *things* which *life* doth *sense*-inspire,
As *Man*, and *Beast*, and what doth els respire.

The *Seate* of this *desire* stands on two *feete*,
Which fixt are in two places : That 's to say
The *liver*, and the *Stomacke* ; there doe meete
The *forces* of this *Appetite* to slay
With *famine*, or with *foode* fraile *life* to stay :
The *sensitive desire* is two-fold too,⁴
From *sense* the *first*, the *last* comes not that way,
The *first*, to *ioy* and *griefe* is fixéd so,
That no *force* can it from the same vndoe.

For in the *sinewes* (*Feeling's* instruments)
This *pow'r* is plac'd, or in the *Synewy skin* ;
And that the *Synewes* ioyes, or discontents,
That wel, or ill, affecteth them within :
By *hente*, or *cold*, they *paine*, or *pleasure* wyn,
As they to them are wel, or ill applied.
For *sense* and *motion* *synewes* made haue bin
That by them *paine* or *pleasure* should be tride,
And make our *Bodies* moue on ev'ry side.

Nor doe these *Appetites* wait on the *will*,
Ne from the *Phantasie* doe they proceede,
For wil we, nil we, we shal hunger stil,
When *food's* with-drawn, that should our *Bodies* feed ;
And we shal feele what *sense* affects with speede,
How ere the *wil* or *Phantasy* impung ;
We may abstaine from *nurrishment* in deede,
But then thereby much more for it we long,
And *Flesh* wil pine with *paine*, if *hunger*-stung.

¹ The naturall appetite twofolde.

² Soules Vegetative.

³ The natural desire how devided.

⁴ The sensitive appetite twofold.

But th' other *Appetites* bredd without *touch*,
Are forged by the *thoughts* or *Phantasie* ;
These, discrete *Nature* in the *hart* doth couch,
Which be *Affectes* that lurke in secresie,
Be'ng *motions* of the *harte's Hart* properlie :
These wait on *witt*, and choose or else reiect
What it holds deerest, or doth most defie ;
So *Witt's* the *cause*, and they are the *effect*,
That loue, or loath, as *witt* doth them direct.

This *witt*, and *will*, the *Beasts* doe not possesse,
For their most knowledge is most *sensuall* ;
Guided by *Nature* in their *Brutishnesse*,
Onely by *inclination* *naturall*.
Which moues their *sense* vn-intellectual,
Or this, or that way, without *Reason's* ¹sway ;
Then *witt* and *will* their *sense* wee cannot cal,
Though *sensuall will* and *witt* we cal it may :
For *man* alone hath *both* to guide his way.

The *Voluntary Appetite* we finde
Is gott by *Reason*, and produc'd by *will*,
By it we are to *good* or *ill* inclin'd,
As *Reason* doomes of them by *Judgment's* skill :
Two actions hath the *will* in reason still,
By which we *good* embrace, and *ill* refuse,
Reason revealing what is *good* or *ill*,
Who rules hir not as though *will* could not choose,
But as one teaching Hir hir *pow'r* to vse.

As in the *Vnderstanding* and the *Minde*
Of *Men*, and *Angells*, God hath fixt his *forme*,
So to *Munne's* will ² his loue was no lesse kinde,
That to *God's* wil he might his *will* conforme :
Ah woe ! that *sinne* should since the same deforme
Without constraint ! for *Hee* Her freedome gaue,
And did with *vnderstanding* her informe,
That *voluntarie* ³ *service* hee might haue ;
As that, his nature most doth loue and crave.

For, as himselfe doth nothing by *constraint*,
So he constraines ⁴ not those that him obey ;
Lest that their *wil* might haue cause of complaint,
For want of *libertie* it selfe to sway :
Those *praiers* please him not, *Constraint* doth say,
But true *obedience* flowing from the ⁵ *will* ;
Then *will* should force her selfe (for so shee may)

¹ Though Beasts haue much more perfect outward senses then Men, yet can they not employ them reasonably as Men doo.

² Free-will is not avoided by grace but established : because grace healeth the Will, that is, giveth vs a will to righteousness. Aug. de spiritu & littera. Cap. 30.

³ That we doe will well God worketh of himself without vs, and when we will so well that we doe accordingly, God worketh together with vs. August. De gratia & libero arbitrio. Cap. 17.

⁴ God draweth vnto him, but he draweth none but the will-ing.

⁵ God giues regenerate Men free-will to do well, but the reprobate haue free-will onely to doe evill. Musculus, Common places.

His gracious good will freely to fulfill,
Sith *good* he made hir loue, and loath the *ill*.

Then *Justice* would that *God* man's *will* should doe
When *Man* doth *God*'s *will*,¹ this exchang is iust
And *God*'s free-wil must needs subscribe thereto,
Sith it is free to doe that needes it must,
Which cannot doe the thing that is vnjust ;
For that were *bondage* free, or *freedom* bound ;
Sith to doe *evill* but to haue a iust
Were Vassallage to *Sathan* that Hel-hound,
Which *freedom* to doe *good* would quite confound,

But yet the *will* hath many motions else,
Diverse *degrees* therein doe plaine appeare ;
Some haue such open *harts* and wilful *wills*
As that they *loue* and *hate* through *passion* meere :
So, *Reason* their *Minde*'s *Sterne* in vaine doth steere,
For *sense* they serve, and haue no patience
The seemeing neerest *pleasure* to² forbear
For further *good* ; but forth-with please their *sense*,
As *sensuall appetite* doth them incense.

But *will* in others, so hir selfe commaunds,
And those *Pow'rs* to her *pow'r* subordinate,
That (being free) shee bindeth *both* in bands
And vnto *Reason* all doth captivate :
As, many *Droopy-drie* forbear to drinke,
Because they know their *ill* t'would aggravate ;
So, *will* herein from her owne selfe doth shrinke,
And cleaves to that, that *Reason* best doth thinke.

The *Heau'ns*, and *Earth*, and all the *Elements*,
(And what besides *Man*, is of them compos'd)
Doo *GOD* obey in his *commaundements*,
For, as *Hee* wils, so are they al dispos'd ;
Yet never he himselfe to them disclos'd :
Then not from *knowledge* their obedience springes,
But from the *nature* in their *kinds* inclos'd ;
Yet *Men* he made to know and doe the things
That be of *him*, which *grace* and *Knowledge* bringes.

And that he should with more heede doe the same,
A *Will* he giues him ioyn'd with *griefe* and³ *Ioy* ;
Which *will* might ioy when she doth *passion* tame,
And in the contrary might feele annoy,
All as shee doth her natue powres employ.
Here hence we know the odds twixt *Ioy* and *Griefe*,
For in *extreames* they *comfort* or *destroy*
Such as leade here a good, or evil life,
Both flowing from the *will*, their fountaine chiefe.

¹ Godlinesse hath the promises of this life and that to come.
When *Man* pleaseth *God*, *God* wil please *Man*. All is to be
giuen to *God* who prepareth the good-will of *Man* to bee
holpen, and helpeth it being prepared. Aug. Enchir. ad
Laurent. Cap. 32.

² These are *Beasts* in humane shape, whereof the *World*'s
too full.

³ *Griefe* & *Ioy* are alwaies *Consociates* of our will.

This *pow'r* hath highest vertue of *Desire*,
And *Cesariseth* ore each *Appetite* ;
Shee rules (being taught) with libertie intire,
Whose actions are to *will* and *will* aright ;
Whose *Object*'s real *good* or so in sight ;
In nature shee hates *ill* in *deeds*, or show,
And in the true, or false *good*, doth delight ;
If *ill* for *good* shee choose, hence it doth gro
Because *ill* seeming *good*, shee takes it so.

Shee nought can loue but hath some show of *good* ;
Nor ought can¹ loath but hath like show of *ill* ;
Desire of *good* by her may be with-stoode,
But *if* shee cannot loath, or leave it still :
So may shee choose to execute her will,
When *ill* is tendred her in *deeds*, or *sho*,
But cannot leaue it, or her wil fulfill,
Because to *ill* shee is a mortall foe,
And lothes it as sole worker of her woe.

Then must shee needs be ever vnconstrain'd,
Sith her *Creator*'s Wil would haue it so ;
Shee could not be her selfe, were shee restrain'd,
And though shee waites on *Reason* to, and fro,
Yet shee makes *Reason* waite her will to kno :²
For, touching her, her *Lord* confines his powre,
Which cannot take that he did once besto,
Namely, *arbitriment*, (her richest dowre)
Except *Not-beeing*, should her quite deuoure.

For shee hath powre, to obiect³ to the *Minde*
What pleaseth her, or not the same obiect ;
And while the *Thoughts* the same do turne and winde,
Shee may oretune those *Thoughts* or them neglect,
And turne the *Minde* to what shee shal direct :
Yea when as *Iudgment*'s final doome is giv'n,
Shee may, or may refuse the same t'effect ;
For *Men* are not as *Beasts* by *Nature* driv'n,
Vnlesse of *Reason* they are quite bereav'n.

About shee goes when *Iudgment*'s doome is past,
And re-examines⁴ what it hath decreed ;
Which done, perhaps the same shee will distast,
(Although the sentence be direct indeede)
And runnes another course, lesse right, with speed :
Which second⁵ search yet aimes at greater right,
Though shee mistakes the same for want of heede,
Which *want* proceeds from *Sin*'s extreame dispiht.
That blindes our *Minde*'s eies in extreamest light.

¹ The will naturally cannot desire that which in nature is
evill.

² *Will* makes *Reason* to attend her.

³ The Wil may obiect, or not obiect what shee will to the
Minde.

⁴ The vnderstanding straineth out of the secret and hid
causes of things that which to wisdom is incident, Wil exact-
ing the same.

⁵ The Wil refuseth Good being found, not for being good,
but not being so good as it willingly would haue.

Wherefore it vs behoues *Grace* to invoke,
Whereby *wit* vprightly may weld the *will*;
For as ill *Sprites* our *fantasies* provoke,¹
So on our *wits* they may the like fulfill,
And make her scorne to rule by *Reason's* skill;
For, shee's ambitious and delights to raigne
Without controule, how euer *well*, or *ill*;
And beeing free shee runneth on amaine,
To *ioy* if wel, if otherwise, to *paine*.

This liberty of *Monarchizing* thus
Shee deemeth good, what ill so ere ensues;
Which *libertie*, is *bondage* base to vs,²
And *free* we were, if our *will* could not chuse
But vse His *will*, that gaue vs *wits* to vse:
Whose only *service*, only *freedom* is,
And only they are *Slaves* that it refuse;
Sith they are *Sathan's* servants (if not his)
Which please him most, when they do most amisse.

For in this great *commerce* of terrene things,
The *bad* whereof exceeding so the *good*,
And that so fast the one to other clings
That twixt them both there is great likelihood,
Hardly by *will* can they be vnderstood:
And sith *Men Bodies* haue aswel as *Soules*,
Things bodily best like the bodie's moode,
Which often so the *Minde* and *Will* controules,
That as it lusts it rules and over-rules.

Herehence it is, some *mortall life* doe prize
Aboue eternal,³ and their *guts* aboue
The highest *God*, that doth their *guts* suffice;
And though the *will* herein may rigor proue,
Yea, may be forc'd to leane what it doth loue,
Yet nought can her resistlesse powre constraine,
For nothing can *desire* from her remoue,
Although shee cannot doe what she would faine:
So maugre *force*, shee *freedom* doth retaine.

Sith *Reason* then the *Wil's* desires should sway,
And bring th' *Affections* to obedience,
It's requisite they should accorde alway⁴
To maintaine warres against rebelling *Sense*;
Which is the rule of *Reason's* consequence:
Wherefore we way wel iudge of *Reason's* rule,
By the *Affections'* and *Wil's* continence;
As a good *Prince* or *Master* of a Schoole,
Make them they governe, hate, and shun misrule.

And, for th' *Affections* from the *hart* proceede
(Which is the *Seate* of loue to *God* and *Men*)

¹ Ill spirits may provoke our fantasies & wil.

² It is a kind of bondage to haue powre, wil, and liberty to doe ill.

³ Whosoever seekes felicity where it is not shall finde infelicity where it is.

⁴ Reason and man's desires shoulde be in continuall league.

If then the *hart* and *Minde* be wel agreed,¹
The *hart* with flames of lasting *loue* will bren,
And fire out froward *Passions* from their den:
Then wil the *Tongue* from *harts* aboundance speake
God's highest *laudes* till they report agen;
Then *loue* twixt *Tongue* & *Hart* shal marriage make,
To bring forth naked *Truth*, which *loue* doth seeke.

Wherefore the *Providence* diuine did place
The *luniges* (the voice's *Organs*) next the *Hart*;
(As the *Minde's* instruments the *Braines* embrace)
That they may neere at hand, soone vse their *Art*;
As *Orators* of *Princes* play their part
Neere to their *Sou'raignes*; And wer't not for *sinne*,
The *Will*, from *Reason's* rule should never start,
And twixt the *Hart*, & *Braines* there should haue bin
A lasting *league*, as beeing neere of kin.²

Sin,³ noughty *Nothing* that mak'st all things nought,
(Except the *Thing* of *Things* that made them good)
Thou wast vmade thy selfe, yet *ill* haste wrought;
Whereby thou haste so perverst *Flesh*, and *Bloud*,
That now by it all *goodnesse* is with-stood:
Damn'd *Nothing* that hast such a *some-thing* stride, <
How wast begot? by whom? and in what moode?
Through lust; By *Eaue* and *Adam*; In their *pride*;
Now *Error* speakes what *Truth* hath iustifide.

For *wit*, *will*, *Anger*, and *Concupiscence*,
Are fowre powres of the *soule*, wherein should lie
Fowre *vertues*, taking thus their residence:
Wisedome in *wit*, in *will* *Integritie*;
Valor in *Ire*, and in *lust* *Temprance*;
But *wit* with *ignorance*, and *will* with *wronge*,
Anger with *Feare*, and *lust* with *libertie*
Are so pervers'd, that they themselues impunge,
Except preventing *grace* be mixt amonge.

The totall *frame* of *man's* diuine part,
By *light* diuine we see is out of frame;
Th' antipathie betwixt the *Minde* and *Hart*,
Giues but too good assurance of the same:
And though the *minde* in all her *limbes* be lame,
Yet in our little *world* shee raignes as *Queene*,
And seekes wilde *passions* of the *Hart* to tame,
That in her selfe there might bee ever seene,
Soule-pleasing *ioy* and *peace* to flourish greene.

For shee's the *mancion* of *Felicities*,
Contrived so, that there it's safe confin'd,
To which there is no way nor entery,
But through th' *Affections*, servants of the *Minde*;

¹ The Hart and Minde beeing at Vnity procure the tranquillity of the Affections.

² The Braines and Hart are the Senses of Reason and the Affections.

³ Sin is nothing because it was made without him, without whom nothing was made that was made.

⁴ Sinne.

⁵ The Scriptures.

⁶ That is, betweene Reason and the Affections.

Yet they too oft disloyal prooue by kinde,
Who liers, and *sinne-soothing claw-backes* are,
Whereby our *iudgment's* eies they (*Traitors*) blinde,
That *it* erres mortallie ere it beware,
If *reason* of their *treason* haue not care.

For three *Powres*¹ speciall in the *Soule* reside,
Reason, *Concupiscence*, and ardent *Ire*,
The first, to *Truth's* obscure abiding guides;
The second, *good-things* gladly doth desire;
The third, doth from the contrarie retire:
In bowels of the first the *Wits* are bred;
Th' *Affectes* are forg'd in both the others' fire;
In number fowre, *Ioy*, *Hope*, *Sorrow*, and *Dread*,
Which from the last *powres* spring, as from their head.

First, from the first *Powre*, *Ioy* and *Hope* proceedes,
(For what we covet, wee Ioy in with hope)
And *Ire*, the last *powre*, *Dread* and *sorrow* breeds;
For, *hate* to *dreade* and *sorrow* lies wide ope;
Griefe in *hate's* hell the way to *dreade* doth grope.
From these *Affectes* (as from their *fountaines*) floe
All *vice* and *vertue* which in *Man* doth cope,
For *vice* and *vertue* ay are mortall foes,
And as *Reas'n* rules, so either overthrowes.

The *soul's* call'd *Anima*² our *flesh* contains,
While shee the same with *vitall fire* filleth;
Mens,³ while shee *mindeth*, or shee *Minde* retaines,
And *Animus*,⁴ while shee hath *Will* or *willeth*;
Shee's *Ratio*,⁵ whilst shee *iudgement* iust fulfilleth:
Then, *spiritus*⁶ shee hight, when shee *respires*.
From all which, *science* to the *soule* distilleth,
So, call'd *scientia*,⁷ thus her names doe change,
As shee her qualities doth interchange.

• The outward *senses* outward *parts* possesse,
As th' inward to the *soule* are knit by kinde:
And, for the *soule* her *powre* doth most expresse
In that whereto her *soule* is most inclinde,
Here-hence it is, men mortified in *minde*
Whose *spirits*' *powres* on things divine are bent
Fare, as they were sometimes, *deafe*, *dombe*, & *blind*,
Their contemplations are so violent:⁸
But *Vulgars*' outward *sense* is excellent.

But while the *soule* can take a strict survey
Of all the *instruments* which shee doth vse,
So long the *owner* of that *soule* may say
He hath a *iudgement* sound, and perfect *Muse*:
But if those *instruments* that *Man* misvse,
Or ruine them, the *soule* straight seeing it,
Her ruin'd *faiile* shee striues then to refuse:
Which *strife* the *sense's* frame doth so vnknit
That it confounds it, or distracts the *Wit*.

¹ Reason, Concupiscence, & Ire, 3. speciall powres of the Soule.

² Anima.

³ Mens.

⁴ Animus.

⁵ Ratio.

⁶ Spiritus.

⁷ Scientia.

⁸ The soule vseth not the ministry of the outward senses when shee is swallowed vp with diuine meditations.

And in this *moode* (though we esteeme it madd)¹
Men prophesie, and truely things foretell,
Speake diuerse *Tongues*, which erst they never had,
And in *Artes* which they knew not, they excell.
Thus whilst the *soule* doth hold her *house* an Hell,
Striving to be enlarg'd, becomes more free,
Then workes shee like her selfe (exceeding well)
That wonder tis, the same to heare and see:
O sacred *soule* (but *God*) who's like to thee!

NOW, for the *Hart* fraile *life* first intertaines,
And is the last *part* that from it departes,
(Without which, dull were *reason*, dead the *braines*)
It's taken for the *part* which *powre* impartes
To *Wit* and *Will*, whereby they play their partes;
So as it's held the *Mirror* of the *minde*:²
For, when the *Minde* vnto her selfe conuerts,
The *Hart* is interposd, where shee doth finde
Her feature fowle, or faire, cleere-cied, or blinde.

Then, for the *Hart* is such a powerful *thing*,³
My *hart* desires to touch it feelingly:
And, for the *Hart* doth *paine* or *pleasure* bring,
The *paine* is *pleasure*, when *Head* properlie
Makes hand discribe the *Hart's* hart handsomly.
Earst *Man's* internal *partes* we did deuide
Into three *Wombes*, the *Braines*, the *Brest*, & *Belly*:
About the *Braines* (before) our *skill* we tride,
And now by *it*, the *Brest* must be discribe.

Which is the *Shoppe* of al the *Instruments*
Wherewith the *vitall Vertue* operates;
The *Hart*, the *Lunges*, with al *Life's* incidents
In region of the *Brest*, doe hold their States,
Whose *Bulke* them *Bulwarkes* from what ruynates:
The *Midriff* parteth them from *partes* that feede
(Which the third *Wombe*, (the *Belly*) circulates)
It being a *Muscle* made for *Nature's* neede,
Assisting in the *Breathing* Acte and Deede.

And next, there is a *Tunicle*, or *Skin*,
That over-spreads the *Concaue* of the *Brest*,
Much like a *Spider's webbe*, subtile, and thin;
Wherout two others grow to part the rest,
Because two places should be breath-possess:
So that, if one (being hurt) could not respire
The other might one halfe retaine (at least)
To keepe ⁴ *Life's* breath (at point to part) intire,
And blowe the *sparkes* that kindle *vitall fire*.

These *Felmes* (like to a *Nett* with *fruite* repleat)
Together hold what ere the *Brest* doth bound,
They line the *Ribbes*, that when the *Lunges* doe beate
They might performe their office whole and sound,

¹ The soule being diuine works diuinely, if shee bee not hindred by her Clog, the body.

² The Hart the Mirror of the Minde.

³ A cleane Hart and a cleane soule are convertible.

⁴ Nature's providence for Mann's good, should lift vp his minde to the consideration of the loue of a greater Good.

Without being *bone-bruiz'd*, which might them confound.

So likewise in a *Caule* the *Hart's* inclos'd,
Call'd *Pericardion*, being *Ovall* round,
Or like a *Flame* for forme, and so dispos'd,
To shew that *vitall fire* is there *repos'd*.

There, in the *Hart's* the fountaine whence doth flow
Naturall heate,¹ and by the *Artires* sends
It al abroad to make the *Members* grow,
And keepe them growne, in plight to doe their *ends*.
And though each *Instrument* of *breath* attends
And serves the *Voice*, yet were they chiefly made
For the *Harte's* vse, (that *Life's-fire* comprehends)
That by their service that *fire* might not vade,
Which vnkinde coldnesse else might overlade.

Wherefore the *Lunges* (*breath's-forge*) is preordain'd
First to receaue the *Aire* that cooles the *Hart*,
Who doe prepare it (being intertain'd)
And so prepar'd, doe the same impart
(As *Nature* wills) to that *Life-giving part*.
The *Lunges* therefore, are Spungy, soft, & light,
That *Aire* might enter, and from them depart,
Which guard the *Hart* (on left side and the right)
From bordring *Bones*, that else annoy it might.

Which hath a double motion ;² One, when it
It selfe dilates, the other, it restraines.
When it goes *out*, *in* goes *Aire* requisit :
And when it shrinketh *in*, then out it straines
All smoky *Excrements* procuring *paines*.
This *motion's* kinde, proceeding from its kinde
(Not as the *Muscles* mov'd by the *Braines*)
For which it hath fitt *filaments* assign'd,
Wherby it selfe, it selfe may turne & wynd.

This double motion hath two double vses,
(A two fold vse whereof we mention'd haue)
The next to draw in *bloud* ; and then, by *Stuces*
To send it to the *Lunges*, for foode they craue
At the *Hart's* hands, sith they the *Hart* doe saue.
Thus gratefully they *kindnesse* interchange,
To teach vs how we should our selves³ behaue ;
For when we disagree, it is as *strange*
As *Hart* and *Lunges* should cease to make this change.

- Thus, this subordinate *Lord* of *Manne's* life
(The *Hart*) resides in his wel-fenc'd *fort* ;
And, though with it al *vitall force* be rife,
And *members* keepe from being al-amort,
Yet should it die, if their helps were cut short.
Hence *Kings* may learne, that though they Monarchize
Yet doe they, whom they rule, maintaine their port,
Which should induce them, not to tyrannize,
But, like good *Hartes*, *life's-pow'r* to exercise.

¹ The Hart is the fountaine of naturall heate.

² The Harte's motion is double.

³ A motiue to brotherly loue taken from the disposition of the Members.

- The flesh whereof is firmer, then the flesh
Of all the *parts* the *Body* hath besides :¹
So, *Kinges* should be most firme, for, being nesh,
Their *Subjects* might be wounded through their sides.
Such be the *People* stil as be their *Guides*.
The *Hart* with *Passion*, passion may each *part*,
Which *Ioy* or *Sorrowe* with the *Hart* abides :
So, *Kinges* their praise and *People* may subvert,
If *Passion* over-rule their ruling Art.

And in the *Bulke* it is so situate
As that its *Base* is *Center* of the *Brest* ;
The end whereof (where *greatnesse* doth abate)
Leanes to the *left-side* more then al the rest ;
(So *Kings*, where they from *Right* decline, are least.)
Yet leanes the *Hart* so, for two causes great ;
One, that the *Brest-bone* should it not infect,
The other, that it should the *left-side* heate,
Sith on the right, the *Liver* doth that feate.

And though the *Harte's* left part more heavy bee,
Because it's hard and greater then the right,
Yet *Nature* hath so ballanc'd it, that shee
Makes it to hange (by admirable sleight)
As if the both sides were of equal weight :
For in the left part (heaviest) shee putts
The *vitall spirit*, of its nature light ;
And in the right part (lightest) loe, shee shutts
The waightie *Bloud*, wherwith that part shee glutts.

Lo, thus the *Highest* holy vpriht hand
By even counterpoise hath hang'd the *Heart*
In the *Brest's* Center,² (like as th' *Earth* doth stand
In Center of the *Heau'ns*) by matchlesse Art :
Hence we may learne the duty of this *part*,
Which should be vpriht in *Affects*, and *will*,
And never from the rules of *Vertue* start
To right hand, or to left, for good or Ill,
But come *life* or come *death*, be vpriht stil.

This *part* likewise hath two *Concavities*,
On left side one, the other on the right :
And for this vse, are these *capacities* ;
The right receaues the *bloud* (be'ng boild aright)
That from the *Liver* runnes, to give it might
To feede the *Lunges*, and *vitall spirits* breede,
Bred of pur'st *bloud* in the left *Concaue* dight,
Like *sweate* that from the right *one* doth proceede,
Which sweate with *vitall Spirits* it doth feede.

That is the *furnace*, wherein still doth flame
The *vitall Sp'rit*, resplendent, quicke, and cleere,
Like the *celestiall Nature*, for the same
Both *heate*, and *life* to all the *whole* doth beare ;
This *Primum mobile* that *All* doth steere :

¹ The flesh of the Hart is the firmest flesh of any part of the Body.

² Injustice makes great *Kinges* lesse, then *Fame* can take notice of.

³ The Hart is hang'd in the *Brest* by even counterpoise.

These *concaues* thus are made commodiously ;
But now (alas) most harts all hollow are,¹
That *Bloud* and *Spirits* therein confuséd lie,
So as no *Art* can one from other spie.

In this left *concaue* where the *Hart* doth trie
His chiefest skill, the *vitall sp'rits* to make,
There is the *roote* of that great *Artery*
From whom the *Artires* their beginning take :
Which neere the *Hart* doth so it selfe forsake,
That part ascends, and part thereof descends
To carrie *vitall fire* to parts that lacke ;
These are the *pipes* whereby the kinde *Hart* sends
His *cordiall comfortes* to th' extreamest ends.

And, for the *Veines* and *Artires* neede each other,
And that their *succors* should be neere at hand,
They meete, and (for the most part) goe together,
Thereby to vigorize the *vitall Band*
Which the *Hart's* vertue wholly doth command :
For, th' *Artires* being linckéd with the *Veines*,
Lend *Aire* and *Spirit*, least their bloud should stand ;
And from the *Veines* some bloud each *artire* draines,
Which to disperse, the *vitall spirit* constraines.

Betweene the *Hart* and *Lunges* the like is seene
(As erst was said) to learne vs *mutuall loue* ;²
For, certaine *Pipes* doe passe these *parts* betweene,
By which, each other's kindnesse they doe proue :
The *hart* from his right side doth bloud remoue
Vnto the *Lunges* by the *Arteriall Veine*,
The *Lunges* through veyny-*artire*, *aire* doth shoue
Vnto the *hart*, it to refresh againe,
Whose side sinister doth it entertaine.

The *hart* (besides) hath many *members* more,
Which are distinguisht by *Anatomists* :
The *right*, and *left* side hath a little *dore*,
And many a *pipe* so small therein subsists,
That scarce *man's* eie can see how *each* exists ;
Yet all haue vse ; for, when the *hart* doth seeke
Such *bloud* as without which no *hart* consists,
The *meanes* wherewith it drawes it, should not break,
But that the *strong* therein might helpe the *weake*.

And, that the *Aire* might enter in thereby
More mildly, and for *Nature*, more concinne,
Therefore, the *hart* doth not immediately
Draw from the *Mouth* the *aire* it draweth in,
But through those *passages* it first doth rin,
Lest be'ng too cold t'would coole the *hart* too much ;
For all *extreames*, saue *extreame good*, are sinne,
And *Nature's Vertue* in the *Meane* doth couch,³
Shewing, that our *desires* should still be such.

That *God*, whose powre no *power* can resist,
Resists all *powers* that are too violent,

And ever doth the *moderate* assist ;
From whose hand (only) comes the Thunder-dent,
To plague the *proude*, and wound th' *incontinent* :
For, should his *Creatures'* powre b'immoderate,
Then should not his owne bee so eminent :
So, if they it affect, he *them* doth hate,
And with a thundring vengeance ends their date.

Thus having sleightly toucht this tender *part*,
(Touching his substance, proper place, and frame)
It now remaines that we doe proue our *Arte*
Touching another *motion* of the same,
Belonging to our *soule's* affections lame,
Lam'd by our *Flesh* too *lustie*, yet too *fraile*.
Too *lustie* in desire of its owne shame,
But *fraile* in that wherein it should prevaile,
Yet when it's weak'st, the *Soule* doth most assaile.

It not suffiz'd that nere-suffizéd *Loue*
That al *things* made, to make *Man* only *Bee*,
But to *Be well*, as wel some men doe proue,
Who though of *Being*, they desirous be,
Yet not being *wel*, they ¹ end *ill*, sith they see
Their being *Well*, and *Being* disagree :
Then ² *Being*, was not *Mann's* creation's end,
But to be happy in a high degree :
And therfore al *men* al their *forces* bend,
T' inioy that *Good*, that *Being* doth commend.

Which good desire of *Good*, in *Man* is knitt
To a detesting of the contrary ;
But, for that *sinne* hood-wincks *Man's* Eie of *Will*
He gropes for *Good*, but fees the ³ *Evill* by :
From this desire of *Good*, th' *affections* flie ;
Which with their motion swift draw that *desire*
Heere, there, and where soere they please to hy,
In pursute of that *Good* which they require,
To which (though base they bee) they would aspire.

Yet they *were good*, & kindly lov'd thei'r like ;
But they *are ill*, and loue *ill* seeming good ;
Yet they by *Nature's* instinct *ill* dislike ;
And yet by nature evil is their *moode*,
Basely obeying the *sinne-soiled Blood* :
At first they were *Truthe's* other selfe, for friends ;
Yet now by them shee's too too much with-stoode,
Adhering to her *foe*, while *shee* pretends
To blesse the *Sense*, though to accursed ends.

The motiues of the *Soule* these *motions* are,
Whose other names are calléd the *Affects* ;
By foll'wing *good*, and flying *ill*, they *ARE* ;
Consisting so of these two good *Effects* ;
Though *Syn* their *sense* with *error* oft infects :

¹ Murder themselves.

² The Soule Vegetative desires to Be, The Sensitiue to be well, The reasonable to be best, and therfore it never rests till it be ioyned to the best.

³ Evill cleaves to each worldly Good, as Canker doth to Silver.

¹ Many good complexiones are ill in conditióis.
² Mutual loue is to be learned from the mutuall assistance of the partes of the body.

³ Vertue's Throne is erected iust betweene extreames.

Some vshe *Judgment*, some on her attend,
The *later*, take or leaue as shee directs ;
The *Former*, naturally cannot offend,
For they desire but *Nature* to defend.

As when the *Body* (*Nature* to suffice)
Desires to eate, or drinke, (as *needs* requires)
Or when good *happe* or ill doth it surprize,
Then ¹ *Ioy* or *sorrow* moueth our *desire* :
These stil fore-run our *Judgment*, & conspire
With *Nature*, to vsurpe her highest *Throne* ;
For nature runneth on, or doth retire,
As shee is mov'd by iudgment of her owne,
And so doe these that *Nature* wait vpon.

But those *Affects* that follow *Judgment's* Traine
Wait hard, as long as *Hart* is wel dispos'd ;
Then lasts the *League* betweene the *Hart* & *Braine*,
For, al their *iarrs* by *Reason* are compos'd :
But when the *Hart* against the *Brain's* oppos'd,
(Which oft proceeds of too much pampering)
Out flie th' *Affections* that were erst repos'd,
And from their neckes the Raines of *Reason* fling,
Impatient of slow *Judgment's* tarrying.

Yet true it is that *Hart* cannot be mov'd,
Ere *Judgment* doomes what's good or badd for it ;
Then *Hart's* desires by her must be approv'd,
Or els the *Hart* cannot desire a whit :
For what ² she holds vnmeet, *it* thinks vnfit.
But for the *motions* of the *Minde* are free,
And needs not stay, as it is requisit,
So before *Judgment* doe they seeme to *Bee*,
Although they follow her as *bond* and *free*.

But though th' *Affections* cannot moue at all
If *Judgment* wing them not and make them flee,
Yet *sound advice* (which heere we *Judgment* call)
³ May be at rest when they too busy bee,
Mov'd by the iudgment of the *Fantasee* :
This *Judgment's* blinde, yet is it most men's *Guide*,
And no lesse rash, yet ruleth each degree ;
This makes th' *Affects* from *Right's* straight *Pathes* to
slide,
For *Fantasy* doth fancie *waies* too wide.

This skipp-braine *Fancy*, moves these easie *Mouers*
To loue what ere hath but a glimpse of *good* ;
Then straight she makes them (like vnconstant *lovers*)
To change their *Loues*, as she doth change her *moode*,
Which swimmeth with the current of the *Bloud* ;
For as the *body's* well or ill compos'd,
(Which followes oft the nature of *its* foodde)
So *Fancy* and these *Fondlings* are dispos'd,
Though in the *Soule*, and *Minde* they be inclos'd.

¹ Ioy and sorrow (as Plato affirms) are the Ropes wherewith
we are drawne to the embracing or avoiding of euery action.
² Iudgment foregoes the *Affections*.
³ The *Affections* may work without sound aduise ment.

And yet the *body's* but the *Instrument*
Wheron the ¹ *soule* doth play what she doth please ;
But if the *stringes* thereof doe not concent,
The *harmony* doth but the *soule* displease ;
Then tune the *body Soule*, or playing cease :
And when a *String* is out, straight put it in
With *Phisicke's* ² helpe, which *Passion* may appease,
By humbling *that* which hath too lowd a dyn,
And put the *Parts* on a *Soule-pleasing* Pyn.

These *Partes* though many, yet of *three* consist,
That's, *Humors*, *Elements*, and *Qualities* ;
Which *threes*, doe of low'r *partes*, a part subsist,
For from *Earth*, *Water*, *Aire*, and *Fire* doth rise
All that the Heav'nly *Cope* doth circulize ;
These are the *Elements* from whom proceede
The ³ *Humors* with their foresaid qualities ;
For, *Bloud*, *Flagme*, *Choller*, *Melancholy* breede
Hott, *Cold*, *Moist*, *Dry*, a fowr-fold vital Seede.

An *Element* ⁴ is the most simple part
Whereof a *thing* is made, and in its wracke
Is last resolv'd ; And in *Phisick's* *Art*
There are but *two*, which two of *those* doe lack
That al the *Elemental bodies* make :
These *two*, are tearm'd *Simples*, & *Compounds*,⁵
The *first*, is borne on *Speculation's* back ;
The *last*, is bredd by *Practise*, which confounds
Two or moe *Simples* in each other's bounds.

The *Elements* of *Nature's* famelies
Produce the *Elemental's* temprament,
Which is a mixture of the *Qualities*
Or composition of each *Element* :
(As *these* doe bend, so are their *bodies* bent)
Which we ⁶ *Complexion* cal ; wherof are two,
Well, and ill tempr'd ; And the *Aliment*
That feeds the *Body*, herein much can doe,
For that can make & marre *Complexion* too.

Well-tempr'd,⁷ is an equal counterpoise
Of th' *Elements'* fore-mention'd *qualities* ;
Whereof ther's but one *thing* of *Nature's* choise
Wherein shee made the *mixture* thus precise :
(As *Galen's* tract of *Temper's* testifies :)
Which, of each *hand*, is the *interior skin* :
And hence we may thus fitly moralize ;
That *Nature* to the *Hand* so good hath bin,
That it might temper what the *Mouth* takes in.

Ill tempr'd's that where some one *Element*
Hath more dominion then it ought to haue ;

¹ The *Soule* worketh by motion, and the *Body* by Action.
² *Phisicke* can extenuate the *Humors* that make the *Body*
vnapt to execute the workes of Vertue.
³ *Humors* be the children of the *Elements*.
⁴ An *Element*, what.
⁵ 2. *Elements* in *Phisick-Arte*.
⁶ *Complexion*, what.
⁷ Wel tempr'd *Complexion*, what.
⁸ Il *Complexion*, what.

For they rule ill that haue more regiment
Then *nature, wisdom, right, or reason* gaue :
So doth this *Element* it selfe behaue :
Yet each *ill temper* doth not so excede,
As that it spills what *better tempers* saue ;
For some surpasse the *temperate* in deede,
In some small ods, whereof no *harmes* succede.

Fiue waies the *Bodie's* temperature is knowne,¹
By *Constitution, Operation, Clime,*
Coulor, and Age, by these the same is showne,
As *Dials* by an *Index* shew the time.
The *Body* fat is *cold*, for *fat* doth clime
By cold degrees ; and that, full-flesht is hot,
For *heate* proceedes from *bloud*, as doth my *rime*
From *braines* ; where no *heate* were, if *bloud* were not,
And bee'ing too cold they would my *sense* besot.

By *Operation* too, the *temper's* found,
For when a *creature, (Man, Beast, Hearbe, or Plant)*
Doth that which they by right of *kinde* are bound,
Then no good temprature those *bodies* want :
The *Clyme* in shewing this is nothing skant ;
For South-ward, Men are cruell, moody, madd,
Hot, blacke, leane, leapers, lustfull, vsd to vant,
Yet wise in action, sober, fearefull, sad,
If good, most good, if bad exceeding bad.

The Northern *Nations* are more moist, and cold,
Lesse wicked and deceptfull, faithfull, lust,
More ample, strong, courageous, martiall, bold,
And, for their bloud is colder, lesse they lust :
Then cold *bloud* being thicke, it follow must
They are lesse witty, and more barbarous ;
And for they inwardly are more adust,
They *meate* and *drinke* deuoure as ravenous,
The *panch* and *pot* esteeming precious.²

Yet are they most laborious, loving *Artes* ;
Whose *soules* are in their *fingers* (as it 's sed ;))
For, all our best *hand-workes* come from those *parts*,
As from the hotter *Climes, workes* of the *hed* :
And those that twixt the *South*, and *North* are bred
(As *France* and *Italy, Spaine*, and the like)
Of *hot* and *cold*, are ev'nly temperéd ;
Therefore they are not made so apt to strike :
But warre with *Wisdom*, rather then the *Pike*.

The *coulor* likewise shewes the *temprament* ;³
For *Sanguin's red* : and *yellow's Cholerick* :
The *Melancholy* is to *blacknesse* bent :
The *white* or *whitish*, is the *Phlegmaticke* :
The *white*, and *blacke*, are cold and rhewmaticke :
The *Red*, and *yellow*, hot by course of *kinde* :
To this consents each skilfull *Empericke*,
Who by experience of their practise finde
That *coulor* shewes the *temper*, notes the *minde*.

¹ The Bodie's temper is fiue waies discerned.
² A natural reason for the gurmardizing, and quaffing of the Flemings.
³ The Coulor shews the bodie's temper.

The *Sanguin's* frolicke, free, ingenious,
Couragious, kinde, to *women* over-kinde ;
True *Iouialists* by nature generous ;
And hot and humid they are by their kinde :
The *Chollerick* is hasty, and inclinde
To *Envie, pride*, and *prodigalitie* ;
As *Herc'les*-hardy, though with anger blinde ;
And in its temper it is hot and drie,
Which is the cause it is so angry.¹

The *Phlegmaticke* are idle, sleepe, dull,
Whose temper's *cold* and *moist*, which drownes the *wit* :
The *Melancholy's* mestiue ; and too full
Of fearefull thoughts, and cares vnrequisit ;
Who loue (as loathing *men*) alone to sit :
In temper *cold* and *drie* too like the *dust*,
(Dust of the *earth*, ere *God* life-breath'd it,
Wherehence we came, and wherevnto we must)
Which flies (as fearefull) from a little *Gust*.

These are the *humors*, whereof *Man* consists,
Which is a *substance* thin,² to which our *foode*
The *Stomack's* heate by *nature* first digests,
And hath dominion chiefly in our *bloode* :
These like the *Elements* moue in their moode :
For *bloud* is hot, and humid, like the *aire* :
Flegm's cold, and moist, in *Water's* likelihood :
Then *Melancholy's* like *Earth*, cold and dry'r :
And hot, and drie is *Choler*, like the *Fire*.

And, that the meates to *humors* should be chang'd³
They must be thrice concocted thorowly :
First, in the *Stomack* they are interchang'd
And made that *Chyle* wherein potentially
The *Humors* (*Chaos*-like) at first doe lie :
Next, in the *Liver* the *Masse Sanguiner*
Of *Chyle* compos'd is, successiue :
The third, and last 's through al the *bodie*, where
Humors are made, that *Meate* and *Chyle* first were.

These raigne by turnes, vntill their tearmes be done :⁴
Bloud, in the *spring*, from *three* till *nine* each *Morne* :
Choler, from thence, till *three* in th' after *noone*
In *sommer*-season : Then *Flegme* in his turne
From thence till *nine* at night doth rule the *sterne*
In *Autumne* : then sad *Melancholy* thence
Till *three* next *Morne*, when *Winter* doth returne :
Thus in their *turnes* they haue preheminnence,
Till *Time* turne vs, and them with vs from hence.

And as these *humors* haue their turnes in time,
So rule the *Planets* in like consequence :⁵
For, by the *Moone* is govern'd our *Prime*
That 's *hot* and *moist*, but the preheminnence
The *moisture* hath ; So our *Adolescence*

¹ The reason why men cholerick of complexion are soone angry.

² A humor, what.

³ Howe the meates are changed to Humors.

⁴ How the Humors raigne in man's body.

⁵ How, & when the Planets rule in man's body.

Is swaid by *Wit*-infusing *Mercury*
Being *hot* and *moist*, yet doth more *heate* dispense,
Which tunes the *voice's Organes* erst too hy,
Making them speake with more profundity.

Then, *youth* (our third age) *Lone's Queene*, *Venus* swaies
Bee'ng *hot* and *dry*, but yet more *hot*, then *drie* ;
In this we *Wantons* play, in *Venus'* plaies
And offer *Incense* to a rowling *cie* :
Bright *Sol* (the gloriou'st *Planet* in the *sky*)
Doth rule our *Manhoods* which is temperate :
Hee *Author* is of *grace* and *gravity* ;
Of haplesse life this is the happi'st state,
Which they hold long'st that are most moderate.

And lastly *old age* being *cold*, and *dry*,
By al-wise *Jupiter* is governéd,
Author of *Councell*, *Craft*, and *Policy* :
Which *Age* againe in two's distinguishéd,
The first *yonge old age* may be Christenéd :
The last *Decrepit* is, and so is call'd ;
Which *Saturn* rules with *Scepter* of dul *lead* :
This *Age* to *Life* like *Death*, is stil enthrall'd,
Thus in our life the *Planetts* are eninstall'd.

And to these *Ages*, *dates* precize we giue ;¹
As *Child-hood* from our Birth till *thirteene* yeares :
Adolescence, from thence to twenty five :
And youth from thence til *fine & thirty* weares ;
From whence, til *fiftie* *Mannes*-estate apperes :
And to the rest *old-age* we doe assigne ;
But *one* his yeares then other better beares,
As *time* their temprature doth enterteigne,
Therefore the *temprature* should *age* designe.

For al men *cold & dry* are old, though *yonge*,
Some yong at *sixtie*, some at *forty* old ;²
In growing old the youthful *Sanguin's* longe,
For it doth store of *heate*, and *moisture* hold :
The *Melancholy*, being *dry* and *cold*,
Is agéd soone : So *women* more then *men*
Soone meete with *age*, which makes some be so bold
(As vnder ³ *Coulor* that they are *wo-men*)
To keepe off *Age* till they be ⁴ *yong* agen.

The *Aire* we breath doth beare an Ore herein,⁵
And being subtil moves the simple *Minde* ;
For, never yet was *foole* a *Florentine*,
(As by the wise hath well observéd byn)
So subtil is the *Aire* hee draweth in :
The *influences* of malignant *Starres*,⁶
Vales, *Caves*, *Slanches*, *Moorres*, and *Lakes* that never ryn,
Carion, and *filth*, all such the *Aier* marres,
Which kills the *Corpes*, and *Witt's* *Carreer* barres.

¹ Precise dates assigned to severall changes of man's age in his life.

² Psal. 37. 11.

³ Paint the face.

⁴ Bis puer.

⁵ The Aire wee breath may hasten our age.

⁶ Causes of the Aier's putrifaction & consequently of grosse witte.

From *Regions*, *Winds*, & *standing* of the *place*
Where we abide, come the *Aire's* qualities ;
Vnder the *Poles* (the *Sun* nere showing *face*
But as a *stranger*) the *Aire* so doth freeze
That whosoever breathes it, starving dies :
And in the *Torrid Zone* it is so hott
That *flesh* and *Bloud* (like flaming *fire*) it fries,
And with a *Cole-blacke* beautie it doth blott,
Curling the *Haires* vpon a *wry* knott.

The *winds*, though *Aire*, yet *Aire* do turne & wind ;¹
Which *Passions* of the *Aire*, our *sprits* affect ;
These by the *Nose* and *Mouth* a waie doe find
To *Braines*, and *Hart*, and there their *kindes* effect,
And as they are, make them, in some respect :
For, where the *Windes* be cold and violent,
(As where rough *Boreas* doth his *Throne* erect)
There are the *People* stronge, and turbulent,
Rending the *Sterne* of *civill* government.

The situation of the *place* ² likewise
The *Aire* therein doth wel or ill dispose ;
If to the *Sea*, or *Southerne* winde it lies,
It's humid, putrifactive, & too close :
So fares it in *fatt grounds* (*Slouth's* chiefe repose)
The *Sandy grounds* doe make it *hott* and *dry* ;
As *cold*, and *moist* it is, that *Fennes* inclose,
But *cleere & piercing* on the *Mountaines* hy ;
Thus *Place* with *Aire* doth chang our quality.

Of no lesse vertue are our *Alements*,³
Which *Winde*, & *Aire*, vnto our *sprits* prepare,
Who are conforméd to those *Condimentes* ;
Then *fine* they be, if most *fine* be our *fare* :
The *Goodnesse*, *Quality*, and *Time* of *yeare*,
Vse, *Order*, *Appetite*, and *Quantity*,
The *Howre* and *Age*, these *nyne* require our care
If we desire to liue heere healthfully,
And make the *Soule* about her soule to fly.

The soone-concocted *Cates* good *inyce* affoording
And but few *excrements*, are those alone
That make the *mind* to boord, when *Bodis* boarding.
If temp'rately the *stomache* take each one :
These in the *Braines* base *witts* doe oft enthrone :
For, these the *Mouth* prepareth for the *Maw*,
Where be'ng concocted, to the *Liver* runne ;
From whence, a sanguine tincture they doe draw,
Then to the *Soule's Courts* hie by *Nature's* lawe.

The *Hart's* the lower house, the ⁴ *head* the hie ;
(The *Roomes* whereof we did discribe whil-ere)
Where once appearing they are *wing'd* to fly,
And in their flight the *Soule* and *Body* steere
With motion such as both *Celestiall* were :

¹ The passions of the Aier do affect our Minds.

² The situation of the Place makes the Aier good or badde.

³ Foode, good, or badd, helps, or hinders Witte.

⁴ The Hart & Brayne.

What mervell is it then, though *Geese* some be
For want of *Capons*, that would *Cocks* appeare
(*Cocks* of the *Game*) and chaunt melodiouslee,
If with their kinde, their *Commons* did agree.

How subtile doth a simple cupp of *Wine*
Make the *Soule's faculties*, and their effects ?
It makes their divine natures more divine,
And with a world of *Joy* the *Hart* affects
Which *Sorrow* though in panges of *Death* reiects :
Hence comes it that some *Captaines* doe carrowse
When they must ¹ *Combat* with contrary *Sects*,
To heate the cold *bloud* and the *spirits* rowse,
And so make *Courage*, most couragious.

But here (as erst was saide) some over drinke,
While they desire in fight to over-doe ;
On nought but *wounds*, & *bloud*, they speake, & think,
While *Healthes* goe round, & *braines* goe rounder too ;
Wyne-making Bloud to *Wine* & *Bloud* them woee.
But *Neguid nimis*, is the *List* wherein
Courage should combate, and the *Barre* whereto
Valor should venter, what is more is *sinne*,
Which by the *wise* and *Valiant* damn'd hath bin.

Drinke hath three offices, ² The first assists
Concoction, for in it is boild the *meate* :
The next, to mixe the *foode* the first digests :
The Last, to bring it to the *Liver's* heate,
There to be made redd-hott, & apt to fleete :
Now when the *Current* is too violent,
It beares awaie (vntimely) *small*, and *greate*,
So crossing *Nature* in her kinde intent,
She back ³ retires not knowing what she ment.

Then *meate* must soak, not in the *Stomacke* swimme,
If *Nature* duely we desire to please ;
For, when the *Stomack's* ⁴ full about the brimme,
Tyde tarries none, how ere it may disease
And *Nature* drowne in those vnruely *Seas* :
Breath most corrupt, *behaviour* more then most,
And *Mind* much more then most, is made by these ;
Then how corrupt are *they* that of it boast ?
So much corrupt, they may infect an *Hoast*.

It's said of one, that did help to behead
The mounting *Monastries* that deckt this *land*,
That he (at last) lost his all-wittie *Head*
For *words* he spake, to which he could not stand,
Nor stand to speake, *Wine* having vpperhand :
Who vs'd (as *Fame* reports) his *wits* t' refine,
To let them often rest at *Wine's* commande ;
But *wit* abus'd, by abuse of *Wine*
Abus'd One that forc'd *Law* to force his fine.

¹ Wine moderately taken cheeres the Hart & spirits.

² 3. Offices of Drinke. ³ Vomitte.

⁴ Gluttony & Drunkenesse are the horrible sepulchres of
man's reason & iudgment.

Now as a moderation in these things
With *Iudgement's* choise in their varieties,
To *Soule*, and *Body*, *health*, and *glorie* brings ;
So both are bound to temp'rate *exercise* ¹
For helping them to vse their faculties :
For without *health* the same were hinder'd,
And *health* from hence as from an *helpe* doth rise ;
For holesome *labour* breakes those *humors' head*
By which the *enemies* of *health* are led.

It helps the *heate* that helpeth all the *parts* ;²
The *Spirits* it quickens, and puts ope the *pores* ;
Whereby each loathsome *excrement* departs
As at so many straight wide-open *dores* :
Our *limbes* it strengthens and our *breath* restores :
The *morning* walkes to the *intestines* send
The *first digestion's* filth (which kinde abhorres)
And makes the *second's* to the *bladder* wend,
So *labour* lets our *sickness*, so, our *end*.

All *travell* tendes to *rest*, and *rest* to *ease* ;
Then must the *body* travell to this *end* :
The *Spirit's* travell ³ hath respect to these ;
For *idle Spirits* that *active Sp'rit* offend
That for such *ease* a world of *woe* doth send :
Yet naught was made that was not made to rest ;
But nought was made to rest vntill the *end* :
For *Heav'n*, *Earth*, *Man*, *Beast*, *Fish*, *Fowle*, & the rest
Doe *travell*, in *fine* to be rest-possess.

Yet *Nature* hath ordain'd a *repose*
Which we call *rest* for *Man*, which *rest* is *sleep* ;
The *cause* whereof from the *Braines* chiefly floses,
When mounting *vapors* in their moisture steepe
Doe *humors' wax*, and in the *Nerves* doe creepe ;
And so their *conducts* close, which shuts the *eies* ;
Then rests the *corpes* in death-like *darknesse* deepe,
And *Spirits animal Rest* doth surprise :
So, are they said to rest vntill they rise.

This makes the *head* so heavy after *meate*,
The fumes ascending make the *head* descend ;
For they like *hammers* on the *braines* doe beate,
Til they haue hammerd *humors* in the end,
The weight whereof doth cause the *head* to bend :
Yet sober sleepes, in *place*, and *season* fit
Doe comfort *Nature*, and her *hurts* amend ;
The *Spirits* it quickens, and awakes the *wit*,
For *hart* must sleep, when the *head* wanteth it.

Dead *sleep*, *Death's* other name and Image true,
Doth quiet *Passion*, calme *Griefe*, *Time* deceiue ;
Who pay'ng the debt that is to *Nature* due
(Like *death*) in quittance thereof doth receiue
Supply of *powres*, that her of *powre* bereaue :
So *sleep* her *foes'* wants friendly doth supply,
And in her *wombe* doth wakefull *thoughts* conceiue,

¹ Temperate exercise available to minde and bodie.

² Natural heate.

³ The Sons of Adam, borne to labour.

Making the *Minde* beyond it selfe to spie,
For, doubtless *Dreames* haue some diuinitie.¹

For, as the *influence* of *Heaven's leames*
Frames diuerse *formes* in matter corporall :
So of like *influence visions* and *Dreames*²
Are printed in the *powre* fantasticall ;
The which *power* being instrumental,
By *Heav'n* disposd to bring forth some effect,
Hath greatest vigor in our *sleep's* extreames ;
For when our *minde* doe corporall cares neglect
That *influence* doth freely them affect,
And so our *Dreames* oft future haps proiect.

Watching oremuch, oremuch doth *Nature* wrong.
It blunts the *braines*, and *sense* debilitates ;
Dulleth the *Spirits*, breedes *crudities* among ;
Makes the *head* heauie, *Body* it abates,
And *kindely* heats it cooles, or dissipates :³
Yet thorny *cares*, or stings of ceaslesse *Smart*,
May keepe out *sleeps* without the *senses'* Gates,
(By pricking them as it were, to the *hart*)
Till vitall *Sp'rits* from *senses* quite depart.

Those *Chieftaines*, on whose *cares* depend the *crowns*
(The waighty *crownes*, on their as waighty *cares*)
Of mighty *Monarches*, and their *owne* *renownes*,
Two *burdens* which in one who ever beares,
Must night, and day, vse *hands*, *legs*, *eyes*, and *cares* :
These watch, yea sleeping wake, for in their *sleepes*
The *point* on which their *harts* are fixt, appeares,
And through their closéd *eyes*, their *mind's* *eyes* peeps,
To looke to *that* which them from *slumber* keepe.⁴

Their *sleepes* are short, but were they short, & sweet,
Nature would longer sweetly *life* support :
But in their *sleepes* with *wakfull* *thoughts* they meete ;⁵
That make their *sleepes* vnswet, and yet as short ;
Which must perforce make *Nature* all amort :⁶
Yet as they were all *Minde*, and *Body* none,
That had noe feeling of the *Bodie's* hurt,
That *Minde* (all mind) though *Corpes* the while doth
grone,
Makes *flesh* all hardnesse brooke, as it were *Stone*.

Such force hath *worldly glory* (though but vaine)
To make men, for her love, themselves to hate,
Who for desire of her, their strength doe straine
Farre, farre about the pitch of mortall state,
And paine in *sense*, to *sense* doe captivate :
Though *pains* wake *sense*, yet *sense* doth waking sleep,
Dreaming on *Glory* in the lapp of *Fate* ;

So *paine* from *sense*, doth paine with pleasure keepe,
While *sense* is mounting *Honor's* Mountaine steepe.

Where *Glory* sitts enthron'd (Coelestiall *Dame*)
Surrounded with a Ring of *Diadems*,
With face (whose beaming-beautie seemes to flame)
Darting in smiling wise those blissefull *beames*
On those that for her ¹ loue brooke all *extreames* :
What *Sense* hath *sense* being so beheavend,
And carried from it selfe on *pleasure's* *Sireames*?
But as entranc'd with ioy, it must seeme deade,
And feele no paine in *Minde* or *Body* bredd.

If then *Vaine-glory's* loue shall so subdue
The *sense* to *sense* that feeling all annoy,
It's arm'd to brooke the same by *glorie's* view,
And the more *griefe* is felt, the greater *ioy* ;
(Yea though the *griefe* the *sense* doth quight destroy)
What shall the loue of *Glory* infinite
Make *sense* endure, if *sense* her powers imploie
To apprehend it, as it's requisite?
Such love should hold the paines of *Hell* too light.

When vnconceavéd *ioy* dilates the *Hart*
To th' vtmost reach of his capacitie,
When *sense* no leasure hath to thinke on *smart*,
Being so busied with *felicity*
That *soule*, and *sense* are ravishéd thereby ;
What marvell then though *fire* doth comfort such,
(Although with quenchlesse flames their flesh it fry)
Sith that much ² *pain* their *ioy* makes more then much
And *paine*, that *sense* can feele, no *sense* can touch.

This made a wooden ³ *Saw* sweete to the flesh
Wherewith it sundred was in savage wise :
This makes the burning ⁴ *Grediorne* flesh refresh
That on the same in hellish manner fries,
This makes *paine* pleasure, and *Hell* *Paradise*.
Then give me, O good *giver* of all good,
An *Hart* that may ore *paine* thus signiorize,
For thy deere love ; then with my dearest blood
He wash the *Earth*, and make more *Saints* to budd.

When *Stones* (as thicke as *haile*) from hellish *hands*
Batt'r'd that blessed ⁵ *Proto-Martyr's* braine,
The *sight* he saw his *senses* so commands,
That, as the *Stones* did fal the *sense* to paine,
It deem'd that *Grace* on it did *pleasure* raine :
And that deere blood, like worthless *water* shedd,
Did make the springing *Church* to sprout amaine ;
For that no sooner was this *Martyr* dead
But many (as from him) came in his steede.⁶

¹ Divinity oft in dreames.

² A natural reason, for the diuinity of Dreames.

³ Over much watching debilitates our wittes.

⁴ This waking care breaketh the sleepes, as a great sicknesse
breakes the sleepes. Eccle. 31. 2.

⁵ Care enemy to sleepes and sleepes comforter of Care.

⁶ Care a Canker to Minde and Body.

¹ The labour of like Bodies be not a like painfull. For glory
in a Prince makes the labour lighter then that of a Pesant, be-
cause he wotts it will be notable.

² Inward ioy annihilates outward paine.

³ Essay the Prophet so martired.

⁴ S. Lawrence.

⁵ S. Stephen. Act. 7. 56, 58.

⁶ One Martyr begets many.

'And that the *Elements* doe loose their force
(That by such *losse* their *Lord* might *lovers* win)
It wel appeares ; for, did he not divorce
The heate from *fire*, which his deere *Saints* were in ?
Some too wel knew that this perform'd hath bin :
For out it flew and brent their *enemies*,
And where it first began, it did begin¹
The powre thereof with powre to exercise,
To shew his powre, that loth'd their sacrifice.

NOW, to retire from whence our *Rimes* doe range,
And touch the *soule*, & *mind's* *mind* at the *soule* ;
We see the *body's* state the *minde* may change ;
So may the *minde* the *body's* state controule ;
Thus they the state of one another rule :
The *soule's* *soule* is the *minde*, and the *minde's* *minde*
Is that, where *Reason* doth her *lawes* enrowle :
Yet fuming *Passions* both of them may blinde,
When *body*, with them both are ill inclin'd.

Phillipides, that *comedies* compil'd
Orecoming one that with him did contend
In that light *Art*, (when hope was quite exil'd)
A suddaine ioy wrought his as suddaine end.²
Like *fate* did one *Diagoras* attend,
Who, see'ng his three *sonnes* at *Olimpus* crown'd
For *deedes* there done (which *All* did much commend)
He them embracing, straite fell dead to ground,
Because his ioy was more then *hart* could bound.³

As extreame suddaine ioy doth kill the *hart*,⁴
Leaving it bloudlesse which is *ioie's* effect
(For ioy sends bloud amaine to ev'ry part)
So, extreame *griefe* the *hart* may so affect
(Or suddaine feare) that *life* may it reiect ;
For both revoke the *sp'rites*, *bloud*, and *kind heate*,
And to *harte's* Center doe the same direct,
Which place bee'ng little, and their throng so great,
Expels the *Vitall spirits* from their *seate*.

Marc Lepidus, divorc'd from his *wife*
Whom he intirely lou'd, with extreame *griefe*
(For it conceav'd) he quickly lost his life ;
So *loue* reft *life*, that erst was *life's* reliefe,
For *loue* of that his *woe* was fountaine chiefe.
So, with a *suddaine feare* haue many died
Which name I neede not, sith I would be brieve :
By it the *haire's* haue suddainely bin died,
As by *graue writers* is exemplifide.

Of no lesse force (though lesse the reason be)
Is *shamefastnesse*,⁵ in some of mighty *minde* :
One *Diodorus* died because that hee
Could not assoile a *Question* him assign'd :
The like of *Homer* we recorded finde ;

Who died with shame for being so vn-sound
Not to be able (like one double blinde)
To answer that, base *Fishers* did propound ;¹
So sense of *shame* did *sense* and life confound.

These *Passions* are the *suffrings* of the *soule*,
That make the *Inne* to suffer with the *Ghest* :²
For, *Perturbations* both together rowle
Here, there, and ev'ry where, as they thinke best ;
*Kinde-heate*³ they fire, or quench with their vnrest :
For, some (as all obserue) haue died with ioy ;
And some with *griefe*, haue bin *life-dispossest* :
For in extreames, they *Nature* so annoy,
As (being suddaine) her they quite destroy.

Yet *Mirth* in measure, kindly warmes the *bloud*,
And spreads the *Sp'rites*, b' inlarging of the *hart* :
This *mirth* in measure is the only *moode*
That cuts the throat of *Physicke*, and her *Art*,
And makes her *Captaines* from her *colors* start ;⁴
It makes our *yeares* as many as our *haire's* :⁵
Then, on *earth's* stage who play a meery *part*,
Shall much more more then much offend their *haire's*
By overlong prolonging their desires.

Then, should I liue by *Nature* over long,
For I to *mirth* by *nature* am too prone ;
But *Accident* in me doth *nature* wrong,
By whom vntimely shee'l be overthroned :
For *Melancholy* in my *Soule* inthrones
Her selfe gainst *Nature*, through crosse *Accident*,
Where shee vsurpeth, that is not her owne ;
And *Nature* makes to pine with discontent
That shee should so be reft her regiment.

Thus as the *Corpes* the *qualities* compound,
So are th' *Affections* moist, dry, hot, and cold,⁶
The last are humor'd as the first abound :
Ioy (hot and moist) the *Sanguine* most doth hold,
As *sorrow* (cold and dry) possesse the *Olde*.
Meane *ioie's* a meane to make *men* moist, and hot,
In which two *qualities* *Health* hath her *Hold* :
But *griefe* the heat consumes, and *bloud* doth rot,
Which *health* impaires, and cuts *life's* *Gordian knot*.

And as meane *mirth* man's age makes most extreame ;
So doth it cloth the *bones* with frolicke *flesh* :
For, to the *partes* it makes the *bloud* to streame,
Which makes them grow, & doth them ioy-refresh ;
This *mirth* the *hart* must haue when *head* is fresh,
For wyny *mirth* proceedeth from *excesse* ;
And all *excesse* doth but make *nature* nesh,⁷
Vnable to endure *time's* long processe,
How ere it may spend *time* in *drunkennesse*.

¹ Dan. 3. 22, 23.

² Sorrow doth occupie the place of extreame ioy : Petrarch.

³ Extreme ioy (being suddaine) is enemy to nature.

⁴ Simil.

⁵ Shame may bring life to confusion in generous spirits.

¹ Quod capio perdo, quod non capio mihi seruo.

² Body & Soule. ³ Heate naturall. ⁴ Phisitions.

⁵ Mirth makes man's yeares as many as his haire's.

⁶ The Affections follow the qualities of the Humors.

⁷ Sicknesse is (as Seneca saith) the chastisement of intemperance.

This correspondence then twixt *flesh*, and *sp'rite*,
Should make our *Mouth* the House of *Temperance*;
For the *Corpes'* qualities will answer right
Her rule of Diet; Then *intemperance*,
The *Head* and *Hart* doth odiously entrance:
The *Hart's* affects, produce the *Head's* effects,¹
Which make the *Soule* and *Bodie's* concordance:
Then sith the *Bodie* breeds the *Soule's* affects,
The *Soule* should feede the the same with right respects.

Respect of *Health*, respect of *name*, and *fame*,
Depending on our moderation,
Should be of force to make vs vse the same;
But, when the *Bodie's* depravation
Toucheth the *soule*, and bothe's damnation,
All these respects should (being things so decre)
Inflame *Desire's* immoderation
Coldly to vse *hott wines & belly cheere*,
For belly-gods are but the *Divell's* ² *Deere*.

Sith *sickness* then in *bodie*, and in *soule*,
From *temper* *ill*, and *ill affections* flo,
Will ought *Will's* appetites to over rule
When they (to follow *sense*) from *Reason* go;
And bring them to the bent of *wisdom's* Bo:
For, sith our *soules* by *Knowledge* things discerne,
From whence the *will* hath pow'r of *willing* too,
If *Knowledge* then be to them both a *Sterne*,³
They should do nought but what of her they learne.

And so they doe, but their *Guide* being blinde
Of the right *Eie*, no mervel though they runne
Too much on the left hand from place assign'd,
Directed by *Delight*, the *sense's* *sunne*:
But *Cloudes* of *sinne* our *Knowledge* over-runne,
Which make her run awrie in rightest *waies*,
Whereby our *silly soules* are oft vndunne,
When as shee weenes to winne immortall praise,
And crowne her *Craft* with everlasting *Baies*.

Who learns a *trade*, must haue a time to learne;
For without *time* an *Habit* is not gain'd:
So diverse *skills* the *soule* cannot discerne,
Vntill they be by *exercise* obtain'd,
For by it onely *Habittes* are attain'd:⁴
Which *Habitts* stretch not onely to our *Deedes*,
But to our *suffrings*, beeing wrong'd, or pain'd,
For *Custom's* force another *Nature* breeds,
And pyning *soule* with *patience* it feedes.

Vnto a *soule* impatient (seldome crost)
Each *Daie* a *yeare*, each *yeare* an *Age* doth seeme;
But a meeke *soule* with *troubles* often tost,
The *time*, though long, doth ordinarie deeme;
For *Time* and *Troubles* she doth light esteeme:⁵

¹ The *Hart's* affects begett the *Minde's*.

² *Deere* are fatted but to be killed; So *Epicures* &c.

³ The power of The will is derived from *Knowledge*.

⁴ Practise the Mother of *Habit*.

⁵ The *Soule* is possest in patience, if shee possesse patience.

This well appeares in *sickness*, (though most ill)
At first we still doe worst of it misdeeme,
But staying long with vs, we make our *will*
Familiar with it, so endure it still.

Affliction's water cooles the heate of *sinne*,
And brings soule-health; But at the first like *frost*
It *soule* benummeth, as it were starv'd therein,
And *sense*, and *Life* and *sp'rit* thereby were lost:
The *Crosse* doth quell to *Hell* the seldome crost:
Hence is it, *Christ* doth with his *Crosse* acquaint
Those that be his, whereof they glory'ng boast,
For that the *Crosse* wel borne creates the *Saint*,¹
As it to *Fiendes* transformeth them that faint.

Affliction, Ladie of the happy life,
(And *Queen* of mine, though my life happlesse be)
Give my *Soule* endlesse *peace*, in endlesse *strife*,
For thou hast powre to giue them both to me,
Because they both haue residence in thee:
Let me behold my best *part* in thine *Eies*,
That so I may mine *imperfections* see;
And seeing them I may my selfe despise,
For that *selfe-love*, doth from *selfe-liking* rise.

Enfold me in thine *Armes*, and with a kisse
Of coldest comfort, comfort thou my *hart*;
Breath to my *Soule* that mortified is,
Immortall *pleasure* in most mortall *Smart*:
Be ieloues of me, play a *Louer's* *part*:
Keepe *Pleasure* from my *sense*, with *sense* of *paine*,
And mixe the same with pleasure by thine *Arte*;
That so I may with *ioy* the *griefe* sustaine,
Which *ioye* in *griefe* by thy *deere* loue I gaine.

When from our *selves* we are estrang'd quite,
(Though it be strange, we so estrang'd should be)
Thou mak'st vs ² know our *selves* at the first sight
And bring'st vs to our *selves*, our selues to see;
So that we thoroughly know our *selues* by ³ thee:
But bright *Voluptu'snesse* doth blinde our *Eyes*
That we can nothing see, (and lesse foresee)
But what within her gaudy *Bozome* lies,
Being a *Mappe* of glorious *miseries*.

Pleasure, thou *Witch* to this bewitching *World*,
Eare-charming *Siren*, sold to sweetest *Synne*,
Wherewith our *Hartes* (as with *Cords*) is ensnarl'd,
That breake the *Cords* we cannot being in,
How blest had we bin, had'st thou never bin?
For hadst not thou bin, *Griefe* had nere had being,
Sith at thine end, all *sorrow* doth ⁴ begin,
And it with thee hath too good ill agreeing:
That's leagu'd in *ill*, and in *good* disagreeing.

¹ First the *crosse* and then the *Crowne*.

² *Affliction* being familiar with vs, doth make vs most familiar with our selues.

³ As a man cannot know him selfe, if hee know not God, so hee cannot know God well if hee know not him selfe. So inseperable are these knowledges.

⁴ The end of worldly pleasure is the beginning of *Payne*.

Observance, looke about with thy right *Eye*,
View this *World's Stage*, and they that play thereon,
And see if thou canst any *one* espie,
That plaies the *wanton* being wo-begon ;
Or in *Wealth* wall'wing, plaies not the *Wanton* :¹
See how deepe *sighes* pull in each panting *syde*
Of the first sort, in all their Action,
And how the second sort no where abide,
As standing on no ground through wanton pride.

The *first*, with downe-cast lookes stil eie the *Mould*,
As waying whence they came, & where they must :
The *second*, with high lookes the *Cloudes* behold,
To see how they for *place* and *grace* doe thrust,
Like these vngratious proude *Oppressors* iust :
Quiett and *sadd* the *first* doe still appeare,
The other *madde* with *mirth*, for *quarrell's* lust ;
Affliction thus to *God* doth *Soules* indeere,
When *welfare* makes them to the *Deuill* deere.

Reville mee, *world*, say I am *Sincke* of *shame*,
Nay worse then *Ill* it selfe, (if worse might be)
Thou dost not wrong me, *World*, for so I am,
Although I am the worse (dam'd *World*) for thee :
Spitt out thy *fame*-confounding spight at me,
Make me so vile that I my selfe may *hate*,
That so I may to my *Reformer* flee ;
And be'ng reform'd, I may still meditate
On that pure *Minde*, that mended my *Mind's* state.

Then though *Affliction* be no welcome *Ghest*
Vnto the *world* (that loues nought but her *weale*)
Of me, therefore shee shalbe lov'd best,
Because to me shee doth the *World* reveale,
Which *worldly welfare* would from me conceale :
It is a gaineful *skill* the *World* to know,
As they can tel that with the *World* doe deale,
It cost them *much* ere *prooffe* the same doth show,
Which knowledge from *Affliction* streight doth flow.²

And though the entrance into *Vertue's* way
Be strait, so strait that *few* doe enter in,
Yet being entred, walke with ease we may,
For labour endes when we doe but begin :
„ *Sweat* before *Vertue* *lacky-like* doth rin
To ope the gate of *Glory* sempiternie,
That her triumphant *coach* might enter in ;
So outward temp'ral toile gets *blisse* eterne
Vpon the corpes of *Vertue* most interne.

Sith *Custom* then is of such liuely force
As it hath powre it selfe to overcome,³

¹ Wealth makes men wanton.

² Ample fortunes, haue as ample passions.

³ Prov. 13. 10.

⁴ Our enemies will tell vs wherein wee are faulty, which friends will forbear, so may we profit by our foes.

⁵ Affliction is the best Tutresse to make vs know the World.

⁶ Custom is another nature. Custom is overcome by custome.

How blest are they that doe themselues divorce
From *Custom* ill, by force of good *custome* :
And ten times blessed they that from the *Wombe*
Accustom'd are to *Vertue's* straightest *Way*,
For, such by *Custom* vertuous become,
Though powreful *Nature* doe her selfe say nay ;
For *Nature*, *Custom*'s powre is forc'd t' obay.

When the *Affections' Acts* are *habits* growne,
Then *Vertues* or els *Vices* are they nam'd ;¹
A vicious *Habit's* hardly overthrowne,
For our *Affection* is therewith enflam'd,
As with the fire infernall are the *damn'd* :
Who though they would, and though they anguish haue,
Yet cannot that outrageous mood be tam'd,
But still they raging sin, and cannot saue
Themselves from that, that makes their grieve their
grauie.

A vicious *Habit* is *Hel's* surest *Gin*,
Wherewith a *Man* is sold to *sinne*, and *shame*,
Running from *sinne* to *sinne*, and nought but sinne,
As *Rivers* runne the same, and not the same.
Til the *minde's* Iointes, *sinne's* force doth so vnframe
That it becomes most loose and dissolute ;
Neither regarding *heav'n*, *hell*, *shame*, nor *fame*,
But to liue loathsomly it's resolute ;
Thus *Habits* ill, make *evill* absolute.

But *few* there are in whom all *vice* concures ;
And fewer are they, that all *faults* doe want ;
Vnto the *worst*, *offences* cling like *Burres* ;
And to the *best* as to the *Adamant*
The *Iron* cleaues ; for the *Church* militant
By *nature* is accompanied with *sinne* ;
Yet the least force of *faith* partes them (I grant)
Because it cleaues but sleightly to the *skinne*,²
But to the *wicked's* flesh it's fastned in.

For as a *burre*³ the longer it abides
Vpon a *garment* being cott'nd by,
The more the *Wooll* windes in his hook'd sides :
So *sinne* the longer it in *Flesh* doth ly,
The faster to the same it's fixt thereby.
If *Nature* then *sinne* soone doth entertaine,
Vse violence to *Nature* by and by,
That it perforce may from the same refraine ;
For what *skill* cannot, *force* may yet constraine.

And as the *Burre*⁴ to *Wooll* so being fixt,
With *skill*, or *force* cannot be parted thence,
But that some part will with the *Wooll* be mixt :
So, *sinne* where it hath had long residence,
Will leaue *remaines* there, maugre *violence* :
But *Iron*⁵ from the *loadstone* cleane will fall
With but a touch : and so wil *sinne's* offence

¹ When the affections are called vertues or Vices.

² Sin inhabites, but is not habituall in the godly.

³ Simil.

⁴ Simil.

⁵ Simil.

From those in whom it's not habitual
With but a touch of *Faith*, though nere so small.

That I may touch the *Subiect* of my *Rimes*
More home, (though homely I the same doe touch)
And for, my travell'd *Muse* might breath sometimes,
And, that the *Reader* too might doe as much,
(Lest that prolixitie might make him grutch)
Here shall shee make a *stande*, and looke a-backe,
As *Riders* rancke¹ on *Steeper* haue customes such
To breath their bony-*Nags*, when winde they lacke,
And courage them againe like toile to take.

THE knowledge of the *Soule*, and of her *Powres*,
Is the well-head² of *morrall-Wisdomes* flood:
Hence know we al (worth knowing) that is ours,
In *body*, or in *Soule*, that's ill or good:
And if these *Powres* be rightly vnderstodee,
We know the *founts* from whence our *Actions* flow,
And from what *cause* proceedeth ev'ry *mood*,
Or good, or ill, and where that *cause* doth grow;
Al this and more, this *knowledge* makes vs know.

For in the *Soule* doth shine (though *sinne*-obscur'd)
By *Nature's* light, great light of such *science*;
Whereby the *Soule* is made the more assur'd
In all her *Actions*, and *Intelligence*;
Though oft deceav'd by *seeming good's* pretence:
And for the *Soule* is to the *body* bound,
Affections therein haue their residence,
That, as with *wings*, the *soule* with them might bound,
Aboue her selfe from being *bloud y-drown'd*.

Wherefore shee hath *Affections* of two kinds,
The one eggs on, the other doe restraine,
By which the *Minde* the *body* turnes and winde,³
As they the *mind*, and *minde* the *Corpes* constraine:
Yet when these *Curbs* our head-strong nature paine,
It winceth with the Heele of *willfull-will*;
Orethrowing those *Affects* that doe it reigne,
And in *extremities* it runneth still,
Which is the *Race of Ruine*, *Rest of Ill*.

This comes to passe when as we overpasse
The *bounds* of *Nature*, by our *Nature's* vice;
And in some one *excesse* we do surpasse,
Desiring more then *Nature* may suffice,⁴
To which our corrupt natures vs intice:
For let the least *Necessity* appeere
A *ken* from vs, (though nere so smal of price)
We hold what els we hold, (though nere so deere)
Worthlesse, and for that *want* with woe we steere.

Hence is it that with never-ceasing toile,
And no lesse care, we traverse all this *All*;

¹ Simil.

² In knowing our soules, we know the wel-head of al our Actions.

³ The *Minde* turns & winde the *body* by the *Affections* of the *Hart*.

⁴ Little suffiseth *Nature*, but nothing *Opinion*.

Nay, all that *All* we restleslie turmoile,
And bandy (as it were) this *Earthie Ball*
Past *reason's* reach, to win *world's wealth* withal:
*Desire of having*¹ thus still moiles the *minde*;
Though *Nature* be suffis'd with *pittance* small;
Which makes vs loose our selues when wee it finde,
Sith see our selues we cannot, being blinde.

It blinds our *Eyes* that seldom'st are deceav'd,
Eyes of our *Soule*, that make our *Bodies* see;
Then *Soule* and *Bodie* cannot be perceav'd,
By their owne vertue when they blinded be;
And *mine* and *thine*, doth sever mee, and thee:
Nought can content vs. Therefore the *Affects*
Are in the *soule* like *windes* (that nere agree)
Vpon the *Sea*, and worke the like effects,
Some great, some smal, yet like in most respects.

Beside the chiefe *windes* and *Collaterall*,
(Which are the *Windes* indeede of chiefe regard)
Sea-men observe more, *thirtie two* in all,
Al which are pointed out vpon their *Carde*;
But our *Mind's* Mapp, (though many may be spar'd)
Containeth many more *Affects* then these,
All which though sett our *Mind's Content* to guard,
Yet sturr they vp (as *Windes* doe on the *Seas*)
Vnquiet *Passions* which the *Minde* disease.

When *Zephire* breathes on *Thetis*,² she doth smile,
Shee entertaines that *gale* with such content;
But, if proude *Boreas* doe puffe the while,
Shee's madd with rage, and threatens the *Continent*;
For those proud pufes her *soule* doe discontent:
So, some *Affections* our *soules'* browes vnbend,
And other some doe sextiply each dent;
Some meanelly please, some meanelly doe offend,
And some doe make the *Soule* her *Soule* to rend.

Those that doe meanelly moue, *Affections* hight;
The other *Huff-snuffs*³ *Perturbations* be;
These later rudely gainst their *Guides* doe fight,
And so enfume them that they cannot see,
Or make them from their *Charge* away to flee:
So that the *soule* being left without a *Guide*,
And tost with *Passions* that still disagree,
Doth like a *Sternelesse Shippe*⁴ at randon ride
On mightiest *Seas*, wrack-threatn'd on each syde.

For, if our *Reason's* iudgment blinded be,
Th' *Affections* needes must ever run⁵ awrie,
And draw with them each *sense* tumultuoslee
To offer violence to *loue* and *Aye*;
That *God*, and *Nature*, tast their tyranny:

¹ As a little Colloquintida doth marre a whole pot of pottage: so covetousnesse doth make all other vertues abhominable. The best vse of worldly things is to contemne worldly things. Plato.

² A simil.

³ *Affections* move the *Soule* moderately, but *Perturbations* move her most violently.

⁴ A Simil.

⁵ When Iudgment is betraid, the *Affections* are misguided.

Let but the *Hart* bee *lone-sicke*, and the same
Will carry *Judgment* where his *Loue* doth ly ;
And there confine it, setting all on flame
That offers but resistance once to name.

The lower *Judgment* in our *blood* is sunck
The lower is her reach in *Reas'n's* discourse ;
For *Judgment* with our *blood* may be so drunck,
That doome she cannot *better* from the *worse*,
But (reeling too and fro) is left of force.
The higher therefore, she her selfe doth reate
About base *Flesh & Blood's* declining course,¹
The more *Affections* basenesse will forbear,
And neerer draw to that that first they were.

For, *Passions* passing ore that break-neck Hill
Of *Rashnesse*, ledd by *Ignorance* their guide,
By *false-Opinion's* Hold of Good and Ill
Taking their course, at last with vs abide,
While from our selves they make our selues to slide :
So that we seeke not that sole sov'raigne Good,
But many *Goods* we seeke ; which being tride
Doe but torment the *Minde* with irefull ² moode,
Because they were by her mis-vnderstoode.

Had we the prudence of the *brutish kinde*,
We would prevent these *Passions'* Stormes with ease ;
For, ere a *Storme* appeares they shelter finde ;
Like providence haue *Sea-men* on the *Seas*,
Who see them farre off, and provide for these :
So ought we, when we see a *Passion* ³ rise
That may the *Soule*, and *Body* much disease,
With *Moderation's* pow'r the same surprise,
Before it gather head to tyrannize.

But, so farre off are we from curbing *Passion*,
That wilfully we mount it, and so ride
On it a gallopp (spurr'd with *Indignation*)
To all *Extremes*, where *Vices* all abide ;
The *Divell* being extreame *Passion's* guide :
For once when *Reason* 's driven from the *Helme*,
And we twixt *Seylla* and *Charibdis* gilde,
Ther is no hope but one should overwhelm,
And send vs straight to the infernal *Realme*.

But with a prudent *Man* it fares not so,
He keeps himself without th' *Affections'* ⁴ sway ;
He seekes no good, but he it wel doth kno,
And knowing it, seekes it the rightest way :
We say, and misse, because we mis-asay :
Wisdom chalks out the way her selfe to find,
So that *Men* cannot erre if it they wale,
Except they be (as many) wilfull blinde,
For it is straight, though strict in easie kinde.

Wisdome (the *Well* of ev'ry perfect good)
Is that, which *wise men* onely (seeking) finde ;
Which ¹ constant good they seeke in constant moode,
And being found, most constant makes the *Minde* :
For to the same, it selfe, it selfe doth binde :
Heerehence it is, the clouds of *Ignorance*
That erst the same did naturally blinde
Away are chaséd, without tarriance ;
For *Wisdome's Sonne*, himselfe doth there advance.

Thus good, and ill (as erst we said) procure
The *Minde's* *Affects*, or *Moodes*, (so cald by some)
Which good, or *evill*, pure, or most impure,
Is either *past*, or *present*, or to *come*,
To be attain'd, or not be overcome :
And, as we deeme the absence of good, ill : ²
So, absent *Ill*, wee deeme doth good become ;
Either of which affecteth so our *Will*,
That by their meanes it is in motion still.

When any good's propounded to the *soule*,
Shee notes, shee likes, and lastly it doth loue,
But in her *Mouth* shee often it doth rowle,
That so her *Pallate* may thereof approue,
Before it can her *Soule's* affection moue :
This motion of possessed good is *Ioy* ;
But good to come (which we doe long to proue)
Is call'd *Desire*, which loue doth still employ
To seeke that good which it would faine enioie.³

If *Ill* proposéd be, it's call'd *Offence*,
Because the *soule* offended is thereby ;
If it abides, *Hate* doth her *soule* incense ;
For shee a lasting *ill* hates mortally,
As that which most her *soule* doth damnifie :
And, as from present *Ill*, *Griefe* doth aspire :
So, *Fear* proceeds from *Ill* farre off or ny :
The *moode* gainst present *Ill* is sinnelesse *Ire*,⁴
And *Faith*, and *Hope*, gainst future *Ill* conspire.

All which *Affects* haue others vnder them ;
For *Rev'rence*, *Pitty*, and *Benevolence*,
Spring out of *Loue*, (as *Braunches* from the *Stemme*)
From *Ioy* *Delight*, *Dislike* from *sorrowe's* sense ;
And in *Desire*, *Hope* hath her residence :
But *Prid's* a *Monster*,⁵ for shee is compos'd
Of *Self-conceit*, *Desire*, *Ioy*, *Impudence* ;
These, and such like in *Pride* are oft disclos'd,
For in her *wombe* they restlesse are repos'd.

And, as *Affections* one another breede,
By one another so are they restrain'd :
Ioy woundeth *Griefe*, & *Griefe* makes *Ioy* to bleede ;
And so the rest are by the rest refrain'd,

¹ Therefore moderate fasting feedes the Soule.

² Ills taken for good, grieve the mind vpon triall.

³ Passion is easiest extinguished when it begins to kinde.

⁴ A wise man rules, and is not ruled by his Affections.

¹ Constancie holdes the Hart that holds wisdom.

² Ill is the privation of good.

³ Good is the obiect of loue and Desire.

⁴ To bee angry with evill, is good.

⁵ Pride is a monster compounded of many Affections.

As by the *Stronger* the *weaker* are constrain'd :
As when curst *Thetis* chiding knitts the Brow,¹
Her *Billowes* proud, that either's pride disdain,
Thrusts out each other : So, when *Passions* flow,
The *greater* doe the *lesser* overthrow.

And oft it fares in our *Minde's* Common-weale,
As in a *Civill-warre*² the case doth stande ;
Where no *mann's* careful of his *Countrie's* heale,
Or who of right should al the rest command,
But follow him that hath the strongest hand :
So, in *Affection's* sight ther 's no respect
To the *Minde's* good, or how it should be scand,
But (inconsiderate) they both reiect,
And doe as strongest *Passion* doth direct.

The *Hart*, the Hold where these *Pow'rs* are inclos'd,
Heereby is vext ; for, if it doe incline
To those *Affections* that are worst dispos'd,
It 's inly griv'd, els *Joy* the same doth line,
And with the same doth face the *Face* in fine ;
But, if sadd *sorrow* doe the *Hart* surprise,
It doth deface the face and make it pyne ;
Looking like *Languishment* through both the *Eyes*,
For through the *Eyes*,⁴ our Eye the *Hart* spies.

This direct *Index* of the *Minde*, the *Eyes*
Doth oft bewraie what *Reason* doth conceale ;
For wil yee, nil yee, we shal see thereby
What 's well, or ill, in the *Minde's* common-weale :⁵
Our *Lookes*, our *Falshoodes* truly doe reveale,
Whereby oft *lives* and *liberties* are lost ;
Examin'd *Theeves*⁶ confesse that they did steale
By their confus'd *lookes*, with horror tost :
Thus *Coun't* nance oft putts vs to double cost.

It *Lyvings* costs, to hold it beeing hy,
It costs our *lives*, when we it cannot hold,
We cannot hold it when through it we dye ;
And two *Proppes* hold it high, *Silver* and *Gold*,
For which oure lives, and livinges oft are sold :
For too lowe State too false doth make the hands,
Which in the *Countenance* wee oft behold,
Through which we die, and State that highly stands
Lands must vphold ; So, it costs *life* and *lands*.

Thus *Joy* and *Sorrow* send with equal pace
True *tokens* of their presence in the *Hart*,
(By *Nature's* force conducted) to the *Face* ;
Where they the pow'rs convince of *Reason's* Arte,
And in the *Front* with force they play their part :
If in the *Hart*, *Griefs* be predominant,
The browes wil bend as if they felt the smart ;
If *Joy*, the face wil seeme therefore to vant,
Then how *Hart* fares, *Fooles* are not ignorant.

¹ A Simil.

² A Simil.

³ Where *Passion* raignes *Reason* obeyeth.

⁴ The *Eie* is the *Index* of the *Minde*.

⁵ Eccl. 13, 26.

⁶ Confounded looks bewray men's lewdnes.

⁷ The countenance shewes how the *Hart* is affected.

That *Man* is truly wise as *Man* may bee,
That can beare *weale*, & *woe*, with like aspect ;
There may be such, but, such I nere could see ;
Yet good *men's* countenance I much respect,
But of their goodnes nere saw that effect :
Let *Stoicks* giue for precepts what they list,
This vertue may (perhapps) be their defect ;
For though *Affections'* force they can resist,
Yet they 'l prevaile when *Nature's* powres assist.

And *weakling* that I am, how apt am I
To martial al my *Passions* in my face ;¹
I oft haue tride, and yet I doe but trie,
To keepe them in, in their conceaving place,
Dissembling so *Discretion's* fowle disgrace :
But as I cannot colour my defects,
So, can I wel dissemble in no case ;
Which is the cause of many badd effects,
For none (though nere so vaine) this *vaine* affects.

Teares are the *Tokens* of a *Passion'd Soule*,
That *Hart* for *Lowe* sometimes sends to the *Eies*,
And oft they witnes there *Joy*, *Paine*, or *Dole*,
But how so ere, from *Passion* strong they rise ;
Which *Passion* in *Compassion* often lies :
Mine *Eies* are kyn (too neere of kyn) to these,
Which, though my *Spirit* doth it much despise,
Yet doe they turne mine *Eyes* too oft to *Seas*,
To drowne *Hart's* *Passion* and to give it ease.

But blessed were I if mine *Eyes* could flowe
With *Teares* of *Pittie* seeing the distrest ;
But much more blest, had I then to bestow
And frankly giue, then were I treble blest ;
In *Teares*, in *wealth*, and in *both* so address :
My *Secret* to my selfe, I blesse *Him* ay
For being no worse, though badd I be at best ;
The lesse I speake of what I feele that way,
The more I feele his *grace* my *thoughts* to sway.

He, Fount of goodnesse (holie be his name)
Was often scene (when he as man was scene)
To weepe, and seem'd delighted with the same,
Seeing the *World* (through his *Teares*) stil oreseene,
That might by his *example* blest haue beene :
Who never was observ'd to laugh, or iest,
Either in *Manhood*, or when *yeares* were greene,
At *merry-meetings*, or at *wedding's* feast ;
Showing thereby what *moode* fitts *Vertue* best.

If *Joy* at any time had toucht his *Soule*,
(As when his words had made a *Proselite*)
He (only wise) would wisely it controule,
For that this *moode* with *Maiesty* doth fight,
Which in his *Person* was entron'd by right :
This we admire as that we cannot doe,
For, we in pleasures vaine so much delight,

¹ Not to dissemble, is not to lyne.

² Teares quench the fire of immoderate *Passion*.

³ Mirth is too light for the gravity of *Maiesty*.

That *Joy* may make vs *madd*, and *kill* vs too :
For *Joy*, or *Griefe* can our *hart-strings* vndoe.

Thus when our *Teares* doe testifie our ruth,
We neede not rue, or of them be asham'd ;
For, *Virtue* therein her owne selfe ensuth,
When with *selfe-love* her *Soule* is most inflam'd,
Which selfe-love burns the *Soule*, yet nere is ¹blam'd :
Wherefore such *Teares*, and *Teares* effus'd for *sinne*,
Is wyne of *Angels*, so by *Angells* nam'd ;
Then blessed are those *Founts* that never lyn
To send forth *streames*, that *Angells* glory in.

When *sighes* for *sinne* ascend, *Mercy* descends,
And in the *rise*, their flight anticipates ;
Grace centreth *sighes* that *Mercy* comprehends,
But *sighes* for *sinne* ascending *Mercy* hates ;
Sighes for, and from *sinne*, are vnequall *mates* :
From *sinne*, none but *sighes* sinneful can arise ;
But *sighes* for *sinne* high *grace* consociates,
And did not *Mercy* stay them in the *rise*,
They would with violence the *Heav'ns* surprise.²

Two kinds of *Joy* or *Griefe* the *Hart* conceales,³
For *Good*, or *Ill*, possess'd, or future ;
The name of *Hope*, the later *Joy* receaues,
Which of some *good* to come doth vs assure ;
The latter *Griefe* doth *Fear* in vs procure
Of *Ill* to come, which we with *Griefe* expect :
So, *Joy*, and *Hope*, or *Griefe*, and *Fear* in powre
Are much alike, their *ods* *Time* doth effect,
And take their *names* as they doe *Time* respect.

Hope time to come respects, bred by *Desire*,
Desire of *good*, wherein we *loie* by *Hope* ;
Hope hath no helpe of science but intire
Rests on *coniecture*, which to *doubt* lies ope,
And *likelihood*⁴ giues her her vtmost scope :
Yet *Hope* that's fixt on that all-working *Word*
That gaue *Earth* being, and the *Heav'nly Cope*,
Excludes *Coniecture*, and is so assur'd,
As if that hopt for, *Time* did straite afford.

Then no true *Joy* can *hope* accompany,
That hath but *likelihood* for her best stay ;
For such *hope*, *Posse* evermore doth eie,
Which ere it comes to *Esse*, slides away :
For in each *Possibilitie* we may
Behold a possibilitie of faile ;
Which must of force our *hope* sometimes dismay ;
Then *Fear* a shaking *hope* must needes assaile,
And *hope* must shake, that *crosse events* may qualle.

Such is the *Wicked's* most assur'd hope,⁵
Who *Ancor* it on transitorie *Toyes* ;

They feare the cracking of that *cable Rope*
That holds them to their *hope's* expected ioies ;
Contingencie their constan't hope annoies ;
Which ay is constant in vnconstancie :
And oft them with their groundlesse hope destroies ;
Which fills their hopes with dire perplexity,
And lines their *ioies* with lasting *miserie*.

But *hope* that hath for *object* certaine things
(As those which *Truthe's* nere-failing *word* assures)
In great'st *distresse* great consolation brings,
And like good *sauce* an appetite procures,
Griefe to digest, as long as life endures :
This *hope* makes *harts* to hold that els would breake ;
And *harts* almost quite broken shee recures,
And when our *foes* by force our ruine seeke,
She giues vs strength to weene their force too weake.¹

Shee holds the *powres* of *hell* in high contempt,
And makes a iest of temp'ral powre or paine ;
From all *annoy* of both shee is exempt,
For in *Griefe's* bowels shee doth *ioie* retaine ;
As *Ionas* did in the *Whale's* intertaine :
The *aire* shee striketh with so strong a *winge*²
That *aire*, or *fire* the force cannot restraine,
But vp shee will through both, and ev'ry thing
That lets her from the *place* of her biding.

Nay, she with such resistlesse *wings* doth flie,
That shee her selfe her selfe doth oft surmount ;
The *Faithful's* Father³ made her so to stie,
And diuerse other *Saintes* of lesse account ;
Being on her *Wings* she, maugre *force*, wil mount,
Who, through the ten-fold *heav'ns* (though thick & hard,
Can glide with ease, as *Fish* do through a *fount*,
Nor by the *high'st* himselfe can shee be bard,
But will prevaile, as it with *Iacob* far'd.⁴

Thus *Joy*, and *Hope* goe iointly hand in hand,
Like *Twins* got by *Desire*, by *Fancie* borne ;
And as *Hope's* ioie, on future *Good* doth stand,
So, *Fear's* a griefe conceav'd for *Ill* vnborne
(Which we expect) wherewith the *Soule* is torne :
Then looke what *ods* there is twixt *Hope* and *Joy*,
The like's twixt *Fear*, and *griefe* (in minds forlorne)
Alike they comfort, or the *Minde* annoy,
As they best know, that *best* or *worst* enioy.

Fear doth the *Hart* contract, (that *Hope* dilates)
And shut so close that *vitall Sp'rits* it pines ;
Then *Nature* to prevent *death* (which shee hates)
Drawes *bloud* and *Sp'rits* from all the parts' confines,
And to the *Hart* in haste the same assignes :
Then are the outward *partes*, as pale, as cold,
And quake as fearing their approaching *fines* ;
Then pants the *heart* that labours *life* to hold,
Which ties the *Tongue*, *woomb* loosening ere it should.

¹ Virtue's self-love alone is Vertuous.

² The kingdom of heaven suffers violence ; and the violent take it by force. Mat. 11. 12.

³ The *Hart* conceales two kinds of *Joy* or *Griefe*.

⁴ *Likelihood* is the life of hope touching mundane matters.

⁵ The hope of the implous is full of feare.

¹ Innocencie dreads no danger.

² Hope's wings are pennipotent.

³ The Patriarch Abraham.

⁴ Gen. 32. 26, 28.

And as this *sense*-confounding *Passion*, *Fear*,
The *hart* with *horror* thus ex cruciates ;
So, in the *soule* it such a swaie doth beare,
That it the *Powres* thereof quite dissipates ;
And makes most *abjects*, of most mightie *States* :
How like an *Idoll* stands *Fear*'s servile *Slave* ?
Whose total *senses* ¹*Fear* so captivates,
That no one *sense* hath force it selfe to saue,
But *Death* desires to kill the *fear* they haue.

If this base *Fear* (*hart*'s hatefull hel) possesse
The *hart*, the *hart* doth then possesse the *heele* ;
But most of all, when *hart* doth most transgresse,
And diuine vengeance it (with *fear*) doth feele ;
Then *Strength* may seeke to stay it, but, t'wil reele
In spight of *morrall strength*, that it should sway ;
And, as starke drunke with *fear*, turne like the *wheele*
That wheelles the nether *heauens* without stay,
Let *courage* say the while, what *courage* may.

No *harnesse* (though by *Vulcan* forg'd) can make
Fear to be hardy, or not hartlesse quite ;²
If *Armors* could from *Art* such tempers take,
The *Artist* should be king'd in *Fortune*'s spight ;
For many *kings* would crowne him for this sleight :
But *he* it is, whom *heav'n*, and *hell* doth feare,
Can take *fear* from, and arme vs with his *might* ;
For he alone the faint *hart* vp doth reare,
Or make the stowtest *hart* most faint appeare.

Wee must then arm'd be from *Fear*, by *fear* ;
God's *fear*,³ that strong *Vulcanian Armor*, must
Guard such good *Soules* as doe regard it heere ;
Because such *fear* is ever full of *trust*,⁴
That feares no threate of any mortal *thrust* :
For, *Hope* in him, doth make the daring *hart*,
Which *hope* no *hart* can haue that is vnjust ;
For *Conscience* *pricks* will make the same to start
When the least *Leafe* doth wagge, by *winde*, or *Art*.

When therfore diuine *Iustice sinne* wil scourge,
He doth dishart their *harts*, in whom it raignes,
In sort, that they themselves with horror ⁵purge,
When he on them his heavy vengeance raynes ;
So that their *fear* exaggerates their *paines* :
The haughti'st *Hart* (erst swolne with *Valour*'s pride)
Fear striks stone-dead, when he but vengeance faines ;
And greatest *strength* by *weaknesse* is defide,
When as his *pow'r* in *weaknesse* doth abide.

Then, *Courage* comes from *Hope*,⁶ & *Hope* from *Heav'n*,
The *Donor* is the highest *Diety* ;

¹ The Senses would dy, that feare might not liue.

² Fear is vtterly hartlesse.

³ God's feare expels feare.

⁴ Eccl. 1. 12.

⁵ The Belly becomes loose though force of Feare ; Iob, 41. 25.

⁶ Courage comes from Hope.

The *praise* is His, that is to *prouesse* giv'n,
For he alone the *Minde* doth magnifie :
Then praise him *Lowe*, if courage make you *Hie* ;
And laude him *High*, if feare make yee not *lowe* ;
Yea *high* and *lowe* praise Him alone, whereby
You gaine the *praise* that *men* on you bestowe,
From Whom (as from the *Fount*) al *praise* doth flowe.

How is it then, that *Diavills* in *Mennes* forme
Swaggring ¹*Man-quellers* are so desperate ?
Who with strong hand *God*'s *Images* deforme
Fearing no *man*, but give the *chacke* or *mate*
To *good* and *badd* of what soever state :
This is not *courage*, but an hellish fire
That boiles their *bloud*, cal'd *Ire*, inflam'd by *Hate*.
And oft of *Saints* they (*Fiendes*) haue their desire ;
No otherwise then *Iob* felt *Sathan*'s ire.²

So, curs'd *Caine* shue *Abell*³ in that moode,
Abell, that *Innocent* the *Highest*'s below'd ;
Yet *Caine* had *hart* and *hand* to broach his blood :
The like, *Men Angell*-like haue oft approv'd
By those whome *God* in this life nere reprov'd.
This *secret* is *obscure*, but light to those
That take it light, and it abide vnmov'd ;
Them *Faith* assures, He doth of all dispose ;
In whome, come *life* or *death*, they hope repose.

If diuine ⁴*LOVE* desires my *Bodie*'s death,
By soddaine death my *Soule* so straight to haue,
What matters it, though he bereave my breath
By *Diav'll*, or *Angell*, so my *Soule* he saue ;
The ⁵*pow'r* they both possesse, to them he gave,
Both are his *Ministers* to doe his will ;
If *Sathan* then, my *Corpes* bring to the *Grave*,
To me it is so farre from being ill,
That *Sathan* doth me good, against his wil.

Me good said I ? well may I call it good,
Sith it is *good* of *goods*, good all in all ;
The *fount*, whereof all *goodnesse* is the *fond*,
That never yet was gag'd nor never shall
By *Men*, most wise, or *spirits* Angelicall :
It is th' *Abyss* of true *Felicity*,
Which some *men*, more then most fantastical,
Suppose they haue, had they high *dignity* ;
With *pleasure* fac'd, and lyn'd with *Misery*.

Thus *Ioy*, and *Hope*, were by th' all *Giver* giv'n
As sweete *Conductors* to his sweetest *Sweete* ;
And *Fear*, and *Griefe*, from his *wrath* are deryv'n
To awe the *Mind*, (which first therwith doth meete)
And that which that *Mind* hath fore-done vnmecte,
Should be thereto as ⁶*Scourge* and *Scou[r]*ger iust,
Which doe remaine, when *sinne*'s sowre-Sweetes do flecte

¹ Six-penny Champions.

² Iob 2. 7.

³ Gen. 4. 8.

⁴ God.

⁵ God is the Fountaine of all Power.

⁶ Sorrow remains after sinne for sin, to make the Soule detest sinne.

To make the *Mind* abhorre her former lust ;
For *Griefe*, and *Fear*, are lust to *Mindes* vniust.

Now the true *pleasure* which our *Nature* craues
The whiles the *Soule* remains the *Bodie's* *Ghest*,
Is the true *rest* some *Good* the *Soule* vouchsaves,
Which the *Hart* holdeth, and esteemeth best ;
As *Contemplation* is *Reason's* rest :
Yet can there be no pleasure in that *good*
If it be greater then *Hart* can digest ;
For, if the *Continent* bound not the flood,
Confusion must ensue in likely-hood.

If *Light* (ioy of the *Eye*) be, as the *Sunne*,
Too great for the *Eyes'* small capacity,
They may be dymmed so, if not vndunne :
Or if it be too small, they cannot see ;
As they are strong or weake, so ¹ *Light* must bee :
The like of other *senses* may be sedd
Outward or *inward*, bound to *forme*, or free,
Who must with *moderation* still be fedd,
For *excesse* them annoies, nay strikes them dead.

As therfore *God* is most most infinite,
So hee's with ioy receaved of that *part*
That's likst himself, which is the *Soul* or *sp'rit* :
But for that he cannot himself impart
(Being *Immense*) to them by *pow'r* or *arte*,
(They being not so) he is to them applied
By ² *Vnderstanding*, yet but so in part ;
If otherwise he should with them abide,
They would through *glory* be quite nullified.

Now, as a man takes pleasure by these *partes*,
So in that *part* he takes the most delight
That to his *Flesh*, or *sp'rite*, most ioy imparts ;
And with those pleasures is he swallowed quight,
That doe affect that *part* with maine and might ;
Therefore the brutish *Vulgar*, most are pleas'd
In things substantial which appeare to sight,
And things diuine, which cannot so be seas'd,
They hold as vaine, and are therewith displeas'd.

Amonge the *pleasures* which are sensuall,³
The vilest is that we *feele*, by that we *touch* ;
Because it is the Earthli'st *sense* of all :
The *Tast's* of better temper, though not much :
Smelling is light, and lightly more will grutch
At vnsweete Savors, then in sweete will ioye ;
The *Hearing* is more worthie farre then such,
Sith it's more *Airry* and doth lesse annoy,
Whereby we gaine the *Faith* which we enioy.

But *Seeing*, (*Sou'raigne* of each outward *sense*)
Holds most of *Fire*, which is in nature neere
To the ⁴ *Celestiall Nature's* radiance ;
Therefore this *sense* to *Nature* is most deere,

¹ Too great *Light* is as offensive to the *Eye*, as too little.

² *God* is by *Intelligence* apprehended of vs.

³ Note which of the outward *senses* is the most supreme.

⁴ *Seeing* is the *Soueraigne* of the outward *Senses*, & why.

As that which hath (by *Nature's* right) no *Peere*.
Thus much for *pleasures* which these *senses* giue,
Whereof the *best* must needs most *base* appeare
Compared to the *worst* our *Soules* receave,
Whose *powres* haue much more pow'r to take and giue.

These are the *Lures* of *lust*, that never lye
To draw the *world* to be a pray to *woe* ;
These make fraile *flesh* & *Blood* the founts of ¹ *sinne*,
From whence all mortall *miseries* doe floe,
Which *flesh* and *blood* doe groning vndergoe ;
In these are *Baites* for *Beggars*, as for *Kinges* :
Which pleasure's streames doe (swelling) overflow,
That they are caught vnwares ; so that these thinges
The *World* to *Hell*, and *Hell* to *horror* brings.

• These are the *windowes* through which *Sathan* spies
The disposition of our better *part* :
Through these he hath a glimpse of all that lies
Within the secret'st corners of our *Hart*,
Which wel to know belongs to *heav'nly Art* :²
For loue of these, the *Flesh* the *Sprite* doth loth,
Who for their pleasure makes the same to smart,
And for their comfort *soule* and *bodie* both
With *Care* confusedly themselves doe cloth.

As when grim *Nights* puts on a *Sable weeds*,
Fac'd with infernal *Apparitions*,
That so the next *daie's* comfort might exceede :
So, are the *Minde* and *Bodie's* motions
Care-cloth'd for *senses'* consolations.
Fraile *senses* (*Seede-plots* of *impietie*)
Made for our *Reason's* recreations)
Die and bee damn'd, or liue to magnifie
Your *maker's* *Mercie*, *Might*, and *Maiestie*.

And as in *Pleasures* *false* are true degrees,
Agreeing with these *Organs* of the *sense*,
Some *base*, some *meane*, some *high*, (for so are these)
(Yet all but *base* to pleasure's excellence,
Whereof the *soule's* low'st *powre* hath highest *sense*)⁴
So are there like gradations in the *ioies*
Those *Powres* conceaue, as is their pre'minence ;
The feeding *Powre*, in feeding *powre* imployes,
Which pleaseth *Nature*, but the *soule* annoies,

Those *ioies* conceav'd by th' *Intelligence*
As most supreme, doe most reioice the *sp'rite* ;⁵
For they belong to the supreme *sense*,
Wherein the *Minde* conceaveth most delight
(Though *Nature* pine the while) by *Nature's* right.
Thus then, if *iudgement* these *degrees* would way,
Shee would reiect *ioie sensuall*, as too light,

¹ The outward *senses* are the *Dores* wherethrough *Sin* enters into our *Soules*.

² The *Diuell* knowes not the thoughts of *Man*.

³ A *Simil*.

⁴ The inferiorst interior *sense* conceiues more pleasure then all the outward *senses* can.

⁵ The pleasures of the *minde* doe far excell those of the *body*.

And not permit the same her to betray,
Which makes fraile *sense* the strongest *Reason* sway.

The *Glutton's Gorge* (*Charibdis of Excesse*)
Should (being disgorg'd) from surfetting forbear:
Th' insatiate *Leacher* would that *fire* suppress,
That *Conscience* and his *secrets* oft doth seare:
None would be *Beasts* that *humane creatures* were.
Then, *sense of Touch* or *Tast*, as vil't they bee,
So doe they bring the *ioies* that soonest weare;
For those that come by that wee heare or see,
Doe longer last, and with vs more agree.

And the more base and brutish *pleasures* bee,
The more 's the *paine* in their accomplishment;¹
And the more vs'd they are excessively,
The more 's the *soule* and *bodie's* dammagement;
Witnesse the *Leacher's* lothsome languishment,
The *Drunkeard's* dropsie, and the *Glutton's* Grease,
Each clogg'd with either, or worse punishment,
That *health* decreaseth with their *corps'* increase.
And *shame* increaseth with their *fame's* decrease.

Aske sensual-*pleasure*, in her greatest ruffe,
How little grieve will overthrow her quite
And giue her *soule* a deadly counter-buffe,
Shee wil (as forc'd) confesse, shee hath no might
When *Griefe*, scarce sensible, but comes in sight.
We can brooke *pleasure's* want with greater ease,
Then not feele *griefes* though they in *pleasure* bite;²
For, absent *good* doth not so much displease,
As present *ill* our *Soule's* *soule* doth disease.

For corporall *pleasure* being sensuall
Consists in some *excesse*, which stil doth tende
To the extreame subversion of our *All*;
The feare whereof must *pleasure* needs suspend,
And make her suffer *pennance* to the ende.
No *Conscience* ³ sear'd with *Lust's* Soul-scorching fire,
But feelles the *Lawe's* sharpe-burning *Iron* to send
An hell of *paine*, where she is most intire;
For it doth *death* it selfe with *life* inspire.

Now as the *pleasures* of the *eye* surpasse
The *rest* that on the outward *senses* rest:
So *Fancie's* pleasures all those *pleasures* passe,
Because *Opinion* esteemes them best;
Hence is it, *wealth* with *pleasure* is possest
For no inherent vertue, but because
Opinion holdeth the possessor blest;
This makes men (maugre *God* and *Nature's* lawes)
To bite, and scrat for *wealth*, with *Teeth* and *Pause*.

Wealth, *state*, and *glorie*, if they worldly be,
False *wealth*, fraile *state*, vaine-*glory* then they are;

¹ The more brutish the pleasures bee, the more paine is taken in their execution.

² Griefes doe more annoy vs then Pleasures delight vs.

³ God's commandements mentioned in the Decalogue.

Only held good by doting *Fantasie*,
Which wil no part thereof to *Reason* share,
Least shee should finde them false, and bid beware:
But *Reason's* pleasures are perpetuall,
They are all *comforte*, quitted from all *Care*,
They thrall the *Minde* to freedome spiritual,
That makes selfe *Bondage*, sweet selfe *Freedom's* thral.

No marvell then, though *Men* possessing these
Doe hold al other pleasures *hels of paine*;¹
That some their *wealth* haue throwne into the *Seas*,
That so they might this *weale* with ease retaine;
These made that ² *King* to hold all pleasures vaine
(Save these alone) that prov'd all vnder *Sunne*,
These haue made *Princes* quitt their princely *Traine*,
Train'd by these *pleasures* (which are never dunne)
Quite from their *Scepters* and themselves to runne.

These make the *Mind* and *Spr'ite* so *Nectar-drunk*
That they sleepe soundly in *divine delight*:
These make the *Soule* forsake the *Bodie's* Trunk,
Leaving it *Joy-tranc'd* whilst shee takes her flight
Through *Nature's* workes to have her *Maker's* sight:
These, these, & none but these are *Heav'n's* on *Earth*,
Because on *Earth* they see by *Nature's* light
The highest *Heaven's* *Maiestie* and *Mirth*,
And by his *Sonne's* light ³ without *Sire*, their birth.

Among which *pleasures*, those which doe consist
In *Contemplation*, are the most *divine*;
By which this life and *that* to come are blist,
Which made *Philosophers* to it assigne
The *Chiefe Beatitude*, the *Spiritte's* wine.
If *Mindes* that never knew the Sov'raigne *Good*
Mount vp so high to make this *Good* their *fine*,
What shame for those baptis'd in *Christ* his blood,
If they (like *Swine*) doe place the same in *mudd*?

And as the *Soule* retaineth more or lesse
Of *pristine purity*, so will the same
In all hir *Actions*, lesse or more transgresse,
And to the *best*, or *worst*, her *motions* frame:
Therefore some place their *pleasure* in their *fame*
For *knowledge*, and seeke *knowledge* to be knowne;
Some in rare *handy-works*, and some in *Game*,
Some how a *State* may stand, or be orethrowne
When it is little, or else overgrowne.

And of al *skills* that meereley are humane,
This *skill* ⁴ is it that most commends the *soule*:
This can instruct the *sword* to make a *lane*
To *Crownes*, & teach the same *Crownes* to controule,
And *slaves* in *Catalogue* of *kings* enroule.
For *Policie's* long *Arme* can compasse *pow'r*,
Which ioin'd, at wil, the *Earth's* huge *Bowle* can roule
In *Nature's* spight, if from th' *atheriall Towers*,
A suddaine vengeance stay not humane powre.

¹ Bodily pleasures are but paines compared to those of the minde.

² Eccles. 2.

³ God the Father, fatherlesse.

⁴ Civill Policie.

If the *sword's* edge be set on *Policie*,
It wil slip through the Ioints of *Monarchies* ;
And shaue the *Crowne* of *Roiall Maiestie*,
So be it stand in way of *Tyrannies*,
That clime to *Crownes* by *bloud* and *villanies*.
The hand of *Policie* welding the *sword*,
Directs each Blow that *wounds* stil multiplies,
That *slaues* to *Crownes* through *streams* of *bloud* may
ford ;
For *Crownes de Or*, those *sanguine streames* afford.¹

Here, *Muse*, craue licence for a maine *digresse*,
Of those that shal thine *Ambages* survey ;
Sith *Policie* compels thee to transgresse
The *Rules of Order*, her *pow'r* to display ;
She (most importunate) wil haue no nay,
But thou must from thy *project* long desist
To blazon her high vertue by the way,
That *sense* may see wherein *shee* doth consist,
Wherein (being *muck*) thou must the *more* insist.

But what I shall in this behalfe insert
Through my no *skill* and lesse *experiment*,
Comes from a *Muse* that can but *speake* of *part*,
Much lesse hath skill to *teach* al *government* ;
Or if *shee* had, *shee* were too insolent
So to presume ; sith *Reason* hath bin strain'd
To highest reach for *Rules of Regiment* ;
Sufficeth me to touch it as constrain'd
By that I handle ; els, would haue refrain'd.

Nor wil I iustifie all *rules* for right,
That *Policie* approveth for direct ;
God, and *Man's* wisdom are repugnant quite ;
Man's wisdom holds for good a good effect
Caused by *ill*, which *God's* doth stil reiect ;
And to doe all that *Policie* doth will
Must needes the *soule* with mortal *Sores* infect ;
Heare, what *shee* wils, then iudge, if *well* or *ill* ;
And *use* or els *refuse* it, as yee will.

Whose powre if it with *puissance* be conioin'd
Controules al *powres*,² saue *hellish* or *divine* ;
It glues together *states*, that *Warres* vnioin'd,
And severs those that *Concord* did combine :
It makes or *marres*, disposing *Mine* and *Thine* :
On *Sou'raignes'* heads it makes *Crownes* close to fit,
That sooner shal their *heads* then *Crownes* decline ;
It makes *Will* law, when *Wit* thinks *Law* vnfit,
Yet wils that *Law* should lincke with *Will* and *wit*.

It tels the *Statesman* sitting at the *Sterne*,
(Embozom'd by his *sov'raigne*) he must be
Carefull the humor of his *Lige*³ to learne,
And so apply himselfe thereto, that hee
May neither crosse nor with it stil agree :

¹ Crownes are purchased often vniustly by bloudy conquests.

² Policy (vnder God) is the overruler of all vnder heaven.

³ To Princes wee must giue our reasons by waight, & our words by measure.

Like *Sol*¹ that with nor gainst the *Heaven* goes,
But runnes ascue, by whose *obliquitie*,
Each thing on *Earth's* conserv'd, and gayly groes ;
So *Councillors* their *councils* shoulde dispose.²

And as the *Moone*³ reflects her borrowed light
Vnto the *Sunne*, that but lent her the same :
So *statesmen* should reflect (how ere vnright)
Their wel-deservings, and their brightest fame
Vnto their *Liege*, as though from him it came.
For *Princes*⁴ may put shame of their *oresights*
Vpon their *servants*, who must beare the blame,
Applying praises of those men's *foresights*
Vnto themselues, as if they were their rights.

Great *Subjects*⁵ must beware of *subjects'* loue,
And *Sou'raignes'* hate ; the *first* oft breeds the *last* ;
Kings wil their *Brethren* hate, if not reprove
For being too wel belov'd, who often tast
The evil speede that growes from that loue's hast ;
Which makes great *subjects* (in great policie)
That would of *King* and *subject* be embrac'd)
To mix their vertue's *deeds* with *villany*,⁶
T' avoide the plague of *Popularitie*.

With submisie voice it tels the *Soveraigne*,
*Severity*⁷ makes weake *Authoritie*,
If that too oft the *Subjects* it sustaine ;
And smal faults punisht with great cruelty
Makes *Feare* and *Hate* desp'rate rebell'ouslie.
For, death of *Patients* *Empricks* lesse defame,
Then *Executions*⁸ oft doe *Sou'raignty*,
And all that haue delighted in the same
Haue *hate* incurr'd, and often *death* with *shame*.

For *Policie* can hardly wel prevent
The purpose of true *Hate* made obstinate
With ceaselesse *plagues*, and extreame *punishment* :
For, when the weakest *hand* is desperate⁹
It may confound a ¹⁰ *Cesar*, so a *state*.
Who death desires, is *Lord* of other's life :
He feares not *hell* that would be reprobate :
A calme *Authoritie* represseth *strife*,
When much *severitie* makes *Rebels* rife.

¹ Similie.

² All *Policie* ought to tend to publicke profite.

³ Simil.

⁴ Where the worde of the king is, there is power, and who shall say to him, what dost thou ? Eccles. 8. 4.

⁵ A Caveat for great subjects.

⁶ Men shoulde not bee diuels to shun temporall death, or to be Gods on earth.

⁷ That which in privat persons is called Choler, in publike is called Fury & cruelty. Sal.

⁸ Rigor often buyeth her pleasure with perill of life. Mercy and truth preserue the King : for his throne shal be established with Mercie. Prover. 20. 28.

⁹ He that is careles of his own life, is Lord of another's. Sen.

¹⁰ Which mischief (though with extream difficulty prevented, if at al avoided, yet al the means to escape it are these, 4. Enquiry, Punishment, Innocencie, Destenie.

It's better ¹ cure, then cut of *members* ill,
 If it may be ; and, if that wil not serue,
 Yet cut them off as t'were against thy will :
 For, *Men* hate not their *members* which they kerue
 Or cleane cut off, the rest so to preserue :
 For *Cruelty* sometimes is *Clemencie* ;²
 It's *mercy* in the *Prince* (peace to conserue)
 To cut off *Rebels* with severity,
 Lest they prevailing make an *Anarchie*.

And, if in case a mighty Multitude
 Of mighty *Men* for *Treason* were to dy,
Policie would not haue the *sword* imbrude
 In bloud of them as t'were successiuelly ;
 But all at once, let them al *headlesse* ly :
 For oft ³ *revenge* with *bloud* to iterate,
 The malice may suppress of *few* too hy ;
 But stirres the harts of *all* to mortall hate,
 Which may impeach the most secured *state*.

And therefore that which must be cut away
 Away with it at once, quoth *Policie* :⁴
 And to the *sores* these ⁵ *plaisters* ply straight way,
 Doe some great good that argues *Charity*,
 And pardon some to shew thy *Clemencie* :
 To shedde the bloud of corrupt *Maiestrates*,
 Doth not a little the paine qualifie :
 The sacrifice of such *hate* expiates ;
 Thus bloud must heale what bloud exulcerates.

Intemp'rate *Patients* make *Phisitions* cruell,
 And wayward *Subjects* make the *Prince* ⁶ sepeare :
 Ceaselesse *abuses* of *Ire* is the *fuell* :
 Can *Sov'raignes* beare, when *Subjects* nought ⁷ forbear ?
 Such must be taught to *loue* through cause of *fear* :
 For, oft a iyrke from a kinde *Master's* hand
 Among much cockring, makes our loue more deere,
 When as we know, it with our *weale* doth stand :
 So short correction tends to long command.

Judges corrupt and all *Extortioners*
 Like *Sponges* must be vs'd, squiz'd being full,
 And so must *Iustice* handle *Vsurers* ;
 They pull from ⁸ *Subjects*, *Kings* from them must pull,

¹ By reprehension, which S. Basil calls the healing of the soule : Salomon an ornament of fine gold, Pro. 25, and David a precious Balme, Psa. 141.

² Tacitus saith, every notorious execution of iustice hath some taste of iniustice therein, yet sith it wrings but some in particular, it is amply recompensed in the common good.

³ Iteration of reveng for one fault, is faulty.

⁴ Punishment is the companion of iniustice. Plato.

⁵ Salus for the sores growing from overmuch severity.

⁶ Austere and iust Maiestrats are like the Ligatures of Chirurgions, which hurt them that bee wounded ; for though those Bands be employd to cure loose members, yet they putt the Patient to much paine.

⁷ By the resistance of those that should obey, the lenitie of those that command is diminished. Tacitus.

⁸ Vsurie is a sweete poison compounded vpon the ruines of good men.

And when their fleece is grown, sheare off the wooll.
 These are the *Canker-wormes* of *Common weales*,
 They mortife and make the *Members* dull,
 Then when the *Head* thereof these *Cankers* feeles,
 He needes must cleanse them, ere the *Body* heales.

For whosoever feares *hate* over much,
 Knowes not as yet what *Rules* to *Rule* belong ;
 Let *Subjects* grutch without iust ¹ cause of grutch,
 They will, when they perceave the *Prince* they wrong,
 To right the same, continue *Subjects* long :
 By *Punishment*, and by *Reward* a *State*
 May be ore-aged beeing over yong ;
 In *Mould* of *Love* to melt the *Commons'* hate,
 Is to correct without respect of state.

From *Piety* and cleere-Eyde *Providence*
Authoritie derives resistlesse force ;
 For *Piety* ² constraines *Obedience*,
 Sith all beleeves the *Heav'ns* doe blesse her coorse :
 And ³ *Providence* subiection doth enforce,
 For, it foresees where *Riott* may runne out,
 And with strong *Barres* (which *Barristers* r'enforce)
 Makes fast the *Parke*-pale there and round about,
 That to goe through, no one wil goe about.

It teacheth *Princes* wisely to beware
 How they exhaust their *store* for *warre* in *peace*
 To maintaine ⁴ *Remellings*, and nothing spare
 That tends to *Sensualitie's* increase
 Although therfore their *Flocks* they often fleece :
 It ill beseemes (quoth *Providence*) the *Prince*,
 His *owne* and *publike* ⁵ *Treasures* to decrease
 For private satisfaction of the *sense*,
 Which sincks the *State* with waight of vaine expence.

If there be *factions* for *Sion's* cause,
 So bee't they breake not bounds of *Charitie*,
Instruction sooner then ⁶ *Correction* drawes
 Such *Discords* to a perfect *Vnity*,
 That yeelds a sweete *Soule*-pleasing harmony :
 For, when a *Viol's* strings doe not concent,⁷
 We doe not rend them straight, but leisuely
 With ⁸ *patience* put in tune the *Instrument* ;
 So must it be in case of *Government*.

¹ A temperate dread suppresseth high and stout stomakes, feare in extremitie stirres men to presumption or desperate resolution, & provokes them to try conclusions dangerous.

² Piety makes Authority most potent.

³ The mother of a wary person knows not what belongs to Teares. Paul. Emil.

⁴ Superfluity in Banquets & Aparrell are tokens of a diseased Common-weale, or which is rather in danger of death. Seneca.

⁵ A kingdom's superabundance if it be managed by a lascivious & voluptuous Prince, is the cause of the subversion thereof.

⁶ Feare & terror are slender bonds to bind loue. Tacitus.

⁷ Simil.

⁸ A gentle intreaty is of more force then an imperious command. Claudian.

It's the least freedom *Subiects* can demaund
To haue but liberty to hold their peace ;
Who keepe their *errors* close from being scand
Doe hurt none but themselves, in *warre* or *peace* :
If *Freedom* true *Obedience* release
It will ¹ containe it selfe in *liberty* ;
And *Lenity* *Subiection* doth encrease
Where *strife* desires publike tranquillity,
And still agrees t' obey *Auctoritie*.

Policy prompts the *Prince*, with voice scarce heard,
If any *Subiects* be growne over great,
By ² *death* their *grandure* must of force be barr'd ;
But if by *Lawe* they cannot doe that feate,
Without the shaking of their *State* and *Seate*,
It must be done without *Law* by some *Chance*
That ³ *soddainly* must fall (ere blood doe heate)
So shall their *Throne* be stablisht, (witness *France*)
And subiect onely to *divine vengeance*.

For it is sel'd, or rather never seene
That *peace* and *powerfull men* ⁴ doe dwell ⁵ together ;
And ten times blessed is that *King* or *Queene*
Who make their *Nobles* live and loue each other ;
Lyve like themselves, & like themselves love either :
This were the *Quintessens* of *Policie*,
And ⁶ *witte*, that's seld deriv'd from the *Mother*,
Which rather can be wisht then taught, for while?
No *pow'r* from *will* can take *will's* libertie.

A *King* may from his high erected *Throne*
With *Eagle's Eyes* (for *Kings* such *Eies* should have)
Behold the *Members* of the *State* alone,
And what the *humors* are which them deprave ;
So may he purge the *partes* the *Whole* to saue :
But to attone the *will's* perverst by *pow'r*,
As easie wer't the *Ocean* drie to lave ;
Pow'r may constraîne, but *Will* may choose t' endure,
And they that wil be sicke, no *skill* can cure.

Great *Minds* like *Horses* that wil easly reare,
Are easli't rul'd with a gentle *Bitt* ;
And rev'rence *Princes* should not gaine with ⁷ feare,
Nor *Love* with ⁸ *Lowlinesse*, for *State* vnfitt,
For none of both with *policy* doth sitt :
This *skill* is very difficult, because
Vertues of diff'rent kindes must kindly knitt

¹ It is an easie matter to governe good men. Salust.

² O impious people, & accursed times, that doe constrain
Princes to doe this for the safety of their States, & bodies, that
is so perillous touching the State of their Soules.

³ Ere the Subiect be in Armes.

⁴ A Subiect placed in high dignitie hath more adoo to hold
it, then others to gett it. Brutus.

⁵ Tacit. Hist. Abraham and Lott must part when their wealth
is overgrowne.

⁶ All Wisdome assisted both by nature and Arte, is little
ynough to effect so great an Act by reason of the perversnes of
man's nature.

⁷ They ought to feare many whom many feare.

⁸ Familiaritie in Princes breedes contempt in Subiectes.

Their *powres* in one, which *Witt* together drawes,
And guards the *Prince*, no lesse then *Guards* or *Laws*.

The *Empire's* ¹ *Maiestie* her *state* sustaines ;
The *Prince* thereby security enioyes,
Free from *Rebellion's* reach (that *State* disdaines)
And from contempt of *Rule*, that *State* annoies
Ingendring all misrule that state destroies :
The *Scepter* and the nuptial *Bedd* detests
To be ² *devided*, or to share their loyes ;
Yet *Sou'rainty* in extreame perill rests
Of *partnershippe*, when it *Contempt* disgests.

Empires are *Fortune's* *Obiects* and *Tyme's* *Subiects*,
Envy and ³ *Empire* be inseparate,
Fortune doth often *Monarches* make of *Abiects*
And *Envy* *Monarchy* doth quite abate,
If it assisted be with *vulgar* ⁴ *hate* :
For *Monarches* finde no *meane* betwixt the *Ground*
And the extreamest topp of their ⁵ *estate* ;
But if they fal, the fall doth them confound :
Therefore let them be sure of footing sound.

Three things (saith *Policy*) doe stablish *Rule*,
That it be *Constant*, *Severe*, and *Restrained* ;
Constant : for *innovation* breeds *misrule* ;⁶
Severe : for oft by *Lenity* vnfaïn'd
Nought but *Contempt* (orethrow of *Rule*) is gain'd :
Impunity breeds lawlesse ⁷ *Libertie* ;
For hope of scape (when *Iustice* is but faïn'd)
Drawes on bold *Vice* to doe al villany
Vnder the *Nose* of mild *Auctority*.

For who is aw'd by him, whose *Sword* doth lie
Fast *sheath'd* with rust, that it wil not come out ?
Who by *remisnesse*, not by *clemencie*
Makes th' edge of his *pow'r* (dull'd) to turne about :
This *King* the *Commons* wil command and flout,⁸
Who are contain'd with *fear* and not with *shame*,
And nere abstaine from *Riot* or from *Rout*
For badnesse of them, but for feare of *blame*,
And *punishment* inflicted for the same.

Thirdly, *Autoritie* should be *restrain'd*,
(As erst was said) and is as much to saie,
That the chiefe *strength* from *Kings* shoulde still bee
drain'd,

And stay with them, to be to them a *stay* ;⁹

¹ Maiestie in a Prince is no lesse commendable then behooful.

² A Crowne devided will serue no king's head.

³ The Creator of all coupled *Envy* & a *Kingdome* together.
Seneca.

⁴ The Multitude's love is light & their hatred heavy.

⁵ To attain to Empire is a work humane but to retaine it
being attayned is a grace divine.

⁶ Innovation most dangerous to a state.

⁷ Overmuch pittie bringes overmuch perill to Sovereignes.

⁸ An yuch of liberty more then ought, maks the Commons
much more loose then they should.

⁹ When the Rod is in the magistrat's hand he may correct,
but if it be out hee may bee corrected.

Lest *Treason* should their *trust* and *them* betray :
They may dissolve the force of *Emperie*,
When they make *Kings* of those that should obey ;
For *Slaves* endu'd with *Kings'* authoritie
Make *Kings* but *slaves*, through *Kings'* infirmity.

Yet *Policie* doth not forbid the *Prince*
To honor *Subjects* high, of high desert
With highest honor of *Obedience*,
And though obeying, rule an ample part :
So be 't the *honor* which they thus imparte
Bee *short* and *sweete*,¹ chiefly *Licutenancie* ;
For it, if long, with *pride* affectes the *Hart*,
Which makes the same affect sole *Monarchie*,
So put the *King* and *state* in iobardie.

For *Men* are *Men* how ever *Angell-like* ;²
The highest *Angels* were ambitious :
It's death to *ample fortunes*, Saile to strike ;
Nay *Death* to them is farre lesse dolorous :
" For use of *Rule* makes *minde* imperious.
Great *Persons* haue great *Passions* ; *state* is *stiffe*,
Vnapt to bow, how ever curtuious :
And when great *Sp'rites* haue tasted but a *whiffe*
Of praise for rule, they (drunke) would rule in chiefe.³

For as the *Man*⁴ orecome with powrefull *wine*
(Although a *Beggar* cloathéd like a *king*)
When some in mock'ry made him halfe *divine*
With *Lands*, and *Legs*, stil rising and bowing,
Perswaded was, he was no other thing :
So *Sp'rites* that are made druncke with *vulgar praise*⁵
For their dexteritie in governing,
Doe weene all true that *vulgar vapor* saies,
And thinke themselves alone the rest should raise.

When too great *subiectes* doe too well agree,
Suspitious *Policie* them out doth set :
For like as *stones*,⁶ which in firme *Arches* bee
Would fall, but that they one another let,
By meanes whereof the *Arch* more strength doth get :
So fares it with a *state* or *Monarchie*,
Whose perill might (perhaps) be over-great
By ore-much *concorde* of the over-hie ;⁷
Then *ods* twixt them still mainetaines *unity*.

But among other rules of *policie*
That are vnruely (if by that *rule* squar'd
That al should rule) It *sov'raignes* learns to ly,
Dissemble, and deceaue ; if it regard

¹ It is a sure garde of thy principality, if thou doe not suffer great commaundement to indure long. Livie. 4.

² Hardly can men keepe a mean in dignities surmounting mediocritye.

³ Wee read but of one Scilla that having gotten absolute empyr, gaue it over voluntarily. ⁴ Simil.

⁵ Not to bee overcome with praises & acclamations of people is incident to God only. ⁶ Simil.

⁷ We ought to endeavor even by laws to hinder strife and partakings among nobles. Ari. 5. Pol. c. 8.

⁸ Scripture.

The *common good* of them they ought to guard :
But to doe *ill*, that *good* thereof may come,
By better ¹ *Rules* and more assur'd, is bard ;
Then how it should a *sov'raign's* state become
To ly at all, to this I answere *nam*.

But this I say from those that wel did trie
What tis to *rule*, and ruling long to *raigne* :
If *Kings* make conscience of a little lie,
When it may good the *state* and *Soveraigne*,
Ill may ensue, that *good* so to refraine :²
Yet when wee knowe all *harts* are in his hands,
That *harts* and *all* doth rule and sole sustaine,
We muse at *Policie's* so crosse *commasnds*
When as we know, all by the *3* other stands.

We haue two *eyes*, two *eares*, and but one *Tongue*
Which with the *teeth* and *lippes* is eake inclos'd,
And is the *senses' Organs* plac'd among
Eies, *Eares*, and *Nose*, by *Nature* so dispos'd
That nothing by the *Tongue* should be disclos'd,
Before it hath tane counsell of each *sense*,
That are to *falschoode* evermore oppos'd,
Lest they should misinforme th' *Intelligence*,
Which haynously procures the *Soule's* offence.⁴

Excellent talke becommeth not a *foole*,⁵
Nor *lying lips* the *King* ; so saith that *Prince*
That rul'd in *peace*, and did his *enemies* coole
With *truth* and *equity* ; but that's long since,
And twixt the *times* there may be difference :⁶
Yet if we may not for *God's* glory ly,
Much lesse for matters of lesse consequence :
Kings should be *Patterns* of all *pietie*,
Which doth consist in *truth* and *equitie*.

But pious *Augustine* ? (canonizéd
For piety) saith there are certaine *lies*
Whereof no great offence is *borne* or *bred*,
Yet are not faultlesse ; in which *leasings* lies
That *lie*, which *Kings* for *common good* devise :
Hence may we see, how much deprav'd we are,
When *Kings* sometimes must *faine* and *temporise* ⁸
For their *estate* and *common-wealthe's* welfare,
Which would fare ill, if they should it forbear.

Who note withall, It breedeth small regard
To bee too lavish of their *presence*, when
Among the *commons* it might well be spar'd ;
For *Maiesti's* like *Deity* in *Men*,

¹ Divinity.

² Kings shoulde bee so framed as they may be altogether good or halfe good, and not altogether wicked, but halfe wicked. Ari. 5. Pol. c. 11.

³ The divine Precepts.

⁴ The Soule is the true lover of Truth.

⁵ Proverb. 17.

⁶ These are the last, and therefore the worst daies.

⁷ Aug. in Psal. 5.

⁸ A Kingdome is a schoole of deceit. Sen. Thyest.

When wee it see, as farre as wee can ken :¹
 Yet *politic* (the *propps* of waightie *States*)
 Would haue them present with all now and then,
 As well to comforte, as to cease debates,
 Both which their *harts* to true loue captiuaes.

It tels them other *Documents* among,
 That who so bridles their felicitie
 Shall better governe it, and hold it long ;²
 For *Temp'raunce* ioined with *Authoritie*,
 Makes it resemble sacred *Deitie* :
 It bids them loue the *learn'd* with *effect*,
 Who can with *lines* their liues *historifie* ;³
 That ay shall last, and their *renowmes* erect
 As high as *Heav'n*, mangre *humane defect*.

And here I cannot wonder (though I would)
 Sufficiently at these *guilt times* of ours,⁴
 Wherein great *Men* are so to *money* sold,
 That *Iupiter* himselfe in *golden* Showres
 Will basely stand, to gather while it powres.
Mars scornes *Minerva*, *gibes* at *Mercury*,⁵
 He better likes *Venerian* *Paramours* :
Greatnesse regards not *Prose*, or *Poesie*,
 But weenes an *Angell* hath more *Malesty*.

Artes perish, wanting *praise* and due *support* ;
 And when *want* swaies the *Senses* *Common-weale*,
Witt's vitall *faculties* wax al a *amort* :
 The *Minde*, constrain'd the *Bodie's* *want* to feele,
 Makes *Salues* of *Earth* the *Bodie's* *hurt* to heale,
 Which doe the *Mind* bemire with *thoughts* vnfit ;
 Hence come those dull *Conceits* sharp *witts* reueale,
 Which nice *Eares* deeme to come from *want* of *witt*,
 When *want* of *wealth* (indeede) is cause of it.

How many *Poets*, like *Anatomies*,
 (As leane as *Death* for lacke of *sustenance*)⁷
 Complaine (poore *Staruelings*) in sadd *Elegies*
 Of those whom *Learning* onely did aduaunce,
 That of their *wants* haue no considerance.
 What *Guift* to *Greatnesse* can lesse welcome be
 Then *Poems*, though by *Homer* pend perchaunce ?
 It *lookes* on them as if it could not see,
 Or from them, as from *Snakes* away wil flee.

What's this to me (thinkes he) I did not this ?
 How then to me should praise thereof pertaine ?
 Thou hitt'st the *Marke* (deere Sir) and yet dost misse ;
 For, though no *praise* for *penning* it thou gaine,
 Yet *praise* thou gett'st, if thou that *Pen* ⁸ sustaine,

¹ We bear most reverence to Maiesty a far off.

² It is a great felicity not to be overcome of great felicity.

³ Poets & Historiographers haue powre to giue immortality.

⁴ The Golden Worlds returned from exile.

⁵ Yet learning and Armes should bee in league by the law of nature.

⁶ Yet if some men's wittes were measured by their wealth, they would be accounted Salomons, that are nothing else but money-bags, in whom there is nothing but money.

⁷ As poore as a Poet.

⁸ It is good to doe well, so it is also to support well doing.

That can ¹ eternize thee in *Deathe's* despight,
 And through it *selfe* thy grossest *humors* straine,
 So make them pure (at least most pure in sight)
 Which to *Posterity* may be a *light*.

In common policy, great *Lords* should giue,
 That so, they may (though great) much more receaue :
 The more like *God*, the more they doe relive ;
 And, the more *Writers* they aloft doe heave,
 The more *renowme* they to their *Race* doe leaue :
 For, with a *droppes* of *yake* their *Penns* haue pow'r
² *Life* to restore (being lost) or *life* bereaue,
 Who can devour *Time* that doth *all* deuoure,
 And goe beyonde *Tyme*, in lesse than an *how'r*.

Where had *Achilles'* fame bin longe ere this,
 Had not blind *Homer* made it see the *way*
 (In *Parcha's* spight) to all *eternitie* ?
 It had with him (long since) bin clos'd in *Clay*.
 Where had *Aeneas'* name found place of stay,
 Had *Virgill's* verse of it no mention made ?
 It had ere this bin drown'd in deepe decay :
 For, without *memory*, *Names* needes must vade ;
 And *memory* is ay the *Muses'* Trade.

But how can these *Daughters* of *Memory*
 Remember *those* of whom they are dispis'd ?
 They are not *Stocks* that feele no *iniurie*,
 But sprightly, quicke, and wondrous wel adviz'd ;
 Who, though with ³ loose *Lines* they are oft disguis'd
 Yet when they list, they make immortal *lynes*,
 And, who soere by those *lines* are surpriz'd,
 Are made eternal, *they*, and their *Assignes*,
 Or wel, or ill, as *Poesy* defines.

Leaue we to vrge poore *Poets'* iust ⁴ complaint
 (Sith they are deafe that should redresse the same)
 That *Policy* we may yet better paint,
 And consecrate more *lines* vnto her *name*,
 That learnes our *Pen* her *landes* by *lines* to frame.
 Shee would that *Government* should never dy,
 Which is the *Rodd* of *Circus*, which doth tame
 Both *Man*, and *Beast*, (if ledd by *Policy*)
 And tends to perfect *Man's* Societie.

Shee teacheth *Kinges* to giue and take no *wrong*,
 One gettes *Revenge*,⁵ *Contempt* the other gaines :
 All gainfull *Leagues* she would haue lengthn'd long,
 And not to warre vntill iust cause constraines ;
 For, *Iustice* prospers *Warres* and *Thrones* sustaines :

¹ But Poets lie open to a mischief; for as Alchemists are suspected for coyning : so are Poets for libelling.

² Good and ill renowme are immortal and prevaile even over the remembrance of Tyme, which Poets haue powre to giue.

When Poets commend men's names to monument they neede no Tombes.

³ Lascivious, obscene, &c.

⁴ As good no compleyning as compleyning for no good.

⁵ The putting vp of one iniurie begettes another.

No *Secrets*, nor no *publike governments*
To ¹ *Clawbacks*, or to those that scrach for *gaines*,
Shee would have shar'd; for badd are all their bents,
And evermore doe ruyn *governments*.

In such is neither truth to *God*, or *King*:
Therefore shee would have such aloofe to stand,
As farre (at least) as a ² bent *brow* can fling
Them from the *Sou'raigne*, or a straight command:
These bitter baneful *weeds* doe spil the *Land*.
But to the *tridd trusty*, she would haue
The *Sou'raigne's* favoure constantlie to stand;
For, with their losse they seeke the *whole* to saue,
To *whome*, like *Fathers*, they themselues behaue.

Shee tells the *Kings* that *Treason* gathers strength
Extreamly in his ³ *weaknesse*; and requires
That it be cut short ere it gathers length,
And level *that*, that out of course aspires:
Shee chargeth *Kinges* to quench their vaine desires
Of *vaine expence*, without the *Commons'* charge,
Lest it enflame *Rebellion's* quenchlesse fires,
Which oft, such large expence doth *much* inlarge;
Who, oft the same vpon the *King* discharge.

Shee wils that holsume *Lawes* should be ordain'd,
Bereaving *Kings* of ⁴ *pow'r* t' infringe the same:
For, if their *Crownes* are by the *Lawes* sustain'd,
They should not breake the ⁵ *Propts*, lest all the *Frame*
Should fal, to their confusion and shame:
⁶ *That*, of *Releyners* shee would haue obseru'd,
Else most *Ignobles*, in a *Noble's* name,
Will let *Law's* course, which should be safe reseru'd,
And wrack the *Poorre* which *Law* would haue conserv'd.⁷

And as the *Law* should governe *Maiestrates*:
So should the *Maiestrates* the *People* sway.
The *Governours* are living *Lawes* in *States*:
And a dumbe *Maiestrate* the *Lawe* is ay.
As *Bodies*, *Reason* and the *Soule* obay;
So *States* should *Law* and *Maiestrates* by right;
For, *Law* is *Reason*, keeping *all* in *Ray*,
By which the *wise* themselues doe guide aright;
And *Vulgares* have it from *Law-giver's* light.

¹ They that possesse all things want nothing but a man that will speake the truth. Seneca.

² Prov. 25. 23. The further Flatterers and Avaritious persons stand from the Sovereign the surer hee stands. Take away the wicked from the King and his Throne shal be established in righteousness. Prov. 25. 5.

³ The Frogs (in *Aesop*) insulted vpon the Logg and held it in scorn.

⁴ Not to be able to do evill is great power. It is an excellent necessity not to bee suffered to do evill.

⁵ God governs that common weale that is governed by a written law. Aristot.

⁶ *Statute of Releyners*.

⁷ It is an Aphorisme amonge the Lawes of the 12. Tables, Let the protection of the People be the chiefest Law.

She ¹ bids the *Sou'raigne* take heede how he heares,
Much lesse embrace th' advice of *selfe* ² *Concept*:
For, such *Concept* hath neither *Eyes*, nor *Eares*,
To heare, or see *another*, but doth waite
Vpon her selfe, admiring her owne height.
In *cases* doubtfull it is dangerous
T' admitte *light* ³ *Councells*; for, for want of weight
T'will make the case to be more ponderous,
The whilst such ⁴ *Councells* prove *Atrous*.

For it's oft scene that *Publike Policie*
Occurs with matters of such consequence,
Wherein there is such depth of *Misterie*
That it will blunt the sharpest *Senses'* sence
Of the acut'st, and swift'st *Intelligence*;
Ne shall *Deliberation* be assur'd
Of their *effect*, vntill their *evidence*
Tyme doth produce, or *triall* hath procur'd,
Wherein *rash Judgment* must not be endur'd.⁵

The heav'nlyest *Hav'ns*, m' haue *Hellish* entries:
Therefore, wise *Pilots* keepe them in the *Maine*,
And rather brooke rough *Tempests'* miseries,
Then by vnknown perills rest to gaine:
They shunne the *flats* by their experience plaine;
For, in all perils such experience
Must guide the *course*, els perillous is *paine*;
Nay, death may follow *double* ⁶ *diligence*
Not set on worke by *single Sapience*.

Experience is the *guide* of *Policie*,
Whose nere-deceav'd *eye*⁷ sees all in all;
Shee can make light the darkest *mystery*,
Then, her at all *assaies* to counsell call,
Especially in *matters mysticall*:
Realmes haue a *world* of *crannies*, where doe lurke
Ten thousand *mysteries* from view of *eye*,
Which nerthelesse vncessantly doe worke,
And often giue the *state* a deadly *lurke*.

Shee would haue *Kings* to haue such *Councillors* ⁸
That might be learn'd in *state-Philosophies*;
For *Kingdomes* govern'd by *Philosophers*
No *Constellations* feare, nor *Destinies*:

¹ Civill Policy.

² Over-weening a pestilent disease of the Mind, most familiar with Fooles.

³ Take counsell of thine owne hart, for there is no man more faithfull to thee then it. Eccles. 37. 13.

⁴ He is more discrete with whom provident counceils (that carry reason with them) do prevaile, then prosperous deliberations which happen by chaunce. Tacit. 2. An.

⁵ Treasons prevaile on the sodaine, good Councells gather force by leisure. Tacitus Hist.

⁶ The faster men run, being out of the way, the further they are out of the way.

⁷ Experience is the *eye* of humane wisdom.

⁸ A Prince ought to bestowe more in getting a wise counseller, than in achieving a conquest. Quintus Curtius. When no counsell is, the people fall: but where manie counsellors are ther is health. Prover. 11. 14.

They know what should the *Sovereigne* suffice
And what the *Subiect*; bending al their might
T' accomplish both their long felicities
By seeing that each *one* may haue his right,
Preventing *forraigne*, and *domesticke* splight.

As when a *Shippe*,¹ that liues vpon the *Downes*
Of *Neptune* (mightie *Monarch* of those *Plaines*)
Is neere at point to perish (if hee frownes,) P. 1
Without a *sterne* and one that *it* sustaines :
(For *maine* is *perill* els vpon those *Maines* :)
So fares that *state* that hath nor *Lordes* nor *Loues*,
Wherewith the *Liege* the *State* from *ruine* raines
In *stormes* of *troubles*, and *Contention's* flaws,
Wherein wise *Councels* calme *effectes* doe *cause*.

They are the *Watch-men* ² that stand *Sentinell*
T' examine *all* that may impeach the *state* ;
They make the *Common-wealth* a *Paralell*
To that of *Rome* when shee was fortunate,
And *Cesar* make of a meane *Magistrate* :
Who *Baracado* vp with *Laws*' strong *Barres*
All that lies ope for *Vice* to ruinate,
And stoppe the Passages of *Ciuill* *Warres*
With *martiall law*, which *Male-contents* deterres.

Nor neede the *Statesman* gage *Philosophie*
Deeper, then well to know how well to liue
In *Peace*, and *Wealth*, (this *world's* felicitie)
And *Rules* of *Life*, to that effect to giue ;
They diue too deepe, if they doe deeper diue :
What is the knowledge of the *Transcendents*
To him that learnes men onlie how to thriue ?
Though he nere red such wilde ³ *Artes* Rudiments,
Hee 's fitter farre for *ciuill* *governments*.

The *Mathematickes*, and the *Metaphysiches*,
Haue no necessitie in *government* ;
But *Ethickes*, *Politickes*, and *Oeconomicks*,
These to good *Gouernours* are incident,
Where *morrall vertue* sitteth *President* :
To bee well red in all good *Historie* ⁴
(Which makes the *sp'rite* much more intelligent)
Doth stand with *state* and perfit policie,
And maketh dexterous *Authoritie*.

The boundes of *knowledge* are the highest *spheares*,
For, all is knowne in their circumference ; ⁵
And what soere this *Nurse* of *Earthlings* beares
Is subject to *humane intelligence* : ⁶
Then *knowledge* is vnknowne by consequence :
In which respect *Men* doe their wits apply
To this or that *Arte* with all diligence,

¹ Simil.

² A good councillor is an Argus to the Common-weale.

³ They will distract his thoughts, and government requires the whole man.

⁴ To bee well seene in history necessarye in a Magistrat.

⁵ Salomon knew all in all. 1 King. 3. 12.

⁶ Eccles. 1. 16.

Vnable to know al *Philosophie*,
Because it stands not with *mortality*.

In all things (as it's sedd) are *three degrees*,
To weet, *Greate*, *Small*, and the *Indifferent* ;
And that which doth participate of *these* P. 2
Is in perfection held most excellent,
Which is the *Councillor* in *government* :
For, hee twixt *Prince* and *People* beeing plac'd,
Best sees what is for *both* convenient ;
And for his *vertue*, is of *both* embrac'd ;
For *vertue* from the midst is nere displac'd.¹

If any one supply that vertuous place
And is not vertuous, he a *Monster* is ;
For, in the *midst* can nothing sit that's base,
Sith *Vertue* there (as in her *Heav'n* of blisse)
Her selfe enthrones to all *eternities*.
Physitions' labour, aimes at nought but *health* ;
Sailors', good *passage* ; *Captaines'*, *victories* ;
So *Councillors'* should for the *Common-wealth*,
Which iustly to her *limbes* hex *dowry* dealth.

² He had neede be more then *honest*, yea much more
Then *vertuous* (that is, vertuous past compare)
Who when his *King's* with-drawn, may ope the dore
And in a *Closet* diue into his *ears*,
To put into his *Head* how all *things* are :
This if ill *Sp'rits* perceiue, and hee will bee
Corrupted with pure gold, or what soere,
Some *Fiend* will say, all *this* wil I giue thee
(Shewing him *Worldes*) if thou wilt honor mee.

Then how behouefull tis for *Kinge* and *state*,
To make such *Minions* (if he must haue *suck*)
That in their *Soules* *corruption* deadly hate,
And having *much*, desire not overmuch ;
But to finde such an *one*,³ were more then *much* :
For to be *neere*, and *deere* vnto a *Kinge*,
Fills *hart* with *pride*, and *pride* doth empt the *pouch* ;
Then for supply (sowre ⁴ *sweete*) a *sweete-sowre thing*
(Which may the *Sou'raign* wrest, the *subject* wring)
Call'd *Lieges'-loue* abus'd, the same must bring.

But where shall *Princes* then, bestow their *loue*
(Sith *loue* they must, and ought, where it is due ?)
On any *one* that still his *grace* wil moue
For *Common-good*, and *private* doth ensue
But for that *good* ; This *Minion* in a *Mew*
Had neede be kept ; ⁵ for, if he flie abroad
Diuels-incarnate will him still pursue
Till they haue made a *Diuell* of a *God*,
Or if hee scape, tis with *temptation's* lode.

¹ The Councillor should bee vertuous, for hee supplieth vertue's place, which is in the midst.

² Those whom the king will know shalbee to wel known, but those hee looks strange vpon, no man wil know them.

³ A man maye light a candle at noone and seek amongst a multitude, yet misse to finde, such an one.

⁴ Minions are for the most part so.

⁵ It is dangerous venturing abroad, the Aire is so infectious.

An *Hart* that 's truly humbled and is dead
(For loue of *Heav'n*) to all the *earth* holds deere,
Yet *serpent's* wisdom hath, in his *doue's* head,
And from all spots of *pride* is purg'd cleere,
And stil would fast to make the *rest* good-cheere :
This were a *Minion* for a *God*, or *King*,
Worthy to weld the *World* ; and who drawes neere
In nature to this *Man*, or divine *Thing*,
A *Prince* should vse, with all deere cherishing.

For, ¹ *Vertue* onely makes good *Councillors*,
Who in great wisdom hold the *State* vpright,
No *Halles* orehang'd with *Armes* of *Ancestors*
Haue in their right creation any might ;
But if they haue them too, they are most right :
Yet *Vertue* found not *Tully* ² nobly borne,
But made him *Noble* by his wisdom's weight ;
.. *Vertue* respects not fortune, nor doth scorne
.. To dwell with those whose fortunes are forlorne.

Kinges come from *slaves*, and *slaves* from *Kinges*
descend :

Blond's but the *water* wat'ring *Flethe's* dust ;
Which by its nature ever doth descend,
And makes fraile *Flesh* to fall to *things* vnjust :
For, tis but ³ *Blood* in the *vnjust* and *iust* :
And al alike it is in *high* and *lowe* ;
Not halfe so ful of *life*, as ful of *Iust*,
Making vs rather *abiect*, then to growe
To *high* accompt, for ought that from it flowes.

Yet some times evil men make *Rulers* good,
As good *Musitions*, oft in *life* are badd ;
These *last* make *discords* ioyne in pleasant *moode* ;
The *first* the like in *Common-weales* haue made :
So either may be *vertuous* in his *Trade*,
How ever *vicious* in their *lives* they are :
But *Policy* the *Prince* doth still dissuade
From making *such* too great, for they wil pare
The *Prince*, and polle the *Commons* ⁴ without care.

For *Slaves* (though *Kinges*) in disposition
Are most vnmeet to manage *Kingdomes'* states ;
And so are *Men* of base condition
Vnfitt to make inferior ⁵ *Maistrates* :
The *Floures* of *Crownes* fitt not *Mechanick* ⁶ *Pates*,

¹ Maximilian the Emperour answered one that desired his letters pattents to ennoble him, I am able (quoth he) to make thee rich, but Vertue onelie must make thee noble.

² It is better to bring honour to a man's house then to dif-fame it being there already.

³ Act. 17, 26. The higher the Sunne is, the lesse shadow he maks, & the greater a man's vertue is, the lease glory he seekes.

⁴ They will make sale of the Prince's favour to the preindice of his people.

⁵ Eccl. 38, 33.

⁶ They are, as the feete, necessary members, nor could a common-wealth stand without them, howbeit they are as the feete furthest remoued from the head being Reason's Seate.

No more then costly plumes doe *Asses'* heads ;
They are call'd *Crafts-men*, quasi craftie *mates*,
Let these rule ¹ such (if they must governe needes)
For they at best are nought but holosome *weedes*.

But some as volde of *honestie* as *Arte*,
Advance themselves by ² *wealth* (the *Nurse* of *Vice*)
And with *good gifts* supply want of *desert* ;
Good-giftes, that *Givers* of *Commands* entice
To part with *them* though they be nere so nice :
These (seing *wealth* hath giv'n them *Vertue's* meede)
Doe make *port-sale* of *Vertue*, and *Iustice*
T' enrich themselves to clymbe thereby with speed ;
From whence the wracks of *Common-weales* proceed.

Did they but good themselves by some *men's* harme,
It might be borne, although it *heavy* were :
But ³ *they* hereby make *all* themselves to *arme*
With *gold*, that seeke *authoritie* to beare,
Because they see it's gotten by such *geare* :
When *Vertue's* thus neglected and dispis'd,
Then *Vice* perforce doth in her *place* appeare ;
And where dam'd *Vice* hath *Vertue's* *place* surpris'd
A *Common-woe*, with *Common-wealth's* disguis'd.

That must be deerely sold that's deerely ⁴ bought ;
And whereas *Iudgments* thus are bought and sold,
There, by *iust Iudgment* al goes stil to nought :
Yet *Iustice* and iust *Iudgments* *States* vphold,
Whose want wrappes them in *mis'ries* manifold.
The *Iudgments* of that *Iust* orewhelme that *Land*
That armes *Oppression* (gainst the *Lawes*) with *Gold* ;
For where it's so, there *Will* for *Law* must stand,
And *Law* goes with *Confusion* hand in hand.

Intelligence (supreme *pow'r* of the *Soule*)
Wherein alone w' are like the ⁵ *Deity*,
Is that alone which makes vs meete to rule ;
For *Nature's* lawes, and *Reas'n's* authority
Requires that such should haue high'st dignity,
That by their *vertue*, and their *high estate*,
They might conserve men in prosperity :
For right it is they should be rais'd to *State*,
That make the state of all most fortunate.

For *Honor* is high *Vertue's* sole ⁶ *Reward*,
For which all vertuous *Men* all *paine* endure :

¹ Crafts-men.

² Had men no other fault yet are they therefore vnfit for government, because so desirous to governe. Authority should be denied to such as seeke it, & given to those that (like wise men) refuse it.

³ Example of rich men doth much good or hurt in the common-weale.

⁴ Alexander Severus caused such to be deposed, and severely punished, that bought their Offices, saying they sold deerer in retails then they bought in the grosse.

⁵ The Philosopher saith, God is an infinite actuall Vnderstanding.

⁶ Honor is the Prize for which Vertue endureth what not ?

If then such men from *Honor* should be barr'd,
 All to be vicious it would soone procure ;
 For *Vice* doth raigne where *Virtue* hath no pow'r :
 Where *Honors* are bestow'd without respect
 On good and badd, as cloudes bestowe their *shower*,
 There must of force ensue but badd effect,
 For who'l be good, if *Grace* the good neglect?

In ancient *Common-weales*¹ they wonted were
Statues of mettall, *Arches* triumphal,
 With *Publike Sepulture*, and *praises* cleere,
 These, and such like, they did bestow on all
 That to their *Common-weales* were as a *Wall* :
 For they that watch whilst others sound doe sleepe
 To stay the *State*, that else perhaps might fall,
 And labour stil the *Lambes* from *Wolves* to keepe ;
 Such *Shepherds* should be honor'd of the *Sheepe*.

For to give *Rule* to none but *Midasses*,
 Is ev'n as if a *Shippe*² were rendered
 In greatest *Tempests* and *Winds*' outrages,
 To richest *Marchants* to be govern'd,
 Not to the *skillfulst* to be master'd :
 Whereof ensues the wracke of *shippe* and *freight*,
 From which in *Stormes* it is deliver'd
 By skillful *Pilotts* which haue gott the *sleight*
 By their experience to direct her right.

Themistocles is iustly famous'd,
 For that by *Valor* and great *Policie*
 He did reduce th' *Athenians* beastly bredd
 To live by *Lawes* in great *civility* ;
 But *Solon*'s prais'd more meritoriously,
 Who finding *Athens* at the point to fall
 With shooke of *Civill warre*, he readily
 Did staie the same, and reestablish't all
 The *Lawes* & *Maistrats*, driv'n to the wall.

Nor did *Camillus* that repulst the *Galls*
 And *Rome* preserv'd from their furie's flame
 Deserve lesse, (if not more) *memorialis*,
 Then the two *Brethren* that first built the same :
 Nor yet can *Cesar*'s or great *Pompeii*'s fame
 (Though they *Rome's Empire* stretcht from *East to West*)
 Be so renown'd, as his glorious name
 That found it neere by *Haniball*'s possess,
 Yet rescu'd it, and gaue it *roome* and *rest*.

Then *Rule* should not be given to the *rich*,
 If with their *wealth* they were but *fooles* vnjust :
 The *Common-wealth* would *private* be to such,
 For they would *rule* by *Lawes* squar'd by their *lust* ;

¹ Honors given to vertue in former times.

² Simil.

³ From whom the liberty of disorder is taken away, he is over-ruled for his owne benefit.

⁴ Romulus & Remus.

⁵ Scipio Africanus.

⁶ The oath of *Xpian* Kinges is : I will minister Lawe, iustice and protection aright to every one. It behoues them then to see that their vnder-Maistrats make a conscience of their owne oathes & the Kinges's.

And for their *gaine* stil buy and sell the *lust* :
Wisdomes and *Iustice*, with *wealth* competent
 Should be in *Rulers* : such the *Prince* might trust
 With greatest *charge* (next them) in *government* ;
 For each will rule as *Virtue's* President.

For how is 't possible *men* should perswade
 Others to *vertue* and to keepe the *Lawes*,
 If they them-selues them-selues there from ¹ dissuade,
 And by their *lewdnesse*, others' *lewdnesse* cause ?
 "A *Ruler's Vice* to *vice* the *people* drawes :
Sylla might wel be laught to scorne, when hee
 Perswaded *Temperance* to all ; because
 He liv'd himselfe (none more) *licentiouslee*,
 For none lesse lov'd *mediocrities*.

Lisander was no lesse to blame, for hee
 Allow'd those *Vices* in the *Multitude*,
 From which himselfe refrain'd ² religiouslee :
 For if by *Princes vices* bee alowd,
 It is al one as if they *vice* ensue.
 But iust *Licurgus* nere did *ought* forbid,
 But by himselfe the *same* should be eschude
 Whose *subjects* did no more then himself did,
 Such *Legislators* should bee *deifide*.

Such *Prince* or *Priest*, such *people*,³ saith the *Saw* :
Examples more then *Lawes* make men liue wel :
 Doe *Priests* liue so? their liues like *Loadstones*⁴ draw
 The *people* to the same : And doe compel
 Sans-force t' *obedience* such as would rebel :
 Then weigh what *good* or *ill* your *lines* doe cause
 Ye *Prophets*' *Sonnes*, that should in *grace* excel ;
 Is your *life* ill? it's double ill, because
 It hurts your *selues*, and to *vice* others drawes.

And where *Vice* raignes, *Rebellion* oft doth *rule*
 That diss-vnites the best vnited *state* :
 Which growes from *Governors' vice* or *mis-rule*
 That makes the *Commons* (with no common *hate*)
 Watch al *advantage*, to abridge their *date*.
 The forraine *Foe*, then findes domesticke *aide*,
Aide that assists all that wil *innovate* ;
 So by their *Subjects Sov'raignes* are betraide,
 When their *mis-rule* makes them be disobaide.

¹ To mak laws for others & transgresse them our selus, is to teach others to transgresse them.

² They that favor sin are as worthy of death as they that commit the sin. Rom. 1, 31.

³ The way by precepts is obscure & long, but by examples shorte and plaine. Senec.

Princes and Priests ought to be the Exchequers of God's inestimable Graces.

⁴ Good works ar much more perswasive to good life then good wordes.

⁵ Good life is the effect and glory of the church militant & of the good Pastors thereof. Blessed is the Prince & Priest whose liues serue for vnwritten law.

⁶ Mis-government for the most parte is cause of rebellion ; an argument of the goodness of ours.

And here my *Muse* leads me as by the *hand*
 Out of the *way* (as it were) by the *way*,
 To view the lines of *Princes* of this *Land*,
 Since first the *Norman*¹ did the *Scepter* sway
 And scanne their *undertakings* as I may :
 For by th' event of *Actions* past, wee shall
 The *present*, and *future*, the better sway ;
 Which is the vse of *storie*, for they fal
 Seldome or nere, that haue *light* to see *All*.²

William the *Norman*, surnam'd *Conquerer*,
 By his succesful *swords* having subdude
 This compound *Nation*³ (weake through *civil war*)
 The *Conquest* hee so thorowly pursue
 As that an admirable *peace* ensue :⁴
 This fierce *Invader* with resistlesse *force*
 Dissolv'd the *state* and made the *Multitude*
 To live by *Lawes*, which *Lawyers* yet enforce,
 Which, of all former *lawes* did crosse the course.

Hee pull'd vp *all* that might pul downe his *state*,
Supplanting, or *transplanting* ev'ry *plant*
 That might proue *poison* to his *frolicke fate* ;
 And *planting* in their *place* (ere *Plants* did want)
 Such as were *holsome*, or lesse discrepant :⁵
 So that no *Brittaine*, *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *all*,
 Could to this day his *Offspring* here supplant,⁶
 But *they haue, doe, and still continue shall*,
 Vntill this *Kingdome* from her *selfe* doth fall.

It was no little *worke*, nor *wisdomes* lesse,
 From so smal *wealth*, and *powre* which he possesseth,
 Not onely such a *people* to suppresseth,
 But erst at *ods*, to make them live in *rest*
 For ten *descents* twice *tolds* and more at least ;⁷
 Not as a *Nation* mixt, but most *intire*,
 And with new *Lordes*, new *Lawes* the *land* invest,
 Which straight *extinguish* might *sedition's* fire,
 And keepe *Ambition* downe that would aspire.

For who so reacheth with his *swords* a *Crowne*,
 If *head*, and *hand*, vse not like *government*,⁸
 The reeling *Crowne* may soone be overthrowne,
 Though it (perhaps) be propt by *Parliament* :
 Witnesse our *Conquests* in the *Continent* :⁹
 That were more *glorious*, then *commodious*,
 Because we made the *sword* the *instrument*

¹ William Duke of Normandy.

² Others' harms teach vs to shun what caused them.

³ Brittan, Saxon, Dane.

⁴ It is a glorious matter to conquer, but a much more glorious to vse the Conquest well.

⁵ The way to establish a state purchased with the sword.

⁶ A consequent of removing great ones in a newe-conquered kingdome.

⁷ so And odde descentes of Kings and Queens since the conquest.

⁸ As this of this Conqueror.

⁹ France.

Onely to make our selues *victorious*,
 But not to keepe what made vs *glorious*.¹

From *William*, vnto *Edward*, *Longshanks* nam'd,
Turmoiles, and *Brals*, to that *state* incident,
 That is not thoroughly *staide*, the *Land* inflam'd ;
 For no *peace* is so sure or permanent,
 But *Avarice* or *Prides* makes turbulent.
Richard the first, transported by desire
 To helpe to conquere *Iurie*, thether went ;
 And made his brother *Iohn*, *Regent* intire ;
 Who did *usurpe* the *Crowne* ere his *retire*.²

In which *returne*, hee was tane *Prisoner*³
 In *Austria*, from whence b'ing *ransom'd*,
 Hee repossess his *Crowne* ; but in the *warre*
 He made (when he his *Crowne* recover'd)
 Vpon his *foes*, he *life* surrender'd.
 The end of *Kings* thus causing their owne *griefe*
 To leaue their *crownes* so neere another's *Head* ;
 A pleasant *pray* enticeth many a *Theefe*,
 And who 'l bee *second*, when he may be *chiefe* ?⁴

Neither did *Iohn* escape the heauie *hand*
 Of iust *Revenge*, to all *Vsurpers* due ;
 In whose dire *Raigne*, *two curses* crosst the *Land*,
God's, and the *churche's*,⁵ which made *all* to rue,
 For ceaslesse *Troubles* did thereon ensue :
 And in conclusion his *life* hee lost ;⁶
 For *vengeance* to the *ende* did him pursue ;
 So, al his *life* hee beeing *turn'd* and *tost*,
 Before his *time* gaue vp his *tired Ghost*.

But to descend to *Longshanches*,⁷ in whose *time*
 The *common-wealth* (fast rooted) gan to sprout,
 And by this *Pillar* to high *state* did clime,
 For he was *prudent*, *painefull*, *valiant*, *stout*,
 And dextrously his *bus'nesse* brought about :
 He wisely waide how incommodiously
 The *Conquests* stooode atchiv'd the *Land* without,⁸
 Therefore he bent his *powre*, and *industry*,
 It to reduce into a *Monarchie*.⁹

On *Wales*, and *Scotland* he that *powre* imploide,
 Reducing both to his obedience ;¹⁰

¹ Our glory and shame.

² Avarice and Pride the perverters of Peace.

³ It is meer madness to trust the Crown in their handes that long to put it on their owne heads.

⁴ Rich. 1. taken prisoner in Austria.

⁵ The sincerest minds may be tempted about their strength by the glittering glose of a crown lying within reach.

⁶ The Pope interdicted the land.

⁷ By poison as some saie.

⁸ Edward 1.

⁹ All kings that thought so thrived the better.

¹⁰ Wales, Scotland.

¹¹ That which is gotten with the Sword must so bee maintained, which little instrument can remouue Obstacles, bee they never so great, or keep them downe that wold rise without permission.

And long might one the other haue enioy'd
Without hart-burning inbred *difference* :
If hee had vs'd *King William's* diligence :
Prosperous he was *abroade*, and iust at *home*,
A no lesse *vertuous*, then a *valiant Prince*,
Leaving his *Sonne* (that next supplide his rome)
A demonstration what doth *kings* become.

Edward his *Sonne*, succeeded him in *Rule*,
But not in ¹ *Rules*, by which he rul'd aright,
Who being seduc'd by *Masters of Misrule*,
Referr'd the *government* to their *ouersight*,
Who, *all* oressaw, but *what* advance them might :
Vntill their *rapine*, and *ambition*,
The lous of *all* from their ² *Liege* parted quight ;
So that the *Sire* assail'd was by the *Sonne*,
And being *subdu'd*, was murth' red in *Prison*.

A direfull end to *Kings* misguided due ;
Who like to *figg-Trees* ³ growing on the side
Of some *steep* *Rocke*, doe feede none but a crue
Of *Crowes* and ⁴ *Kites*, which on their *Toppes* do ride,
And plume on them (base *Birds*) on ev'ry side :
A *State's* *abundance*, if it manag'd be
By a lascivious *King*, which *Slaves* misguide,
Subverts the ⁵ *State* which *Kings* cannot foresee,
When they are compast with ill *Companes*.

Edward the third, ⁶ was most victorious,
In all *attempts* and *Actions* fortunate,
No lesse *iudicious* then *valorous*,
Yet were his *Conquests* hurtfull to his *State*,
For they the same did but debilitate :
So that when through his *age's* feeble plight,
And this ore rack'd *Realme's* most poore estate,
The *Synnes* of the *warre* were crack'd quight,
His wonted *fortunes* then plaide least in sight.

His *Father's* blood with never-ceasing *cries*
Filling *Th' almightie's* iust al-hearing *Eares*,
Importunes *Vengeance*, which with *Argus Eyes*
Watcheth his shaking *house* for many ⁷ *yeares*,
And to his *Sonne's* *Sonne* fearefully appears :
Disastrous ⁸ *Richard* second of that name,
Pestred with *plagues*, and ceaselesse cause of *feares*,
(Through his *misrule*) can well averre the same,
Who did the *forme* of this *State* quite vnframe.

He, like his *Grandsire* great, great *troubles* rais'd
Through his more great *oppressions*, and *excesse* :

¹ To rule is as much as to amend that which is amisse or awry.

² A Prince once in obloquie, doe hee wel, or ill, al is ill taken of his subjects. Tacitus Hist.

³ Simil.

⁴ Claw-backs, and Sinn-soothers.

⁵ The more wealth, the more woo, if evil employed.

⁶ Edward 3.

⁷ The divine Vengeance sleeps not though it wincks.

⁸ Richard of Burdeaux.

He lov'd and praised none that *vertue* prais'd ;
Liv'd like his *Grandsire* great, with like ¹ *successe*,
Who, blest a *few*, that *few* or *none* did blesse :
Edward, and *Richard*, second of their *names*,
(The *last*, the *first* did second in *distresse*)
Both over-rul'd were by base *past-shames*,
So *Both* alike, lost *Kingdome*, *Life*, and *fames*.

And if there be *wrench* in this *Paralell*,
It is in that one had a sory *Sonne*,
The *other* a like *Cousin* to compell
Him yeeld his *Crowne*, before his *Daies* were done,
Which were abridg'd (as *Edward's*) in *Prison* :
But, if this *King* had not so *childish* bin
When *Mowbray* peacht th' *Vsurper* of *Treason*,
He might haue bin secure from al his *Kin* :
But blinded *Judgment* is the *hire* of *Sinne*.

Thus fares it with weake *Kings*, and *Cousins* stronge ;
Richard, lies *naked* cloth'd with his ² *gore*,
Expos'd to the *view* of *old* and *yonge*,
A woefull *Spectacle*, if not much more
For *Kings* that live, as he had liv'd before :
But though *Examples* (freshly bleeding yet)
Doe *Cane* crie, (or rather lowde doe rore,)
Yet *Kings* thus *clowde*, where they doe *ycke*, forgett
The future *paine*, on present ³ *pleasure* sett.

Henry the fourth, ⁴ which thus vsurpt the *Crowne*,
Of all *Vsurpers* had the best *successe*.
For, he was provident to hold his owne,
And for the Common-wealth he was no lesse :
In *Field*, and *Towne*, he would direct the *Presse* ;
Chiefe *Captaine*, and chiefe *Councillor* was ⁵ he
Who rul'd in height of *Wisedome*, and *Prowesse* ;
Into obscurest *Treasons* he could see,
And if they *Were*, soone cause them not to *Bee*.

This held him *Kinge* as long as *life* he held,
Which was as long as *Nature* gaue him leave ;
And courage gaue the *Scepter* wel to weld
Vnto his *Sonne* ⁶ to whome he *both* did leave,
Who, did accordingly the *same* receave :
He rul'd as did his *Sire*, in *Wisedome's* strength,
And heigh of *Valor*, which he eke did give ;
Who caught fast hold on fleeting *France* at length,
„ But weak *Arms* loose, what ere the strong *Arme*
geint'h.

And now as rows'd from a tedious *Sleepe*,
(After this *Kinge* with glorie was interr'd)

¹ One evil corrupteth another and evil put to evil is cause of mutuall destruction.

² God executes his owne iustice by the iniustice of others.

³ Present pleasures take away the thought of future paine.

⁴ Henry 4.

⁵ A King should be able to counsell as chiefe councillor and direct as chiefe Captaine.

⁶ Henry 5.

The *Divine Vengeance* gan againe to ¹ peepe
Vpon his *Sonne*, that longe had bin deferr'd ;
The *Cries of Richard's blood* now well are heard :
And silly *Henry*² (though a *Saint* he bee)
Must beare the *plagues* his *Grandsire's guilt* incur'd,
When he imbrude his *hands*, or did agree
To have his *Sou'raigne's* bloud shedd savaglee.

His *Vncles* (more like *Fathers*) first he looseth,
Then by a *woman* most improvident
He is ore rul'd, for *shee* of all disposeth,
Till *Hate* and *Factions* ore-grew government.
Then *Richard Duke of Yorke* in *Parliament*
Claim'd the *Scepter*,³ (being so ill swai'd)
Where was examin'd his *claime*, and *descent*,
And then gaue waie to it, when *all* was wai'd ;
So, silly *Henry* was by *law* betrai'd.

The *title* of *Duke Richard* thus admitted,
But an *Vsurper* needes must make the *King* ;
Yet t'was decreed that he should bee permitted
For *life* to hold the *Crowne* which *death* doth bring
When as the *Crowne* is held as no such ⁴ thing :
Making the *Duke* by *Act of Parliament*
His *Heire apparant*, without altering,
Which for them both was most malevolent,
For hardly can one *Crowne*, two *Kings* content.

This was a fond conspiring *Parliament*
Against their *Liege* directlie, and the *Lawes* ;
No lesse *disloiall*, then *improvident*,
And of *effectes* most bloudie was the *cause* ;⁵
For, now the *King* his *Friendes* together drawes,
Who, for his safetie straight began to lay,
Which could not be without the fearefull *Pawse*
Of *Yorke* (that *Lion*) cleane were ⁶ cut away,
Downe must his *Den*, his *Howse* must haue no *stay*.

Who like him *selfe* (beeing truely *Leonine*)
Stood on his *strength*, so to defeate his *foes* ;
And having *wisdomes* truelle *serpentine*
Still *compassing* about the *crowne* he goes,
Whom *Henry* tripping in his *course*⁷ orethroes :
But his *Sonne Edward*⁸ kept the *claime* a *foote*
Vntill that *civill bloud* the *Land* oreflows ;
Who, in conclusion, pull'd vp by the roote
All *Lets*, & got th' imbrued *crowne* with *mickle* boot.

¹ Vengeance attends the 3. and 4 generation of merciless manquellers.

² Henry 6.

³ Rich. Duke of York claimed the crowne in Parliament.

⁴ No king, if but halfe one.

⁵ The fruites springing from the powre of Parliaments to make Kings in England.

⁶ Germanicus, because one or two in the Army had only a purpose to salute him by the name of Emperor, was never wel brooked til by his own death he had paid the price of other men's rashnes. Tac. Hist.

⁷ No wisdomes prevailes against God's decree.

⁸ Edward 4.

Whilst this was *doing*, the *Reaigne* was *vndunne*,
The *Common-wealth*, became a *Common-woe* ;
Justice, and *government* by *Rogues* ore runne,
The *Ministers* whereof tost too and fro
Like *foote-balls* over which al men may ¹ goe :
All was quite out of *square*, by *squaring* thus,
The *Ground* did grone enforc'd to vndergoe,
Continued *Armies* (most contentious)
That made the *State* poore, as prodigious.

This *Claine* was wel examin'd, and admitted,
Here was *Succession* wel established,
What *villanie* was not thereby committed ?
What *vertue* was not quite abolish'd ?
And who so *high* that were not drown'd in *dreade* ?
Yonge, *olde*, *rich*, *poore*, and *Babes* vnborne, ² or borne,
Beasts, & things senselesse had cause *Tears* to shedd,
For *all* hereby away perforce were worne,
And far'd at least, as *Creatures* most forlorne.

Woe woorth such vip'rous ³ *Cousins* that wil rend
Their *Mother's wombe* (the *Common-wealth*) to raigne ;
From such *apparant-Heires* God vs defend,
That care not who doe *lose* so they may *guine* :
And long may *Hee* in *peace* the *Crowne* sustaine,
That for our *peace*, & *his*, such *Heires* hath brought ;
We all of late for *suck* did stil complaine ;
Then now sith we haue such, and cost vs nought,
Lett's *thankfull* be and *know* them as we ought.

As *Pow'r* doth want, so *Claines*, & *Factions* ⁴ cease ;
Might Right orecomes, chiefly in *Kingdom's claines* ;
Pow'r Titles stirrs, and *Conquest* makes their peace ;
The *Sword* the *Law* (how firme soever) maymes,
Which at a *Conquest* (though vnlawfull) aymes :
Though *Prince*, and *Peeres*, provide for future *rule*,
Ambition hardly her estate disclaimes,
Though for a time the *Lawes* her over-rule,
Yet when *time* serues, the *Law* shee wil ⁵ misrule.

Our *State* stands not on *Armes* as *others* doe ;
Our *force* lies most dispers'd at the *Plow*,
Vnready, rude, and oft rebellious ⁶ too,
Whose *Sun-burnt Necks* oft rather breake then bow,
Not caring *whom*, ne *what* they doe alow :
These and such like enduced our late *Prince*
Such *motions* vterly to disalowe,
For this, and many an inconvenience,
Whereof all *Times* affoord experience.

¹ The effects of civil warre: for looke how much Peace is better then warr, so much is forraigne invasion better then civill dissention.

² Civill warre tendes to the preiudice of the yet vnborne.

³ Kings' houses yeeld many such Vermine.

⁴ For a poore and hungry Army cannot observe military discipline. Casiodorus.

⁵ Ambition vpon the least opportunitee setta vpon what so ere hinders hir rising.

⁶ More common weakes are ruined for want of good obayers, then good commanders.

This made this careful *Queene* as knowing well,
(By fortie five yeares' *proofe*, and her sharpe sight
Into *events*, whereof al *Stories* tell)
How safe to *rule*, and keepe the *State* vpright,
For her *right's* sake, right close to keepe this ¹ *right* :
Better (she thought) such *Hfires* two *daies* old
Then two *yeares*, and as strong in *Law*, and *Fight* :
So, lou'd her *State's* life, and her *owne* to hold,
And made her *Hart* that *Heire's* securest *Hold*.

But sith shee did conclude this great *affaire*,
Both *Law*, and *Conscience*, doe conclude the *State* ;
And who resists (by birth) that lawful *Heire*,
Resists the lawful *Sov'raigne Maiestrate*,
Made both by birth and *Law* from iust *estate* :
Monarchicall-inheritance resides
In *him* from *her*, ² then, who doth violate
Obedience to him wounds the tender sides
Of *Law* and *Conscience*, and al *good* besides.

Edward the fourth thus hauing caught the *Crown*,
The weake *Lancastrians* drave to the wall,
And spar'd *none*, till *all* were overthrowne
That might lie in his *waie*, to make him fall :
His ³ *Brother Clarence* (o *Crime* Capitall !)
He did *rebaptize* in a *Butt of Wine*,
Being ielous of him (how soere *Loiall*)
A *Turkish* providence most *indivine* ;
Yet *Crownes* wil rest on *such*, ere thei'le decline.

Besides, a sliding and new-fangled *Nation*
Full of *Rebellion* and *Disloyaltie*,
May cause a *Prince* for his securer *station*
To stand vpon the like *extremities*
Where *Virtue* hath no *place* of certenty.
What *Prince* (if provident) wil stick to straine
Both *Law* and *Conscience* in secesy
To cutt one *Member*⁴ off, that letts his *raigne*,
Which the *state's* *Body* doth in health maintaine?

The more *perfection* and Heroick *worth*
Such *Heires*, great *Consines*, or great *Subjects* haue,
The more the *Multitude* wil sett them ⁵ foorth
And more and more their *rule* they seeke and craue ;
Then must we lose a *part* the *whole* to saue :
These haue *Achitophells* to egge them on
And make them much more restlesse then a *wave*,

¹ Jealousy is giued to loue and to a *Crowne*.

² Birth, Bequest, Laws of God, Nature, Nations, and Reason, together with all kingly worthines makes good our now King's possession.

³ Neereneesse of blood doth oft put hartes furthest a sunder, in Kingdome's cases.

⁴ The *Law* is selfe wil rather admitt a mischiefe then an inconvenience.

⁵ He alwaies shal be suspected & hated of the Prince in possession whom men doe account worthy or like to be Prince in succession. Tacitus Hist.

The *Valor* & fierce courage of the great Cousin, displeaseth the ielous *Soveraigne*. Tacit.

Vntil their *Soveraignes* they sett vpon
To make them yeeld vp their *Dominion*.

Manie a busie-*Head* by *Words* and *Deeds*
Put in their *Heads* how they may *compasse* ¹ *Crownes*,
That *Crownes* at last may *compasse* so their *Heads*
And sitt victoriously on steedfast *Thrones* :
All these like humming *Bees* ensue those *Drones* ;
To gather *Hony* if they chance to rest,
And store themselues with sweete ² *provisions*,
Whilst the *Crown-greedy Cousine* in vnrest
Lives but for them with *fears* and *cares* oppress.

Now though *King Edward* (like a wary *Prince*)
To remoue *Obstacles* bent all his *might* ;
Yet could no *skill* or *humane providence*
Protect his *Sonnes* from their *Protector's* spight :
Who as he seru'd *King Henry*, seru'd them *right*.
The blood of *Innocents* on *Innocents*
With heavy *vengeance* mixte, amaine doth light :
Thus, *Innocents* are plagu'd for the *Nocents*
Such are the *High'st's* inscrutable ³ *Iudgments*.

And as He muredred *Henrie* for his *Crowne* ;
So for their *Crowne* were his *Sonnes* ⁴ murdered ;
By hardest *Harts* in softest *Bedd* of *Doune*
They were (deere *Harts*) at once quite smothered,
Which some ignoble *Nobles* ⁵ furthered :
And, rather then they should not die by force,
Or want a *Want-grace* to performe the *Deede*,
Their *Vncle* and *Protector* ⁶ must perforce
Their *Crowne* from *Head*, and *Head* from *Life* divorce.

Now vp is *Richard*, (*Monster*, not a *Man*)
Vpon the Royal *Throne* that reeling stood ;
Now *Rule* doth ⁷ end, when he to *rule* began,
Who being perfect *ill*, destroi'd the *Good*,
And like an *Horseleech* liv'd by sucking *blood*.
Now as desire of *Rule* more bloody was
In *Yorke* then *Lancaster*, so did the flud
Of *Divine Vengeance* more in *Yorke* surpasse :
For to maine *Seas* of *blood*, *Blood-Brookes* repasse.

Bloud-sucking Richard (swolne with sucking *Bloud*)
When *Horseleech*-like he had his bloody *pray*,⁸

¹ All crafty & Achitophell-like counsels are in shewe pleasant, in execution hard, and in event deadly dangerous.

² A Bankerout's peace is in civill discord, & his discord is in peace.

³ God's Iudgments are inscrutable but none vnjust.

⁴ Iustice equal in quality, & quantity, for Henry 6. and his Sonne were murdered. &c.

⁵ Man ought not to vse man prodigally. Seneca.

⁶ Richard 3.

⁷ Vnder this King, to do ill was not alwaies safe, & alwaies vn safe to doe well, as Tacitus reports of Nero's raigne. Princes that tyrannously governe their people haue greater cause to feare good men then them that bee evill.

⁸ They which contemne peace and covet honour, doe lose both peace & honor.

Away fals hee in *bloud* bemir'd with *Mud*,
 Making his *Nephewes* vs her him the way.
 For from his *crowne* the *crowne* was cut away.
Henrie the seventh's keene-edg'd victorious *Sword*
 Slipt twixt both *Crownes* vnto his *Crowne's* decay.
 And got the *Crowne* that was much more assur'd
 Which hee to his, and his to theirs afford.¹

God amongst *Men*, no *King* but demi-God
Henrie the seventh² the *Scepter* takes in *hand*,
 Who with it (as with *Moises'* powrefull *Rod*)
 Turn'd *streames* of *civill bloud* that soakt this *land*
 To *silver streames*, that ran on *Golden sand*:
 He turn'd *Swords* to *Mattocks*, *Speares* to *Spades*,
 And bound vp *all vnbound*, in *peace's* Band,
 Who draue the erst long *idle* to their *Trades*,
 And chang'd *iniurious Swords*, to *Iustice-Blades*.³

No more *Plantagenet*, but *Therodor* now
 Sits in the *Kingdome's* late vnstable *Seate*:⁴
Plow-men praise *God*, and *God* doth⁵ speed the *Plow*,
 For such a *King* that makes their *Crops* compleate,
 And multiplies their *herdes* of *sheepe* and *Neate*:
 Vpon *Ambition's* Necke hee sets his *foote*
 Keeping her vnder;⁶ And amongst the *Wheate*
 He puls vp *Darnell* dulie by the roote,
 And nought neglects that may his *Kingdome* boote.

This *Salomon* lookt into *High* and *Low*,
 And knew *all* from the *Cedar* to the *shrub*:⁷
 He bare the *swords* that gaue a bitter blow
 Aswell to *Cedars*, as the lowest *shrub*
 That in the *course* of *Iustice* prou'd a *Rub*:
Wisdome and *Prouesse* did exalt his *Throne*,
Iustice and *Mercie* propt it, which did curb
 Those that would shake it, so that he alone
 Did rule the *Roast* that *all* did liue vpon.⁸

He, (vertuous *King*) still fear'd the *King* of *Kings*
 With louing *fears*, that made him *Lion-bold*.
 He ordred *things* as pleas'd the *Thing* of *Things*,⁹
 Like *David*, that of *him* his *Crowne* did hold,
 That on his *Throne* his *Ofspring* doth vphold:
 Laden with *happinesse*, and blessed *daies*,
 His *Realme* repleat with *blessings* manifold;
 This prosp'rous *Prince* (to his immortal *praise*)
 Left *Life*, *Realme*, *Children*, all at happy *stages*.

¹ A good cause in publike war (like the Cape Bonae spei) conducs to the land of triumph. ² Hen. 7.

³ A good prince makes war that hee may haue peace, and endures labor in hope of rest. *Salust.*

⁴ Eccles. 5, 8.

⁵ Where God is praised men's endeavors are blessed.

⁶ Two things doe establish the Throns of kings, prudence & pietie, the one appearing in their Actions, the other in their manners. ⁷ 1. King. 3, 12.

⁸ Homer faineth all the Gods to sleep except Iupiter, implying thereby the care of a good King for his subjects.

⁹ Princes ought to measure their Actions by the standard of their Laws; as this did.

Then no lesse fear'd, then famous *Henry*,¹
 (That had a sacred *Cesar* in his pay)
 With some-what more then *mortall Maestie*,
 Sits on the *Throne* (that *hands* diuine did stay)
 As *Heire apparent*, and the *state* doth sway:
 He weilds the *sword* with his victorious *hands*
 That the whole *Continent* doth sore affray,
 Wherewith he makes to crouch the *Neighbor lands*
 Which in a manner lie at his *commands*.²

Hee was as *circumspect*, as *provident*,
 And by his *Father's* observation
 Did right well know, what kinde of *government*
 Was fitt'st for this vnkinde revolting *Nation*:
 Well knew hee how to part a *Combination*
 That stood not with the *state*, or his *avails*:
 And if he were severe for *reformation*,
 T'was *Emperik-like*, that knew what it did aile,
 So, kill the *cause* lest all the *Whole* should faile.³

His forraine *Warres*, and famous *Victories*
 More *glorious* were then for our *Contrie good*:
 For, such *Wars* haue these *inconueniences*,
 They make vs spend our *Treasures* with our *bloud*,
 Where both are cast⁴ away in likelyhood,
 When *Wars* abroad drinke vp our *wealth* at *home*,
 The *fire* must out, when spent is all the *wood*:
 And if nought from *without* come in the *woombe*
 The *Body* needes must die by *Nature's* *doube*.

The *wealth* hee prest from *Monastries* suppress
 With the *Revennues* which to them pertain'd,
 The *Crowne* possess, but hee it *dispossess*
 With *open Hand*:⁵ which, had they still remain'd,
 T'had bin aloft; for lesse hath *Crownes* sustain'd.
Lowe, *Reliefe*, *Subsidie*, and such as these
 Might (for the *subject's* ease) haue bin refrain'd:
 The *Crowne's* *Revennues* such might well release,
 And haue maintain'd the *state* in *warre* and *peace*.

If these had still bin *adiuncts* of the *crowne*,
 And *all* that hold them hold as of the *same*:
 Our *Kings* might warre with *Tenants* of their *owne*,
 Who would *vnpress* haue yet bin prest for *shame*.
 To follow their *Liege-land-lords* by that name.⁶
 The *Crowne* then, like a *Condite* neuer dry,
 Stil might haue stream'd (to th' *owner's* endles fame)
Rivers of *Riches* vnto *Low* and *hy*
 That well deserv'd of *King* or *Contery*.

¹ Hen. 8.

² His sword was so successfull as made his neighbours glad of his friendship, & feareful of his indignation.

³ Mercie may haue her exerce in human things. *Clemency* is most dangerous where & when soft quiet dealing draweth on more evil then severity.

⁴ Forrain Conquestes were costly in achieving, costly in holding, & oft no lesse costly then dishonorable in forgoing.

⁵ In liberal larges to his friends & servants.

⁶ Our Kings might haue had a double intrest in their subjects.

Those *harts*, whose life their *Liege* should thus maintain
(No lesse then *bodies* to their *souls* are bound)
Should haue bin *tied* vnto their *Soueraigne*
To goe with *him* at ev'ry needfull *Sound*,
And in their *service* bin most faithful found.
But that, that shalbe, shalbe. That high *hand*
That all disposeth, thus did it ¹ confound
For purposes which hardly can be scand,
But for the *Crowne* ill, how ere for the *Land*.

Hee, *Cesar*-like in's *fortunes* confident,
Ere first he crost the *Seas* to warre with *France*,
The *Marquesse* of *Exceter* made *Regent*
And *Heire* *apparent*; but no ill by chance
Ensu'd till he did him quite ² disaduaunce:
Hee had forgot the direfull *Tragedie*
Of the sixth *Henry*, and like *heires* *apparaunce*:
But more *advis'd*, he held it *politic*
To spare that *heire* till more necessitie.³

When he had *cleer'd* the *coast*, and *cleans'd* the *waie*,
Of all that lay in *either* to molest,
And having put the *state* in perfect *staie*,
He with his *Fathers* laid him downe to rest,
And left a *Sonne*⁴ in whom the *Land* was blest:
Who being *yong*, could not yet stirre the *sterne*,
But *ru'd* by those his *sire* esteem'd best;
And while the vertuous *King* to *rule* did learne,
His *Realme* (misrul'd) in *up-rose* did discerne.

Heere raig'n'd *Ambition*, like *Obedience* clad,
There rul'd *Sedition*, in *Concorde's* coate;
And *here* and *there* *Rebellion* rag'd as mad,
And *ev'ry where* the *Common-wealth* did floate
Like ⁵ to an halfe-suncke tempest-beaten *Boats*:
Each for him *selfe*, no one for *King* or *State*,
Vpon the *Wedge* of *Gold* the *best* did doate,
All stood as falling still in each *estate*,
Knights giving *Earles*, *Earles* giving *Dukes* the *Mate*.

Many a *Demas* then forsooke poore *Paule*;
In Summe, the *Summe* of *all* was out of *square*,
And yet (strange *Paradox*) at *square* was *all*,
None *Compass* kept, yet ⁶ *compassing* they are,
And *Circumvention* held *discretion's* care:
Thus whilst the *Sov'raigne's* in *minoritie*,
Each would be *sov'raigne* that about him were;
The *smal* in *grace* strave for *maiority*,
And *Youth* with *Age* for *Seniority*.

Disorder thus dividing the whole ⁷ *State*,
And subdividing those *divisions*;

¹ The hearts of Kings are in his hands that disposeth all things to effect his inevitable decrees.

² Beheaded him.

³ He knew it was not the speach of a wise man to say, who would haue thought it?

⁴ Edw. 6.

⁵ Simil.

⁶ For private good.

⁷ Disorder mother of Confusion.

The *Lord* of *Love*, to show his vrged *Hate*,
Tooke the wrong'd *Kinge* from his *Dominions*,
And left the *Land* fir'd with ¹ *seditions*:
By *Angells'* hands this *Kinge* Angelicall,
(As one of high *Iehovah's* *Minions*)
Was borne from this *Nation* vnaturall,
That vengeance on it, so, might freely fall:

No sooner had the *Heavens* seis'd his *Soule*,
But a left *hand* began to seize the *Crowne*;
Which seisure a right *hand* did soone controule,
And *Wrong* that would aspire, *Right* straight putts²
downe;

Which fatally in fine was overthroned:
Yet was that *Wrong* made *Right* by their consents
That were to see that each one had his owne;
But *Heau'n* disposeth *Earth* and her intents,
And *Earth* against *Heav'n* oppos'd, too late ³ repents.

Who trusts in *Men* in whome was never ⁴ trust
(Except they were at warre with *Wealth* and *State*,
Few *Statesmen* such) shal see how much *distrust*
Doth *Men* advantage, and prolongs their *date*;
Treason's in *Trust*; *Repentance* comes to late:
When *Power's* deriv'd from those that are but *weake*
(*Weake* ev'ry way) it stands in desperate *state*:
Frailty sticks not *fidelity* to ⁵ breake
When it doth *favour*, and *advantage* seeke.

In case of *Crownes* (when it our *Crownes* may cost,
If we misse holding when at them we catch)
It's deadly dangerous at al to trust,
Much more to trust ⁶ *all* that advantage watch
By thy *losse*, from *losse* themselves to dispatch:
Religion cannot dwell in double ⁷ *harts*;
Such *Harts* haue *All* that with al *states* doe match:
Then where *Religion* slideth, *promise* starts,
And feare of *perill*, worldly frendshippe parts.

*Queene Mary*⁸ (for, she was that which shee was,
Namely our *Queene*, and neere to our late *Queene*)
Her faults in silence we will ⁹ overpasse;
Let them be buried with her, sith I weene
Sh'hath bin well *taxt* whose memorie is greene:

¹ Sedition the plague of perversenesse.

² Fortune often reserveth to the hardest chance, them whom she advanceth to the greatest dignity.

The fortunate cannot doe ill if they would.

³ He is made wise too late that is made wise by his owne harme and irrecoverable losse.

⁴ Depart from thine enemies and beware of thy friendes. Eccle. 6, 13.

⁵ Frailty is full of falshood.

⁶ There is nothing more profitable to mortall men then distrust. Euripides.

⁷ They that stand with all worldes will stand with no world if the world stand not with them.

⁸ Queen Mary.

⁹ Love covers the multitude of sins in our neighbour; what should it doe then in our Sovereignes that haue more meanes & inducements to sin then private persons.

Therefore the *Angells* which from him did fly
Had but short *wings*, and lighted but hard by.

Among the things which he did least regard,
His *Belly* and his *Backe* were more then least ;
He faréd wel, when so his ¹ *Commons* far'd,
(Although his *commons* were not of the best)
Yet faréd like a *Kings* without a *feast* ;
He rather chose to haue *Exchequers* ² rich
Then wealthy *Wardropps* ; yet would well be drest
When it his *Maistie* and *State* did touch ;
Yet held, save *Common-wealth*, all wealth too ³ much.

Where *Kings* be not in ceasselesse *guard* of *Armes*
(Like these of *ours*) the *State* lying open so
T' *invasion* and *Rebellion's* suddaine *harmes* ;
Let not the *Kinge* looke *Friends* should foile the *Foe*
At their owne *charge*, for feare of *overthro* :
And in *tumultuous times* to breake their *backs*
Will make them from their *Necks* the *yoke* to thro,
And to be freed from such tormenting *Racks*
Wil ruine all, though them with al, it wracks.

Such great *improvidence* ⁴ and want of *heede*
Vnseasonable *Tasing* (*Tempting* rather)
Hath made the *Soveraigne* with the *Subject* bleede ;
Witnesse the two last *Richards* among other,
That knew how greivous *then* it was to gather.
Store is no *Sore* (they say) except of ⁵ *Sores*,
Yet tis sore ⁶ *store* with *hate* to heape together ;
Hate havocks in each hole in al *vproves*,
As *Water* havocks *life* through all the *Pores*.

This *spectacle* of *Kingly providence*
Nere cloi'd the *subject* with too great estate,
Nor would be of a *Pesant* make a *Prince* ;
His best *belov'd* he held in sober *state*,
That he might liue with them without *debate*.
Of all the *Kings* that ere this *Land* possest,
For *government* discrete and temperate,
This *King* deseruedly is deeméd *best*,
And to be imitated worthiest.⁷

In his Triumphant most victorious *Son*
Henry the last in *name*,⁸ and first in *fame*,
Is to be scene great *wisedome*, vsd to shun
Crosse Accidents and *courage* in the same :
Yet some suppose, that he incurred *blame*

¹ The good of the Subjects is the object of the good Prince.

² Money (saith Thucidides) makes weapons forcible and profitable.

³ Cyrus was wont to say, he heaped great treasures when he enriched his friends & Subjects.

⁴ Let Kings that desire to live in peace, provide in time things necessary for warre.

⁵ Tiberius of Constantinople accounted that for counterfet coynes, that was leviéd with Teares and cryings of the people.

⁶ The bitings of enraged necessitie are most dangerous. Portius Iatro.

⁷ Hen. 7. a true Patterne of a wise and vertuous Prince.

⁸ Hen. 8.

For be'ng too open-handed in expence
And *giftes* excessiue ; but it is a shame
For *Kings* not roially to recompence
The rich desert of any *Excellence*.¹

Ingratitude in all's most monstrous,
But most of all in *roiall Maistie*,
Wherein it's more then most prodigious :
Munificence makes great, *Authoritie* ;
And standes with *Greatnesse* in great *policie* :
The force of *Gifts* doth offer violence
Even to savage *Inhumanity* ;
Forcing therefrom such loue's obedience,²
As *single* workes with *double* diligence.

His forraigne *Conquests* much more *famous* were
Then any way *commodious* to this *state*,³
Yet them his actiue *sp'rite* could not forbear ;
For *Cesar*-like he would predominate
Where he had least iust *color* of estate :
In raising lowest *shrubs* to *Cedars* hie
He from his sage *Sire* did degenerate ;
Yet *vertue* though it nere so low doth lie,
Is worthy of high *praise* and *dignitie*.

In the last *Edward's* ⁴ and *Queene Marie's* ⁵ *raigne*
Is scene, what to those *states* is incident
Where *subjects* doe not feare their *Soveraigne*,
But striue to liue beside their *Regiment*,
Contemning so their too-weake *government* :⁶
This made the *Rebell* rise in *strength* and *pride*,
From *Sov'raignes'* weaknesse taking courage
T' assault their *Gates*, led by a feeble *Guide* ;
Shaking their *Thrones* a while from side to side.

In our *Queene's* ⁷ no lesse long then *peacefull* reigne
Blest (as appeer'd) by that blest *Prince of Peace*,
Was scene much more then *wisedome feminine*,
If wee respect how soone shee made to cease
The *olde Religion* for the *oldes* increase :
That suddaine *change* that did the *soule* acquite
Of *olde devotion* (which *none* will release
Vpon the suddaine) still to stand in might,
May make a *Newter* deeme sh' was in the right.⁸

And now descend yee *spirites* Angellicall,
That, chargde, doe guard th' *Anointed* of your *Lorde* ;
Crowne my *Liege Lord* with crowne *imperiall*,
And put into his *hand* the awfull *Sword*
Of *Iustice* ; so, the *good* shall bee assur'd,
And so may yee bee freed from your *charge*,
Whereby the *good* are evermore secur'd ;

¹ Bounty doeth cover manie faults, & Avarice obacureth many vertues.

² Giftes doe superinduce the heart to loue.

³ He more respected honor then profit.

⁴ Edward 6.

⁵ Q. Marie.

⁶ Contempt in subjects is the confusion of government.

⁷ Q. Elisabeth.

⁸ Act. 5. 35, 36, 37, 38, 39.

For, hee that *office* will for you discharge,
Sith *Iustice* good men's surance doth enlarge.

Blesse him *o* ever-blesséd *Vnion*,
Making a no lesse blessed *Trinitie*;
Blesse him as thou hast never blessed *one*
That ever did possesse this *Monarchy*:
Showre downe thy *blessings* on his *family*:
The *blessings* of the *womb* giue to his *Queene*,
And let them as the *Sea-sand* multiplie;
That from their roiall loines may still be seene
Heires, as the starres of heau'n, for store, and sheene.

Thus haue I breath'd my *Muse* in *Policie*,
Or rather runne her out of breath therein;
That so shee may with more facility
Runne ore the *rest* lesse difficult, wherein
Shee hath much more then much delighted bin.
But *Policie* is but abus'd by me,
I doe but mangle her, and make her *sinne*:
But were shee whollie seene as shee should be,
Sh' would seeme no *daughter* of *Mortalitee*!

R Eturue my *Muse* from whence thou hast digrest,
(To tolle thy selfe in *state's* deepe misteries)
And now directly prosecute the *rest*
Touching the *soule's* yet vntoucht *faculties*:
Wee varied, where we toucht varieties
Of *dispositions* of the *soule* and *sp'rite*:
In touching which, wee toucht these *Policies*
Wherein the *worldlie wise* so much delight,
Because they tend to rule the *World* aright.

The *pleasures* of the *Minde* (as erst was said)
As farre surmount all *pleasures* corporall,¹
As the *Minde* doth the *Bodie*, which is swai'd
But by the *Minde*, with swaile *Monarchicall*:
Yet some base *bodies* keepe the *Minde* in thrall:
Who doe s' extremely doate on *fleshy ioies*,
That they doe wish they had no *minde* at all,
That so they might not feelee the *Minde's* annoies,
For those *delights* which *Flesh* and *Sprite* destroies,

These *Men-beastes* are as if they never were,
They burden but the *Earth*,² yet are too light,
Who liue to *lust*, yet streight away they weare,
(Like *Dew* against the *sunne* in highest height)
With *flesh-consuming* fleshy fraile delight.
These senselesse *spunges* of *Improbability*
Are full of *pleasure*, but it is vnright;
For *God's* hand squizeth out their *iolitie*,
And fils their *Mindes* with reall *miserie*.

The *Minde* her *pleasures* needs not intermit
And then retake them, as the *senses* must:³

¹ The *Minde's* pleasurs much more pleasant then corporal delights.

² Sensuall persons are vaelesse burdens to the earth.

³ The senses soone weery of their pleasures.

But changeth them as shee thinkes requisit,
(Sometimes the *lust*, for *pleasures* most *vnjust*,
So changing *Loue* too oft to lothsome *Lust*)
Except the *powre*, from whence the *motion* springs
Be hindred by (and so betrai'd in trust)
Some let in th' *Organs*, vsd in her *workings*,
Which *Wine's* excesse, and *sicknesses* often brings.¹

But those *impediments* bee'ng tane away,
Shee, like a *River*,² keepes her wonted course
In *motion* still, till shee bee at a stay
By some strong *Damme*; yet doth her selfe enforce
(Stil gath'ring *strength*, & *courage* from her *Source*)
To breake away through all *Impediments*,
That so shee may employ her wonted force
Vpon the *pleasures*, which her most contents,
Be they vaine *loies* or *diuine ravishments*.

It then behoves vs to be wel advis'd
What *matter* we propose vnto our *minde*:³
Or good, or ill, or ill with good disguiz'd:
For if shee should therein a liking finde,
Shee will thereto be evermore inclin'de:
Like some pure virgins,⁴ that nere knew the sport
That men doe yeeld them, in the *kindest kinde*,
Having once tasted it, are all amort
But when (though damn'd) they are at that disport.

If then we would cheere this ay-moving *mind*,
We must haue care, that that be perfect good
Which shee doth *chew* (how different e're in *kynd*)
For, corrupt *Aliments* breede corrupt *blood*:
And *blood* corrupted is *Confusion's* flood:
But *sensuall pleasures* cannot please the *Sense*
Without being cloied, though they change their *mood*:
For *Sense* sometimes must hold them in suspence,
To sett an edge the while on her dull'd sence.⁵

Likewise, the *pleasures* which we doe receave
From *Nature's* works haue much more force, then those
That we from *Artificiall things* conceaue:
For lett all *Artes* vnto our view expose
What *Arte* it selfe in each kinde can disclose,
They bring *satiety* soone with the sight;
But who is cloi'd to see a flowrd *Close*,
Hills, *Dales*, *Brooks*, *Meads*, *Woods*, *Groves*, all daintie
dight,
Sunne, *Mooone*, and *Starrs*, & al in perfect *plight*?

For we, being *naturall*, doe best agree
With things in nature no lesse *naturall*;

¹ Wine & sickness 2. Obstacles that lets the minde's actions.

² Simil.

³ Wee ought to propose nothing to the minde vnworthy of her.

⁴ Simil.

⁵ Sense must awhile forbear pleasures to make them more pleasant.

⁶ The pleasures which sense receiues from natural things are more pleasant then those from Artificiall.

Yet, to confesse a wel-know'n veritee,
Our often seeing these faire *Creatures* all
Doth make the pleasure much lesse ¹ *Cordial*;
Herehence it is, that we doe lesse admire
The pow'r of that *Hand* supernaturall,
Which did this *al* with al these *Faires* attire;
And so not praise him, as his *workes* require.

Yet if a *Child*, confin'de t'a *Dungeon* deepe
Vntil he had attained *Manhood's* yeares,
Should on a *Sommer's*-day from some high *steepes*
Vpon a suddaine see these glorious *Fayres*,
His *Eyes* would ravisht be, how ere his *Eares*;
For *Eares* should solac'd be, aswell as *Eyes*—
With the melodious ² nimble-wing'd *Quiers*;
Nay I suppose such *ioy* would him surprise,
As he were plung'd in *ioyes* of *Paradise*.

But while he's *Dungeon'd*, let the expert'st *Tongue*
(That able were to create *Living wordes*)
Paint out the *Earth* with quicke-*wordes*, great with *yonge*,
And though that *Fry* againe like *Spawne* affords,
And ev'ry one had pow'r to pierce like *Swords*
Into the nature of these *Rarities*,
To make him comprehend the highest *Lord's*
Inferior'st *workes*, he could not well comprize
The thousandth part of *grace* which in them lies.

As when a *Man* ³ (though with an *Angell's* tongue)
Whilst we are *Dungeon'd* in this *World* of *wo*,
Tels vs of *Heav'n's*, and all that doth belonge
Vnto the state of those that thither go;
With words that from a *well* of *Wisdomes* flo:
Yet tells he not the hundred thousandth part
Of that rare *blisse* which none on *Earth* can kno;
As good *Soules* wel perceave, when hence they ⁴ part;
Which farr surmounts the highest thoughts of Hart.

But herein's faulty this Comparison:
To *Mundane things* is fixt *satiety*,
But those blest *Things* that are about the *Sun*
Are priviledg'd from such deficiency;
For they are ful of all ⁵ *felicity*:
The more they are beheld the more they may,
For they content *Desire's* best-sighted *Eye*,
And please the more, because that *still* they stay;
"For true *ioyes* are compleate by their delay.

Aske that same third-*Heav'n*-rapt ⁶ *Saint*, what hee *saw*
Or what he *heard*, when he was ravisht so;
Hee'l tell you (though most learn'd in sacred *Law*
And no lesse learn'd each way) he doth not kno;
The *ioye* thereof his *Sense* did so oreflo.

¹ Nothing vnder the Sunne long contents: therefore wee should seeke contentment about the Sunne.

² Birdes.

³ Simil.

⁴ None know it but they that feele it.

⁵ The propertie of true felicity is alwaies to content the desire and exclude feare.

⁶ St. Paule.

If then so great a *Clark*, so pure a *Saint*,
Being but in the *Heav'n*, two lofts belo,
Wants *wordes* the *ioye* thereof aright to paint,
Who can the highest *Heaven's* blisse depaint?

Thus the *Affects* of *ioy* and *Griefe*, are giv'n
By him, that gives *all* onely to one *end*,
To weete, his *Glorie*, and desire of *Heav'n*;
Ioie to allure, and *Griefe* th' *Affects* to bend
From that which doth to *Griefe* and *Horror* tend.
Now then, to runne through other strong *Affects*,
And to descend to *Love*, (that doth ¹ descend)
Which is a *Passion* powrefull in *effects*
And chiefly the chief-good by kinde respects.

When *Iudgment* hath allow'd a thing for *good*,
Shee forth-with tenders it vnto the *Will*;
Which doth embrace the same in ioyful moode,
Because it doth hir *Soule's* desire fulfill:
And when that *ioy* (conceav'd) doth tarry still
It's call'd *Loue*, ² which doth the wil incline
To *simple good*, or *good* scarce toucht with *ill*.
Thus *Loue* is bredd or *humane* or *divine*,
Which in the *soule* like a faire *Flame* doth shine.

But *Loue*, that hath respect to any *thing*
Besides the *goodnes* of the *thing* belov'd,
Is rather *doating*, which doth *loathing* bring ³
When *things* therby desir'd are wel approv'd:
If *God* himselve bee for his *bounty* lov'd
And *onely* therefore, who doth loue him so
Doth loue him for his *goodnes*, by him prov'd,
Yea for that *goodnes* which to him doth flo,
Not for that *good* which he cannot forego.

Who loveth vs for his owne *goodnesse* sake,
And for no *good* in vs, (for we have none)
We should loue him, not for he did vs ⁴ make,
But for his *goodnesse* onely and alone,
And loue al *goodnesse*, for, and in that *One*:
A *father* loues his *sonne*, not in regard
Of any *gaine*, but for he is his *owne*;
Nor should a *Sonne*, his *Sire* loue for *reward*,
But for he is his *Sire* in *Nature* deard.

For, if we loue *ought* for the *good* we have
From it, we loue our *selves* more then the *same*,
Or loue *it* for our *selves*, our *selves* to save
From want of *that* which from it to vs came:
So such loue is *selfe-loue*, ⁵ which *Love* doth blame:
But we must loue the *Lord of Love* for *love*;
Nay, though he hate vs, we must love his *name*,
Sith to make *man* ⁶ *Loue* onely did him move
But to loue him againe for *Mannes*'s behove.

¹ Loue doth descend not ascend.

² How love is bredd.

³ Doating brings loathing.

⁴ God should simply be loved for his own goodnes.

⁵ It is selfe-loue to love God for his bounty towards vs onely.

⁶ Loue made vs to loue.

If then we weigh, by what *degrees* wee mount
To him from whom our *soules* did first descend,
We finde that as through *lous* (which doth surmount)
They came from him, so to him they ascende
The selfe-same way, as to their proper *end*.¹
For coming from *him*, they must *know* him needs ;
And knowing *him*, they needes must to him tend,
But so they cannot, but by *loue's* good-deedes ;
For what is not of *lous*, from *sinne* proceedes.

The order then, of the *degrees* to *lous*²
Is, first wee at *things corporall* beginne ;
For, our *birth* to that *Steppe* vs streight doth moue ;
Vnto our *outward senses* then wee rinne,
To *Fancie* next, and so wee never linne
Till through *Reas'n*, *Iudgement*, *Contemplation*,
We come to *lous*, and so wee rest therein :
But to descend by the selfe same *gradation*,
And there to rest, descendeth to *damnation*.

For, to dismount from true *loue's* loftie *pitch*
(*Loue* of the *High'st*), so lowe as to *selfe-loue*,
Is, *Sow*-like, to lie mired in the *ditch*
Of lowest *Hell*, where we all *Sorowes* proue,
And cannot for our *soules* from thence remoue
Without kinde heav'nly *loue's* all-helping *hand* ;
Which onely and alone hath powre to moue
Our *Mindes* from *Earth* vnto the *Living's* Land,
And breake the *linckes* of *selfe-loue's* mortall Band.³

Loue makes an *Vnion* of *Diversitie* ;
If then wee loue *God*, *hee* and *wee* are *One*,
One (although diverse) through true *amitie* ;
Wee loue *him* and our selues for *him* alone :
So may we loue our selues, as wee loue none.⁴
Likenesse breedes *loue*, which makes him loue vs so
Who made vs to his *Image* ; and his *Sonne*
Assum'd our *shape*, which makes his loue the mo :
Then, by like reason, wee should loue him to.

The more his *Image* is renew'd in vs,
The more he loues vs, and wee loue the more ;
Then to deforme the same's most odious,
And he detesteth vs alone therefore,
Which makes vs likewise loath *him* and his *love* :
All which proceedes from *dissimilitude*,
For, *God* and *Beliall* are *fous* evermore ;
Then sith wee are with his faire *Forme* indu'd,
Let *it* by vs bee euermore renew'd.

For, *Beauty* is an vrgent cause of *Loue* ;⁵
If so, wee should embrace the fairest *Faire*
With loue that should be farre all *lous* aboue,
Yea, die for loue, that *Loue* might *life* repaire,
And glorifie the same as *Beautie's* *Heire* :

See wee an hue that mortall *beauty* stains
(As doth the *Sunne* the *Moone* by his repaire)
This sov'raigne *Beauty*¹ all the glorie gaines,
Sith but a sparke thereof the same sustaines.

Then *Beauty* blush to glorie in thy *Blaze*,
And much more blush to blaze thy *glorie vaine*
With *colors* fresh,² to make fraile *eyes* to gaze,
And such as cannot iudge of *colors*, faine ;
No *color* hast thou so thy selfe to staine :
The *best* is too too *bad*, and *bad's* the *Best*,
That without³ *color* doe their *face* ingraine :
In earnest such (I thinke) doe loue to *test*,
As *Chaucer*, but my *Muse* will owe the rest,

But *outward beauty* *lous* procures, because
It argues th' inward beauty of the *Minde* ;⁴
For *goodnes* is th' *effect*, *Beauty* the *Cause*,
And both together commonly we finde ;
For *Nature* both together stil doth binde.
A good *Complexion's* disposition
Is, for the most part, vertuously inclinde ;
But *Women's* beauty by permission
Being often tempted breedes suspition.

For hardly is *that* kept, that *many* craues,⁵
And *chastitie* with *beautie's* stil at strife ;
For, much more beautiful are *Frailtie's* *slaves*
Then (for the most part) they of vertuous life :
And, aske a *man*, that hath a beautilous *wife*,
How much he fears the fowle fal of his *faire*,
Because that nothing in the *world's* more rife
Then at faire *beautie's* byding *men's* repaire ;
And where they *haunt*, they do not stil⁶ *repaire*.

But this by *accident* is rather thus,
Then any waie to *beauty* naturall ;
For it, by *Nature*, is most vertuous,
Sith *Temper*s good, to *ill* are seldome thrall :⁷
For, *bodies* meere are *Organicall*,
Whereon the *mind* doth play al *parts* in one :
If then they be in *tune*, most cordiall
Their *motions* must be needs, sith there is none
That moues them but the *minde* or *God* alone.

But for that *beauty* stil alures the *eye*,
The *eye* the *hart*, the *hart* the *soule* & *Sp'rite*
Of those, that on the same do chance to pry.
Because it doth bebeau'n them with delight :⁸
This makes them instantly the same incite
To yeeld to *lous*, or *lust*, and their *desire* ;
Then being subject thus to restlesse fight

¹ God is man's beginning & his end.

² The order of loue's progres.

³ He workes in vs both the will and the deede.

⁴ Selfe-loue is iustificable when we loue our selues for god only.

⁵ Beauty is a speciall cause of loue.

¹ God the Fount of all Beauty.

² Painting the face.

³ Without color of Reason.

⁴ Outward argues inward beauty.

⁵ Sinne is conceived in the womb of concupiscence.

⁶ They rather ruine then repaire the tender honors of women.

⁷ A well tempered body makes a like tempered mind ordinarily.

⁸ An vnchaste eye loues to looke vpon a light eye.

It oft enflames, and is enflam'd with *fire*,
That *Flesh* and *Sprite* makes but one *flame* intire.

How many may we see distracted quight,
Or pyning liue, or rather dy with *paine* ?
Yea some to spill themselves (with all despiht)
For other's *beautie* which they cannot gaine?
If *beauty* then so ore fraile *sense* doth raigne,¹
Sense, being subject to her *sou'raigntie* ,
Doth sue and serue, her *favour* to obtaine,
With most impetuous importunitie,
Till shee as subject, to her *Subject* lie.

And never times (except the *times* of old,
For whose *corruption* al the *world* was drown'd)
But these curst *times* of ours, durst be so bold,
To make it common with *estates* renown'd
To court bright *beauty* ² *match'd*, as t'were *unbound* :
Call yee it *Courtshippe* ? cal it what yee please
(Though it be in *request*) it was not found
In chaster *times* ; for oft it doth disease
The *head* with *swellings* which nought can appease.

Mee thinks I see, (as I haue often scene)
A well-made *Male*, as male-content to stand
(In *silke* or *silver* clad right well-beseene)
Wringing a *match'd faire Female* by the hand,
Whil'st, in her *ears*, he lets her vnderstand
How much shee ought to loue him for his loue ;
Meane while hard by stands *Patience* the Husband,
And lets *Temptation* his weake *vessell* proue,
Which in his sight her vnscene *Spright* doth moue.³

It's prettie *pastime* so to passe the time,
It savoures of good *breeding*, and good *Witt* :
The *Howres* are made more pleasant by this *Chime*,
Who would not stil to here the same stil sitt,
Although a *man* transforméd were by it ?
O tis a iolly matter to give care,
Nay to give leaue to *Musicks* in her fitt :
He is a *Beast* that wil not then forbear
Though he thereby be made a *Beast* to beare.

Foure kinds of *divine fury*⁴ are obseru'd,
The *first* (and first by right) *Prophetically*, (1.)
Which by *Apollo* is rul'd, and conserv'd ;
The *next* by *Bacchus*, calléd *Misticall* ; (2.)
The *third* by *Muses*, hight *Poeticall* ; (3.)
The *fourth* and last, by *Venus* governéd, (4.)
Is call'd the *Fury Amatoriall* ;
Which doe inferre, that *Love* is borne and bredd
Without the breach of *Nature's* Maidenbedd.

¹ Beauty signifieth the sense.

The beauty of a Woman cheereth the face, and a man loves nothing better. Eccl. 36, 22.

² Married.

³ Adultery, Luxury, wantonnesse, slouth, Pride, &c. are sins in Specie, the Genus to all these is Caro.

⁴ 4. Kinds of divine furie.

What *force* it hath, is better felt then showne,
For *Words* cannot expresse the *force* of *loue* ;¹
Call we it *Love* or *Lust*, it is well known
It hath the *force* of both, the *Heart* to move ;
Which *these* can testifie that it did prove :
Semiramis (whose *Vertue* past compare)
This furious *Passion* her did so remoue
From that shee was ; that lusting to reshare
Hir *Sonne*, her *Sonne* her *Threod* of *Life* did share.

The *Macedonian Philipp's* peerelesse ² *Sonne*,
That over-ranne the *World* with *Sword* and *Fire*,
This flaming *fury* yet did so ore runne,
That for his *Thais* (that kindled his *desire*)
He burnt ³ *Persepolis*, sans cause of *ire* :
Yea, did not onely that fowle *fact* command,
But with his *Hands* he lab'red (as for *hire*)
To burne the *buildings* which as yet did stand,
Till he had laid al level with the *Land*.

A *Wonder* worthy of all wonderment,
That he that foil'd what ere his *force* withstood,
Should bee thus *foil'd*, and made a *President*
Of *Lust's* fell *force*, which so enflam'd his *Blood*
That made his *Flesh* Wild-*Fire* in likelyhood :
A *Man* by woman, a *King* by a *Queene*
To be so overcome through *Lustfull* moodes,
(Being so *effeminate* and most *obscene*)
Argues, in *Love* and *Lust* there is no meane.⁴

Strange are th' effects of *Lust*. For, *Men* with *Men*
Nay, *Man* with *Beast* : A *Sinne* not to be toucht
So much as with the *Tongue*, much leasse with *Pen*,
And least of all with *that* too oft bewitcht,
With loue of *that* which is by *Nature* grutcht :
Lust is so blinde that it cannot discerne
A *Man* from *Beast*, (how ever beastly coucht)
But doth a *Man-beast* moue (though *Nature* yerne)
The tricks of *Beasts*, with lothsome *Beasts* to learne.

Graue *Xenophon* lov'd *Clinias* in this kinde ;
So as hee crav'd of *loue* when *Clinias* di'de,
That (if he might see *him*, and still be blinde,
Or not see *him*, and still be perfect *Eyde*)
He rather mought the want of *sight* abide
To see *him* once, then still to haue his sight
And not see *him* ; See see how blinde a *Guide*
Is lothsome *Lust*,⁵ that leades *men* so vnright,
As for her pleasure so themselves to spight.

Semiramis an *Horse* (ô brutish *Lust* !)
Did lust to hane (ô monstrous *Mare* humane !)
Pasiphaë long'd for a *Bull* to thrust
Her from a woman to a Cow vnclane :
And *Cyparissus* made an *Hynde* the meane

¹ Loue's force is vntterable.

² Alexander Mag.

³ Plutar. in Alexand.

⁴ Loue is lawles.

⁵ Lust is blinde.

To coole his *courage*; *Aristomachus*
A silly *Bee* would haue to be his *Queene*.
Lust whither wilt? wilt be so monstrous
To long for *Bees* that be but moates to vs?

Publius Pilatus fell in lusting loue
With *Hellen's Image*; and *Pigmalion*
For his owne *Picture* did like *passion* proue.¹
Damn'd *Lust* what pleasure provd'st thou in a *stone*
That's cold by *kind*, as *Snow* on *Libanon*?
To tell the *Mischiefes*, *Spoiles*, & *Masacres*,
By *hate* effected, though through *loue* begun,
Were but to tell the *number* of the *Starrs*;
For *Lust* and *Mischeife* are loynt *passengers*.

Troy might (perhappes) haue stooode vnto this *Age*,
Had *Lust* not laid it leuell with the *plaines*;
And *seas* of *Blood* spent in that ten yeares' *Siege*
Might still haue kept the *Chanells* of the *Vaynes*:
But lewde *Lust* is so loose that shee restraines
Her will in nought,² though it bringes *all* to nought:
Shee pleasure takes in *pleasure* causing *paines*;
For by her painfull pleasures such are wrought,
Yet on such *pleasures* shee doth fixe her *thought*.

Shee will not let the *Thoughts* so much as prie
A *minute's* space, on *ought*, but what shee loues;
Shee (*Tirant*) captivates the *Fantasy*,
So that it cannot stirre till shee it moves:
Or if it doe shee forth-with it removes:
My *Fancie's* *Mistris*, saith some *slave* to *Lust*,
Is my *Thought's* *Heau'n*: So swallowed with his *Loues*
Are all his *Thoughts*; and though as dry as *Dust*
He lusts to please his *loue* with *loue* vniust.

For this, al that pertaines, must be in *print*,
Weeds, *Words*, *Lookes*, *Loks*, in *print*, not one awry,
Whose *Motions* must be currant for the *Mynt*:³
His *glances* must keepe iust time with her *Eye*,
And seeme to die, se'ng her rich beauties *dye*:
Yet with a *carefull* *carelesnesse*, he must
Avoide the *hate* which too much *loue* doth buy,
And *loue* no more then may provoke to *lust*;
These are their *loue-tricks*, *triches* of *loue* vniust.

One makes an *Idoll* of his *Mistris' Glove*,
And offers (thrice a day at least) a *Kisse*
Vnto each *finger*, so to show his *loue*;
Another her *Haire-Bracelett* makes his *blisse*,
And *Night* and *Day* t'adore it wil not misse.
These *Fancies*, *fancie* doe with *kindnes* cloy,
Witt nere, in *loue*, taught *Pupill* so of his,
(As saith the *Book*) but doth his *powres* imploy
With *kindnesse* coy, to winne his witty *Toy*.

⁴ Whist, *Muse*, be mute; wilt thou like *Naso* proue,
And interlace thy *Lynes* with *levity*?

Wilt thou add *Precepts* to the *Arte* of *Loue*,
And show thy *vertue* in such *vanity*?
So to polute thy purer *Poesy*!
No more, no more, ynough, (if not too much)
Is sedd already of this *Mistery*;
My *Conscience* at the same doth (grieving) grutch,—
But let it goe this once, with but this *Touch*.

And how-soere *Beauty* may bee abus'd,
It promiseth more *good* then *shapeliness*:¹
If it proue otherwise, it's thus excus'd;
The *High'st* to shew that *good-guifts* (more or lesse)
Proceede from him, and not from *Nature's* largesse,
Lets *beauty* fal, and soile it selfe with sinne;
Which is more dam'd if *beauty* it doth blesse,
As *Vertue* is most *faire*, that blest hath bin
With *beauty*, being resident therein.

But *loue*, that *Beautie* breedeth, is threefold,
According to three *objects*² of that *loue*,
All *faire*, some *good*, which thus we may vnfold;
The *Pleasant*, and the *Profitable* mooue
As doth the *Honest*, true *loue*, which we proue:
The *first* concerneth things that please the *Sense*, (1.)
As *beautie*, and at what the *sense* doth roue;
The *second* hath to *welfare* reference; (2.)
The *third* and last to *Iustice* and *Prudence*. (3.)

The *first* and *second* kinds of *lust* or *loue*,
Among the *Perturbations* may be put;
Sith they so many ill *affections* moue
That make *man's* life to be in *Sorrow* shut,
Which like a *Razor* off the same doth cut:
But *loue* of *honest* things is vertuous,
And from *man's* *praises* take away the *But*;
It shows the *Minde* is right magnanimous;
'For that's most *great*, that is most *gracious*.

This *loue*³ is kindled by that heav'nly *Flame*
That, like fine *Gold*, doth purifie the *Sp'rite*;
And like it selfe (transmuted) maks the same
Good, *gratious*, *holy*, *wise*, *iust*, *clear*, & *bright*,
Glory'ng in him that makes her *glory* right:⁴
This is the *loue* of *beauty* most extreame
Wherein celestial *soules* doe most delight;
Of *loue* that feedes the *Sp'rite* it is the *creame*
Infus'd by *Iustice* *Sonne's* inlightning *Beame*.

This *loue* resembles that of *Seraphins*,
Who burne in *loue* of the *extremest* *Good*;
And makes *Men* like the sacred *Cherubins*
Still priviledg'd from *outward* charge; whose moode
Is stil t'attend on *LOVE'S* *Trin-union-hood*.
This *loue*, this *beauty*, (Loue of vertuous things
Whose *beauty* flowes from divine *beautie's* *Flind*)

¹ Such lovers are as senses as the stones which they loue.

² Lust is most willfull.

³ O toile intollerable!

⁴ Quoth Speculation.

¹ Beauty promiseth more honesty then deformity.

² 3 Causes of loue, viz. Pleasant, profitable, & honest.

³ Perfect loue.

⁴ God, the Exchequer of Beauty.

Doth make *Men Gods* among the mighti'st *Kings*,
And *Kings* with highest *God*, in high'st *dwellings*.

Goodnesse is *Beautie's* Mother,¹ and true *Loue's* ;
Beauty and *loue* are both bred in one *Wombe* :
Then *loue* and *beautie* stil it much behoues
To tend to *Goodnesse*, as vnto the *Tombe*
That must at last for ever them enwombe.
But there are diuerse *loues*, and *beauties* mo,
According to the *creatures* all or some
Proceeding from that *LOVE* and *BEAVTY*, who
Sheds both on *things* aboue, and *things* belo.

Four special *beauties*, *Goodnesse* hath created ;²
The first is that, whereby the *Minde* and *sp'rite* (1.)
Hath *Wit* and *Vnderstanding* in them seated :
The second, them adorne with *Knowledge* bright (2.)
That mounts the *Minde* to *Contemplation's* height ;
The third, in seede preserving *mortall things* ; (3.)
The last in *corp'ral things* that sense delight : (4.)
Science the *Soule* to *Contemplation* brings,
But her to *things* materiall *Fancie* flings.

Yet, did the *soule* but weigh how shee is bound
To her *Creator*, for his matchlesse loue ;
Shee would from thence (by *Reason*) soone rebound,
And wholly stil contemplate *things* aboue :³
For this, his loue requitlesse doth approue ;
He gaue her *being*, meere of free *grace*
Before shee *Was*, or could his *mercie* moue ;
Then if shee loue him, her loue is but base
Compar'd with *his* that made her what shee *was*.

Who giues a *Gift* much more affection shoes
Then the *Receiver* for it can bewray ;
The *giver* giues, being free to giue or choose,
But the *Receiver's* bound to loue alway :
Yet, if the *giver* giues to th' end to *pray*,
It's not of *Loue*, but *Lucre*, (loth'd of *Loue* ;)
GOD cannot giue so, in whom all doth stay :
But *Men* giue thanks for *Blessings* which they proue,
And *God* thereby to giue them *more* doe moue.

Such *loue* in *giver* and *receiver* both
Is meere merc'nary corrupt,⁴ and base,
Which hatefull *loue* the Lord of *loue* doth loth,
And from such *lovers* turns his loving *face*,
As from false *Hypocrites*, abusing *grace* :
But true *love's* scope, is (in a gracious *moode*)
To loue all those that *Mercie* shoulde embrace,
Respecting nought, but to streame forth the *flood*
Of *goodnesse*, which it hath for others' good.

For *loue* is free, and freely would be lov'd ;
It's actiue, like a *Flame* in operation ;

¹ Goodnesse is mother to loue & beauty.

² Goodnesse hath made 4. especiall beauties.

³ The little consideration we haue of God's goodnesse towards vs, is the cause of our coldnesse in loue to him.

⁴ The loue that is bought is stark nought.

Sauē that, like *fire* it is not *upwardes* mou'd,
But doth *descende* by *Reason's* computation,
For such *descent* on *Reason* hath foundation.
The *Sire* doth loue the *Sonne*, more then the *Sonne*
Doth loue the *Sire*, because by *generation* ¹
Part of the *Sire* into the *Sonne* doth runne,
But no part of the *Sonne* in *Sire* doth wonne.

Sith *loue* in nature stil doth thus *descende*,
God loues man more then *Man* his *God* can loue ;
For *Man* proceedes from *God* who is his *ende* ;
But *God* from *Man* likewise cannot remoue,
For *Man* is *finite*, and in *God* doth moue :²
This made him loue *Men* when they were his *foes*,
And for their loues a *world* of *woe* did proue :
Therefore hee's *Fount* of *Loue* whence all *loue* flows
Which *loues* for *hate*, and *hate* doth *loue*-dispose.

Now, how to loue this *Wall* of *loue* the more
Loue doth direct, by kindling the *Desire*
Truely to *know* and *minde* it evermore ;³
Both which so sets the *soule's* frame all on fire,
That it is made one *flame* of *loue* intire :
The more wee *know* it, it the more wee *minde* ;
The more wee *minde* it, it wee more *require* ;
The more we *seek*, the more wee it doe *finde*,
And being *found*, it quite doth *lose* the *Minde*.

For then the *Minde's* no more that which it *was*,
For to this *loue* it's transubstantiate,
To weete, as neere as *loue* can bring to passe
It's ev'n the selfe-same *thing* immaculate,
And like this *LOVE*, this *loue* doth contemplate ;
Reiecting all that would inueigle it
To loue ought els, and stil doth meditate
To loue nought els, and bends all powres of *wit*
To make it selfe for this *Loue* onely fit.

Thus *Sinners* may turne *Seraphins* by ⁴ *Loue*,
Wounding with *Loue-shafts* *God's* hart (pure alone ;)
So, as the *one's* hart so the *other's* moue
As twixt them al there were no *Hart* but *one* :
This is to lye next the chiefe *Corner-stone*
In the *Church militant*, (*Triumphant* rather,)
For *God* and *man* this *Loue* doth so attone
As doth, nay more then *loue* doth *Sonne* and *Father* ;
For *loue* makes both intire still altogether.

For *Loue* ⁵ doth graue (though in an *Hart* of *Brasse*)
The forme of the *Belou'd* in the *Hart*,
So that a *Lover's* Hart is like a *Glasse*
Where the *Belou'd* is seene in ev'ry part ;

¹ A natural reason why loue descendeth.

² In him we liue move, & haue our being.

³ To know god's loue is the way to make Man loue.

⁴ All true loue is either Amor Coeli or amor Seculi, this of our neighbour, that, of God.

⁵ As there is no loue without faith, so there is no faith without loue.

⁶ Loue, of all humane Affections, is the most puissant & passionate.

So, in *God's* Hart w' are graven by *Love's* Arte,
And in our harts *Loue* doth his *forme* ingrave ;
Thus interchang'd we either's *forme* impart
To other's liking by the ¹ *Loue* we have,
And make the *Hart* the *Lodge* it to receive.

The *ende* or scope of *loue* is to *vnite* ;
The faster therefore it conglutinates
Two harts, or of them makes an *vnion* right,
So much the more her *vertue* shee elates,
And perfectly her *kinde* effectuates :
Then, *Loue* in *God* (in whom *Love* perfect is)
His *vertue* so to *man* participates,
That they become ² *one* through that *loue* of his ;
For *Man* partakes his *Image* and his *Blisse*.

But *man* (meere *Chaos* of extreame *Defect*)
Doth *loue*, but loveth onely in *desire* :
He longs (perhapps) to *loue* with al effect,
That *God* and *he* thereby might be *intire*,
Whereto his leaden *loue* would faine aspire ;
From which *desire* proceeds a pleasant *paine*,
Pleasant, in that it sett's the *soule* on *fire*
With *loue* so good ; And *paine* it breeds again,³
For what it hath not, what it would haue fain.

But what is lacking in *Man's* *loue*, the same
God doth supply out of his boundlesse *loue* ;
And makes *Man's* *loue* therby a working *flame*,
Which to presse through al *Pressures* still doth prove,
And towards *God* (her *Spheare*) doth ever move :
This *Flame* doth melt the *marrow* of the *Sp'rite*
Making it *liquid* sooner to remove
In't *Mercie's* *Mould*, where it's reform'd aright,
And made *intire* with ⁴ *LOVE*, true *loue's* delight.

For when the *lover* loues himselfe no more,
But the *Belou'd* in whom he abides,
Or, if he *loue* himselfe, it is *therefore*
To weet, for that he in his *loue* resides ;
Then *Loue* is pure, & at high'st *pitch* besides.⁵
But such high *Raptures* are too rarely found,
In fraile *humanity*, that on *Earth* bides ;
Though *loue* the *Soule* therefore perhaps may wound
Yet still t' will be to the owne *Body* bound.

How shal I *end* with everlasting *Loue*,
To ease my *Reader* tir'd with heavy *lines* ?
Vnto this *Labarinth* of *Loue* (I prove)
The *Author* (*LOVE*) no *comming out* assigns ;
Yet rest I may, though it my *Muse* confines :
As *Zeuxis* drue a *vaile* (with curious skill)
Ore that, hee wanted skill t' expresse by *Lines* :

¹ *Loue* is the Bond that vnites *God* & *man*.

² Brothers by redemption ought to be more neere & deere to each other, then Brothers by creation.

³ In good desires there is pleasure and paine.

⁴ *God*.

⁵ When *loue* is in the height of perfection.

So I the like in *Loue* must now fulfill,
And leave the *Reader* to thinke what he will.

NOW may we *range* next to the *Ranke* of *loue*
Other *Afections*, and to doe it right
We must place *Favours* there, by which w' approve
Of some thing wherein we conceave delight,
For that it's good in *deede* or so in *sight* :
Herein *Loue's* obligation doth commence ;
Yet *favours* may haue *force* where *loue* lacks *might*,
But without *Favours*, *Loue* is a *non ENS* ;
For, *Favours* waites vpon *Love's* excellence.

Then *Reverence* with *Favour* we may *Ranke*,
Bredd by comparing some high *Dignitie*
With some inferior *State*¹ (that *Fortune* sanck)
Which then is in it's *right* especially,
When extreame *fear* and *Hatred* come not ny :
For though in *Rev'rence*, *Feare* and *Shamefastnesse*,
With *moderation* doe obscurely lye ;
Yet *Feare* (by some *Ill* caus'd) *Good* doth suppress,
Still seeme in *that* which breeds our *humblenesse*.

True *rev'rence* therefore beare we vnto *God*
Who is *all good*, as he *almightie* is ;
For, fear'd we nought by his revenging *Rodd*,
Our *Rev'rence*, would be turn'd to *hate* by this :
Then *Rev'rence* growes from *pow'r* and *grace* of his ;²
And, whosoere with them he most endowes,
Of *Rev'rence* from lesse *Rev'rend* cannot misse :
For *Rev'rence* *Pow'r* and *Goodnesse* still ensues,
And the *lesse* *worthie* to the better bowes.

For when we eie the *vertue*, *pow'r*, and *grace*,
Of the most *Noble*, (truely call'd so)
And looke vpon our selves, and weigh how base
We are compar'd with them, then bend we lo
As vnto them that vs in *Good* out-go.
For, as *selfe-liking* doth enlarge the *Hart*,³
Or puffe it vp (like *Bladders* which we blo)
So it contracts it selfe in *ev'ry* part,
When we see *others* passe vs in *desart*.

Then as we *rev'rence* *God* for *goodnesse* more,
Then for his *might*, and awfull *Maiesty* ;⁴
So, if we would be *rev'renc't* of the *Low'r*,
We must surmount them in that *ex'lency*
That makes vs most resemble *Deity* :
For whereas *Goodnesse* doth associate *Might*,
There the most *Insolent*, most *rev'rently*
(Though otherwise repleat with al *Dispyght*)
Will doe their *Homage* freely with delight.

For *homage*, *fealty*, and *honor*, are
To sacred *Vertue* due by *Nature's* Law :

¹ Howe *favours* is *bredd*.

² Reverence springs from *powre* and *goodnesse*.

³ Simil.

⁴ We reverence *God* more for his *goodnesse* then for his *powre*.

Honor we owe to *Virtue* (though but bare)
And *Virtue* matcht with *might* doth *Reverence* draw.
Then *Honor*, *Reverence*, and loving *awe*
Are due to *Maiestie*; ¹ and *that* is due
To *Magistrats* that *Men* from *Vice* with-draw,
And make them *Virtue* eagerly ensue,
Themselves therin be'ng *Leaders* of the *Crue*.

The last *Affects* to *Love* subordinate
Are *Mercy* and *Compassion*; ² These are they
Which make vs (like *God*) to commiserate
The *miseries* of those that still decay,
Or are at point to perish without stay.
These, these, bewraie that we are *Members* quick
Of that same *Bodie*, whose *Head* doth bewray
That they are *Members* mortifide, or sick
Which feele no *paines*, that fellow-*members* prick.

These make vs make the *hand* of the *distrest*
Our *Mucke* and Earthly *Mammon's* continent,
Yea make vs make the *Orphane's* home our *Brest*,
And our right *Arme* the *Weedowe's* Sustinent;
And all that want, our *All* them to content. ³
O that these were more frequent then they are
With those that doe our *Churches* so frequent!
For *damn'd's* *Devotion* that will nothing spare,
But for *selfe-comfort* altogether care.

These, *Colledges* and *Hospitals* erect,
And both endow with copious *maintenance*;
These are so prevalent in their effect,
That they vnto the *Heav'ns* doe *Earth's* advance,
Wherein there is no *want* or *sufferance*:
These doe *forgive*, as gladly as they *gine*,
Vnto their *foes* miscarried by *Mischance*;
These *good* and *bad* (like *God*) in *lacke* relieue,
For *Mercie's* *Bowels* melt when *anise* grieve.

These *Bridges* builde ore *Rivers* (*semi-Seas*)
And turne deepe *Waies* (though endlesse in extent)
To *Cawseis* firme, for *Man* and *Beast's* more ease,
And ev'ry *waie* provide for *both's* content, ⁴
Through fellow-feeling of their dryriment:
These make their *Waredrops* and the *Needie's*, one,
And their owne *Limbes*, *limbes* of the *impotent*;
Ioy with the ioiefull, mone with them that mone
And sigh in *soule*, when they in *Bodie* grone.

O that my *soule* could (as it gladly would)
It selfe infuse into each *worde* or *line*
That tendes to *Mercie's* glorie, then it should
(So as it ought) at least like *Phabus* shine,
If not at most, bee more then most divine:
For, *Mercie* and *Iustice* are *God's* mightie *Armes*, ⁵
But he most *might* to *Mercie* doth assigne

¹ To whom honor and reverence are due vpon Earth.

² Mercy and compassion, Affects flowing from love.

³ Love hath nothing in private.

⁴ Man made of earth.

⁵ Compassion extendeth her virtue to man and beast.

⁶ Mercy & Iustice are god's almightie Armes.

As bee'ng the right *Arme*, holding all from *harmes*
Though *All* do fall through *Frailtie's* least *Alarms*.

Mercie's the true *Idea* of *God's* Soule,
Wherein his matchlesse *glorie* glitters most;
Which is of force his *Iustice* to controule:
For when in *Iustice* all that are, were lost,
Then *Mercie* them redeem'd, to *Iustice's* cost;
The Lord of *Iustice* was vnjustly *aine*,
That *Mercie* might triumph, and iustly boast: ¹
As *Loue* first made, so *Mercie* made againe
Man-kind, that *sin* had marr'd with monstrous stain.

Sith *Mercie* then is of so high account,
Shee should bee most familler with the *Hy*: ²
For, *God* in mercy doth himselfe surmount,
That is, it doth himselfe most glorify:
So they that eie the *Poorre* with *Pittie's* eie,
And haue most *mercie* seated in their *soule*,
Draw neer'st the nature of his *Deity*;
Whose *names* engrossed are in his *Check-rolle*.
And next him ought the *VNIVERS* to rule.

Thus having toucht th' *Affections* most humane
That *humane* nature doe consociate;
Now follow those that are most inhumane,
Bred by *Opinion* of *Ill*, ³ which wee hate
Which make vs savage or in worse estate:
The vnrest of our *soules*, the while they rest
Within our *Bodies*, and predominate,
Proceedes from *fourre* chiefe causes of vnrest,
Which thus by *Nature's* searchers are exprest.

Desire, *Fearre*, *Griefe*, *Ioy*, ⁴ all immoderate
(Which *perturbations* be) from these proceede
Al *Passions* which the *soule* excruciate,
Which the *Minde's* ignorance doth (fating) feede;
As knowing not what's *good* or *Ill* indeede.
Desire and *loie* those *goods* accompany
Which be not *good*, further then *Nature's* neede,
And that a *little* (*God* wot) doth supply
For, *overmuch* doth her soone mortifie.

Aske *peace* and *plenty* what fell *fighths* they haue
With these three *Monsters*, *Pride*, *Strife*, & *Excesse*,
Hardly themselves, if they at all, doe saue,
From their fell *force*, they eas'ly wil confesse.
Yet, *God* with *Peace* and *Plentie*, *Man* doth blesse, ⁵
That *Man* might blesse *God* both in *word* and *deede*,
Not take occasion from thence to transgresse:
But from these *Fountaines* pure doe oft proceede
(By their abuse) *Abuses* which exceede.

¹ God's Mercie triumpheth over his Iustice towards Man.

² Princes and Maistrates.

³ Inhumane affections howe bred.

⁴ 4. Perturbations from whom do flow al immoderate passions of the soule.

⁵ Wherefore God doth blesse man with abundance.

For, *sinne* in *peace* and *plentie*, is so arm'd
 With all that may allure the simple *sense*,
 That *sense* by those allurements is so charm'd,
 That soone it yeeldes to *sinne* obedience,
 As it were forc'd by some *Omnipotence*:¹
 When *sinne* so sweetly doth *intreate* and *pray*,
 And promise *Flesh*, *Heav'n* in *Incontinence*,
 (To which *prosperity* doth *Flesh* betray)
 How can fraile *Flesh* and *Bloud* say sweet *sinne* nay?

If *Tast* would tast, what might her *Pallate* please,
Sinne offers *Manna*, *Nectar*, and what not?
 Would *touching* feeles? *sinne* opens *pleasure's* Seas
 To plunge the *sense* therein, it to besot.
 The *smell* shee ioies with *sents* as *sweete*, as *hot*.
 The *eare* shee tickles with such *wordes* and *Notes*,
 That *Hearing* (ravisht) hath her selfe forgot.
 With *eye*-bewitching *Faires* the *eye* shee dotes:
 And thus each *sense* in *pleasure's* seas shee flotes.²

These *senses* thus bewitch'd, *Fancie* allures
 To share the *sweetnesse* which they say they finde:
Fancie consents; and *Iudgement* soone procures
 To approue their *pleasure*, which betraies the *Minde*,
 (Betrai'd and quite misled by *Iudgement* blind)
 Thus in *prosperitie* *sinne* domineers,
 Who with strong *cordes* of *Vanity* doth binde
 The *soule* and *body*, as it wel appeeres
 By those whom *welfare* to the *world* endeeres.³

• O *Flesh*! didst thou but know how *suger-sweete*
 The *pleasures* were proceeding from the *Crosse*;
 Th' wouldst runne amaine, the comming *crosse* to meet
 And count al gaine, saue that alone, but losse:⁴
 All sensual *ioies* doe thee but turne and tosse
 With restlesse proofes of *false felicitie*,
 Which *ioies* retelle, but vtter *griefes* in grosse,
 For, *corp'rall pleasure* in extremitie
 The *center* is, of endlesse *miserie*.

Now *Griefe* and *Fear*,⁵ though they accompanie
 These evil *goods* (*goods* evil by abuse)
 Yet they respect all kinde of misery
 Which we conceiue, when wee haue not *their use*;
 Through want whereof, as through an open *since*
 Flow all *vexations*, and *annoies* of *minde*,
 Into the emptie *soule*, which they reduce
 To their *obedience* in rebellious kinde;
 For *Reason* they in *rage* doe rudely binde.

The *Body* hereby (puling) pines away
 (Like to a *Bladder*⁶ whose winde is out strain'd)

¹ There is no greater temptation then never to be tempted, & no sorer punishment then of God never to be punished.

² Sinne offers the senses their severall satisfactions.

³ Vertue without aduersitie withereth and loseth her force.

⁴ There is no other passage to heaven then through the fire of Afflictions.

⁵ Griefe & fear accompanie transitory riches.

⁶ Simil.

By such degrees, as it doth by the way
 A whyning make as if the same were pain'd:
 So, fares the *Body*, by the *Minde* constrain'd.
 Til she be breathles, she breathes out but *moane*,
 For want of *Goodes* but fain'd, her griefes vnfaun'd
 Doe drie vp quite the *Marrow* of the *Bone*,
 As if shee were in wretched plight alone.

For as al good *Affections* doe proceede
 From the *opinion* which we haue of *Good*:¹
 So doth th' *opinion* of *evill* breede
 All ill *Affections* and each evil *moode*;
 For ill *Conceit*, *conceives* this curst Broode.
 Now the first touch of *ill*, is call'd *Offence*:²
 From whence (if it contynewe) fourth do budd
Griefe, *Envy*, *Hate*, and fell *Impatience*,
 As *Love* proceeds from true *Good's* residence.

And sith ther's nought that doth to *Earth* belonge
 In which both *Good* and *Ill* in *deede*, or *sho*
 Are not (like *Phisick-Potions*) mixte amonge;
 Therfore from thence may be drawne *Weale* or *Woe*
 As they are tane, sith both from thence doe flo:³
 For *that* which likes some, some doth most displease;
 According to the *humors* which they owe,
 Some take repose, in that which most disease,
 And some delight in *Warre*, but most in *Peace*.

• And the more inly that *offences* touch,
 So much the more they doe thereby offend:
 The *inward'st* is the better part by much;
 Then that which thereto doth annoyance send,
 To the tormenting of the *Whole* doth tend:
Offences done to the externall *Sense*⁴
 Are not so grievous, as those which doe wend
 To the internall; Nor is *Will's* offence
 So sore, as that which doth the *Will* incense.

Nay, if our *Will* be not offended, we
 Can suffer, what not? without al offence;
 In which respect we willingly agree,
 That *Friends'* reproofs should proue our *patience*,
 When with our *Foes* we would not so dispence;
 Likewise our *selues* of our selves so may speake,
 That *others* speaking so would vs incense,
 And make vs mortally *revenges* to seek:
 Thus *Will* bee'ng pleas'd, nought can our *patience*
 breake.

Then sith *Offence* most grieves the tender'st *Sense*,
 Therefore are *they* offended soon'st of all,
 Whose *Mindes* and *Bodies* haue most excellence,
 And are most delicate and *speciall*,

¹ Good Affects proceede from the opinion of good, and evill, from evill.

² Offence, what.

³ All mundane things are as they are taken.

⁴ Offences against the outward Senses are much lesse offensive then those against the inward.

⁵ Nothing moves our patience that moves not our will.

Bee it by *accident*, or *naturall*:
And mong the *Hoast* of *Nature's* Creatures, *Man*
Is hard'st to please,¹ and most to *Anger* thrall;
For he with nought will beare, nor suffer can,
Yet al haue cause this wayward *Waspe* to ban.

If therefore *One* it be so hard to please,
How much more hard to please an *Hoast* of *Men*?
What can be saide or done so wel, but these
Will ² *all*, or some of *all*, speake thereagen?
They care not against *whom*, nor *where*, nor *when*.
Aske *Generalls* if this be true or no,
Who though they make their *Purs*-strings cracke agen
To please the *Presse*, yet they shal not doe so,
But some will murmur, and speake broadly to.

For, some are so invred *fault* to finde,
That they offended are without *offence*,
Nothing they *heare* or *see*, but irkes their *minde*,
So all offendes them without difference:
And, to be thought of tall intelligence
Their *Tongues* dispraise, what their *Thoughts* highly
praise;³

Because they weene great praise proceeds from thence:
For he (thinke they) that sees what to dispraise,
Sees and *knowes* how t' amend it many *waies*.

How many may we *heare* and *see* of these,⁴
Who with bent-*brow*, scue-*looke*, and *mouth* awry
Slightly suruaie the *workes* that wise-*men* please
Protesting them to be but *poore*: And whie?
Because they proue their *Witt's* base povertie:
They faine would *faine* to haue vnfaigned skill
In ev'ry thing wherein they *faults* espie,
And by depraving *Witt* t' haue witt at will,⁵
When all's but *fain'd*, and *strain'd* and passing ill.

When Men adore their owne *sufficiencie*,
And weene their *excellence* doth check the *Skies*,
What marvel is't, if al beneath the *Skie*
They check; and through their *self-conceite* dispise?
(Who, but to see their owne *woorth*, haue no *Eyes*)
These *Men* are inly mov'd with much offence,
When they another see by *Vertue* rise,
Because high *State* (they weene) should recompence
No *other's*, but *their* onely *excellence*.⁶

Bee they most *poore*, yet be they much more *proude*,
Exclaiming on the *tymes* wherein they live:
For *Men* of woorth (say they)⁷ with *parts* indow'd
The *tymes* doe not respect, nor will relive,

¹ Man of all creatures hardest to please.

² Who so pleaseth all doth more then he that made all.

³ Some, to bee thought more iudicious are most censorious.

⁴ Critics of these times.

⁵ A Foole may make the wise ridiculous to Fooles.

⁶ These be men of partes that would have al whollie.

⁷ The complaint of base malecontents.

But wholly vnto ¹ *partlesse Spirits* giue:
Thus doe they melt awaie in *Envie's* fire;
And whilst *hart-burnings* them of *rest* deprive,
They them bestirre to part that is *intire*,
And *Common-wealthes* orethrow, so to aspire.

These vnwise wittie *Mal-contents* are they
That egge on *Men* vnwise, and violent,
T' attempt the over-sway of *Princes' Sway*,²
Or rather to confound their *government*,
That so they might be made preheminent:
For, sly *Vlysses* must point out the *place*
Gainst which the force of *Ajax* must be bent,
And *Men* made *desp'rate* hold it no disgrace
To be directed in a *desp'rate case*.

These *waspsish* over-weening idle *Drones*,
Are mortal ³ *plagues* to ev'ry *Publike-weale*:
Right *anti-Kesars* vndermyning *Thrones*;
Yet *Princes* hardly shal their *motions* feelee
Vntil their *States* and *Seates* begin to reele:
And then too late (perhapps) seeke fast to sitt
When they must rest vpon the pointed *Steele*;
These are th' effects of mal-contented *Witt*,
Which not lookt to, wil haue a madding fit.

All which proceedeth meere of *Offence*,
Conceav'd by hateful natures hard to please;
Which, *mischiefe* and great *inconuenience*
Bring to a *State*, and neither *Land* nor *Seas*
Can possibly be priviledg'd from ⁴ these.
Who still doe feare, their mis-imploied time
Will bring vpon them *that* which wil displease;
Which to prevent they seeke aloft to clime,
Which to effect, make conscience of no *crime*.

For, feare of *evill* (though of *ill* to come)
Doth grieue the *minde*, as if it present were;
Cold *feare* and *griefe* then *Reason* so benumme,
That it feeles nothing but cold *griefe* and *feare*.
This *cold* made *hot* by *Ire*,⁵ which it doth steere
Becomes *hell fire*, which like a quenchlesse *flame*
Consumeth all it toucheth or comes neere,
And leaues nought els behinde but lasting *blame*.
So, *Feare* turn'd *Fury*, *Man* doth all vnframe.

For, as in *nature*,⁶ *things* that are most cold
Made *hot*, are most extreame *hot*, like the *Fire*:
So *Feare*, most cold by kind, yet if it should
Bee chas'd vncessantly with *Hate* and *Ire*,
T' would be more *hot*, then all *fires* made intire.
For, *Man* is more out-ragious, wilde, and wood
In *Passion's* heate, then *Passion* can desire;

¹ Without good partes.

² Divells incarnate tempt men desperate.

³ The Pestilence which infects al that comes neere it.

⁴ They walke like Devills invisible.

⁵ A natural reason of rebels' civill fury.

⁶ Simil.

No *Beast* is halfe so fell, in maddest moode,
As *Man*, when *Furie* sets on fire his *bloud*.¹

From which *fire* flie out *Sparkles* through his *eies*,
Who stare, as if they would their *holdes* enlarge ;
The *Cheekes* with boiling *Choler* burning rise,
The *mouth* doth thundring (*Canon*-like) discharge
The *fire* which doth the *Stomacke* overcharge :
The *teeth* doe (grating) one another grind ;
The *fists* are fast, in motion to giue *charge*,
The *Limbes* doe tremble, *feete* no footing find
But stampe, or stand vnconstant as the *Winde*.²

Which hellish *Passion* from *Offence* proceedes,
But all offence proceedes not to the same ;³
Offence the *Mother* is that *Anger* breeds,
But not it selfe in *nature* nor in *name*,
Ne can they bee confounded without blame :
For *things* offend vs oft which haue no *sense*,
With which we cannot *angrie* be for shame ;
For, that must haue (like vs) *Intelligence*
Which can to *Ire* provoke our *patience*.

For, *Ire*'s a vehment *motion* of the *Hart*,⁴
Stirr'd vp by *trespasse*, *scorne*, or such like *ill*
Offred vnto vs, *wholis* or in *part*,
Which in the high'st degree offends our *will*,
For which, we would *revenge* in hast fulfill :
For, each one rates himselfe by the *Assise*
Of *selfe-conceit*, by him conceav'd still,
From that great *good* which, he weenes, in him lies
Which none (as he supposeth) should despise.

The more therefore a *Man* himselfe esteemes,
The more and sooner he to *Ire* is mou'd ;⁵
Because that so great *worth*'s despis'd he deemes,
For which hee rageth, as from *wit* remov'd ;
Then, *Rage* to *Rancor* easily is shou'd ;
Which is an *Anger* most inveterate,⁶
By *Charitie* and *Reason* most reprot'd,
And *God* and *good-men* mortallie doe hate ;
Therefore to bee eschu'd as *reprobate*.

For, *Rancor* is so fell and violent,
That ioint by ioint, the *Soule* it rudely rends,
Forgetting *Iustice*, and the *Innocent*,
God, *man*, *sex*, *age*, *good*, *bad*, or *foes*, or *friends*,
For, *this* all *these* indifferently offends :⁷
Then who consults with such a *Councellor*,
That *Argumentes* with *tooth* and *nails* defends,
Shall bee of all (but *Fiendes*) an iniurer ;
For sure the *Div'l's* in such a *Comiurer*.

¹ A man in fury more furious then a beast.

² A discription of an angry Man.

³ All anger springs from offence, but al offence, grows not to Anger.

⁴ What anger is.

⁵ The better a man thinkes of himselfe the sooner hee is moued to anger.

⁶ What Rancor is.

⁷ Rancor is indifferent to good & bad.

Whose *furie* is inflam'd so with desire
To wreake it selfe on that which it enflames,
That on it selfe it brings confusion dire,
And oft with suddaine death her *subject* shames ;
Heav'n, *Earth*, and *Hell*, and all therein shee blames,
Nay railes against, if they wreake not her *wronge*,
And for her selfe an *Hell* on *Earth* shee frames,
To wreake it on her selfe, if shee be long
Barr'd from *Revenge*, for which her *Soule* doth long.¹

Which is a motion of the *Hart*,² then which
None can be more immane, or violent,
Which turnes from *that* which doth it roughly tuch
And seekes to quell the same incontinent,
Or on the *cause* to inflict *punishment* :
Here-hence it is some irefull *men* are pale,³
Because the *bloud* returnes from whence it went,
Whose *harts* haught-courage so doth ore exhale,
That they dare doe what not? come *Blisse* or *Bale*.

But commonly the *bloud* doth not returne
As to the *Heart* it doth in *Griefe* and *Fear*,
But in the *face* in *furie* it doth burne,
And all the *Spirits* it enflameth there,
As if no more within the *Body* were :
The *bloud* and *sp'rits* inflam'd, the *braine* ascend,
Which they (confus'dly distracted) sterc,
For howsoere *heate* may the *Heart* offend,
The *Minde* doth rest, if *heate* it not transcend.⁴

No otherwise then as a *man* that drinks⁵
More then a *man*, yet if it not ascendes
Vnto the *braine*, no *man* him *druncken* thinkes,
Nor is he *drunke* though *drinke* his *belly* rends :
So, though the *heart*, an *hell* of *heate* offendes,
Yet beeing still within the *heart* confin'd,
The *soule* within the *braine* her *worke* attendes
Without disturbing of the *Wit* or *Minde*,
Who wonted freedome in the *braine* doe finde.

But giue *Men* *wit* at will, nay *wisedome* too,
(If possibly *men* furious⁶ might be *wise*)
And put exceeding *Anger* therevnto,
All's to no purpose, for all in it lies
As *fat* in *fer*, which to *nothing* fries ;
Moue but their *choller* once, and all's on *flame*
That should them coldly any way aduise :
For, when the *soule* by *heate* is out of frame,
Her *Iudgement* must be blinde, and *Actions* lame.

So that in true effect the furious *Man*
Is good for nought, (for *nought* is all as good)

¹ Some call it honorable to revenge with the swordes all iniuries done against a man's honor. But how can that be honorable which God abhorreth & condemneth to eternall death.

² The quality of Rancor.

³ A reason why angry men for the most part are pale.

⁴ To the brains.

⁵ Simil.

⁶ Salomon denies it. Eccl. Chap. 7. 11.

But to blaspheme, and raue, and rayling ban,
And make *good men* amazed at his *moode*;
God sheild I should be any of this *broode*;
Yet must I (to my shame) for shame confesse,
Because it's seene what *humor* haunts my *bloud*,
That *Anger* to my *heart* hath oft accesse¹
Against my *will*, which faine would it suppress.

He is mine arch-*foe* gainst whom still I fight,
And though I bee to weake, and he to strong;
Yet fight I will, and aie in his dispiht
I will refraine my *hands*, much more my *Tonge*,
Both which in *wrath* are apt to ²offer *wronge*;
Heav'n helpe me to subdue this hellish *Ire*,
And all that doth or shall to it belong,
So with the *drops* of *grace* quench out this *fire*,
That to my *heart* it neuer more aspire.

Yet let me coldly speake in praise of *Heate*,³
Which be'ng *temp'rate*, yeeldes most sweete *effects*;
For, *Choler* makes the *Witt* and *Courage* great,
Yea, makes the *Hart* abound with kinde *Affects*,
And abiect ⁴*humors* vtterly reiects:
In the best *Natures* commonly it's plac'd
By *Nature's* finger, for these kinde *respects*,
And if with *fury* it be not disgrac'd,
It should by al *meanes*, by *all* be embrac'd.

How like to liuesse *Logges* some *Dastards* are,
Whose *witt* & *Courage* are quite drown'd in *Flame*;
Who, though *wrongs* prick their *Harts*, yet still they fare
As they were either *dead*, or in a *dreame*;
Nothing shal moue them, be it nere s'extreme:
Heare they their *friends* deprau'd (though nere so dear)
Nay heare they *Fiends* the *Highest's* name blaspheme;
They dare not speake a word for them for feare;⁵
What vse of such that such *base mindes* doe beare?

For as a little *fire*⁶ when we are cold
Doth vs but little good, and be'ng too great
Doth warme vs otherwise then *far* should;
But being *moderate*, it so doth heat
As neither lets vs *coole*, nor makes vs *sweat*:
So, *Choler* if too little, little steeds,
And if too much, too much doth make vs fret;
But being *meane*, it many *Vertues* breeds,
And with an *active warmth*, the *blood* it feeds.

For to be angry and not to sinne,
Is an obligatorie ⁷*Heast* diuine;
For whiles we are that holy *anger* in
(Not wholly angry) it is a signe

¹ I know no man worse then my selfe, God helpe me the while.

² Instruments of revenge. The heate of the hart makes the fingers nimble.

³ The praise of Choler.

⁴ Anger is better then laughter, for by a sadd looke the hart is made better. Eccl. Cap. 7. 5.

⁵ A Coward cannot be truly honest.

⁶ Simil.

⁷ Ephes. 4. 26.

We flame with that which doth our *soules* refine:
For, in our *Soules* the *iry* pow'r it is
That makes vs at vnhallowd *thoughts* repine,
And sober *soules* are zealous made by this,
Then zealous *soules* can hardly *Anger* misse.¹

Thus *Ire* I pleade for thee, but thou hurt'st mee;
O be propitious therefore, hurt me not:
Then *Volumes* large, Ile write concerning thee
Which without blott of blame, I al wil blott
With *blacks* that shal thy ²*bright*, make bright as hott:
So, leaue I thee, and would thou me would'st leaue,
Yet leaue me not, as one thou hast forgott,
But mind me stil, when I should thee conceaue
Gainst *ill* that would my *soule* of good bereaue.

For so thou didst possesse *God's* patient *Soule*,
When he as *God* and *Man* the *Temple* clear'd
(With *Whipps*) of *money-Changers*,³ who did proule
For filthie *Pelfe* in place to him endear'd,
Where most of al he should be *seru'd* and *fear'd*:
So, be with me, deere *Ire*, till thou and I
Must part, or I by thee no further steer'd
Then may agree with perfect *pietie*,
And well may stand with true *felicities*.

NOW from vnloving *Ire* doth *Hatred* spring,⁴
Which is more Hellish; for, it's lasting *Ire*
As some suppose; which is a damn'd *thing*,
Like to the *Deuill* her prodigious *Sire*,
Who *Loues* to hate, as *Loue* hates that desire:
Sith *God* and *Nature* hath made *Man* in loue,
To loue *God* and his like with loue intire,
What *Vice* can *Vertue* in *man* more reprove,
Then that which *Man* to misse his *Ende* doth move?

Yet *Ire* from *Hatred* must distinguisht be,⁵
For *Ire* proceeds from some *wrong* done to vs,
But *Hatred*, is conceav'd as soone as we
Suppose a *Creature* to be odious,
Though to vs it were nere iniurious:
And *Time* can *Ire* aswage, but hardly *Hate*,
Ire would but vex, but *Hatred's* murderous,
Revenge cooles *Ire*, but cannot *Hate* abate,
Ire's hart can melte, but *Hate's* is obdurate.

Loue is the *Linck* that lincks *man-kind* (by kind
Louing and *kinde*) in perfect *Vnion*;
This *Statute* (sans defesance) *men* doth bind
To succour one another woe-begon,
As if they were not diuerse but al *one*:
But *Hatred* is the Hatchet, which doth cleave
Mankind to peeces in confusion;⁶
Releefe refusing, and eake to releue,
Yet glues more *damage* then it would receave.

¹ Vertue cannot performe her functions without anger.

² Glory laud.

³ Luke 19. 45.

⁴ Hatred is a child of Ire.

⁵ Ire & hatred distinguished.

⁶ Love linckes men together, Hatred putts them a sunder.

None harb'reth *Hatred*, but *men* like the *Devill*,
(The *Proud*, & *Envious*, which are full of *hate*)¹
These hateful *Hell-hounds* loue this lothsome *Evill*,
Because it seekes *mankinde* to ruinate :
What can the *Devill* worse excogitate ?
It is the *Toade* that swells with *Venome* such
That no *force* can resist, much lesse abate ;
The *Mouth* of *Man-kind*, worse then *nought* by much,
Yet most indiffernt to the *Poore* and *Rich*.

But *hate* inhabits *Man* to good effect,
When he loues nought, that is not perfect good ;²
For he through *Hate* doth *Evill* still relect,
Which would corrupt his *Nature*, *Mind*, & *Moode*,
And make it (like it selfe) a *Nihilhood* :
Such *hate* is happie, holy, and divine,
By which the force of *Ill* is still withstood ;
This *Hate* we ought to loue,³ which doth repine
At al which doth not *Loue* aright refine.

Then sacred *Hate* let my *Loue* thee embrace,
And to an *Habit* grow'n, inhabit mee,
Sith thou flow'st from the *Fountes* of *Loue*, & *Grace*,
O let my love be ever *backt* by thee ;
Then *Ill* from *Loue* (so *backt*) wil ever flee.
It is a *feaver* of the *Minde* to hate,
That's hate to *Loue*, but when they both agree
They doe preserve the *Soule* in perfect state,⁴
Whilst *Ill* of *Ills* they quite annihilate.

Then hate (my *Soule*) that thou maist ever love
That which this *Hate* doth loue, with loue int're,
That is, al *good below*, much more *above*,
Whereto this *hate* through *loue* would faine aspire ;
For perfect *Loue* inflames iust *Hate's* desire.
No otherwise then *Water*⁵ hott or cold,
Though in some sorte it doth oppung the *fire*,
Yet makes the *flames* thereof more manifold,
When it is cast thereon, so as it should.

Thus *Ire* and *Hatred* may be good or *ill*
According to their *objects* ; And *Envy*⁶
(Their aie-*familier*) doth follow still
Hatred and *Ire*,⁷ to make a *Trinity* ;
Which may be vs'd *well*, *ill*, or *neutrally* :
It is *well* vs'd for *God's* foes' good successe,
But *ill*, when it another's *good* doth eye,
And *neutrally* when it doth not transgresse
The boundes of *Loue*, for loving more or lesse.

Shee is to *Mercie* alwaies opposit⁸
In her true kinde ; for *Mercy* stil doth grieue

¹ The proude and envious are like the Devill.

² A good use of Hate.

³ Hate, worthy of Loue.

⁴ Sinfull Hate is hatefull, but gracious hate is behoofull.

⁵ Simil.

⁶ Envy is a branch of iniustice.

⁷ Ire & Hatred the Parents of Envy.

⁸ Envy is opposit to Mercy.

At others' harmes ; but *envi's* glad of it,
And pines with paine, when others wel doe thriue,
Yea liues in *death*, when others liue to *live*.
Some envy others' *gains*, that hinder theirs ; (1.)
Some, others' *weale*, when they cannot arriue (2.)
Vnto the like : some, other that aspires (3.)
To *that* they sought, but faild of their desires.

But some there are that envy others' *good*, (4.)
Without respect of their owne benefit,
Only because they think their *fate's* withstood
When *others* on the least *good fortune* hit,
Or doe the least *good*, getting *praise* for it :
This is the *envie*, than which none is worse,¹
Ev'n that of *Sathan*, for *Men* most vnfit ;
This is the *envie* that incurses his curse,
That from *Heav'n* for the like did *Angels* force.

For *envie's* eyes pry most of al on *praise*,
The noblest *goods*, *goods* of the noblest *Minde*
They most envie ; and stil themselues they raise
To highest *vertue*, where they (fixt) it finde ;
Heereat the teeth of *envie* most doe grinde :
For looke how much the *Minde* the *Corpes* excels,
And the *Minde's* riches are of rarer kinde ;
So much the more the hart of *envie* swels,
At those that haue these *goods*, then any els.²

Shee is *Pride's* second-selfe, or other name,
Monsters distinct, yet vndiuidual ;
In *heav'n* and *earth* hath wel appeer'd the same,
For both made heau'nly *Lucifer* to fall ;
So doe they *Lucifers* terrestrial :
Pride's more apparant, for it needs must swel ;³
But *envy* euer lines *Pride's* *Pectorall* :
Pride's as the high'st, *envie* the lowest *hell* ;
Worse *Hags* then either, can in neither dwel.

Pride, before *all* desires to be preferr'd ;
If *anise* therefore be preferr'd before,
Shee instantly is with fel *envie* stirr'd ;
And the more rife, her envie is the more.
Though *Meeknes* mount, *pride's* hart doth ake therefore :
For shee thinkes, only *shee* doth al excel,
Then others' excellence her *heart* must gore :
As others' *heav'n* on *earth*, is *Envie's* *Hell* ;
So others' rising makes *Pride* still to swell.

For, where there is no *sunne*, no *shadow* is ;
And, where's no *weale*, or *glory*, *envi's* not :⁴
Shee feedes on her owne *hart*, and others' *blisse*,
Shee skornes to looke so low as to their *lot*
That are of *Fortune*, or the *world* forgot :

¹ The envy of the diuel, what.

² It is safer to be conversant with a Tyrant then with the envious person, for the one takes away but life but the other honor and good name.

³ Envy is more obscure then Pride.

⁴ Envy is as the shaddow of vertue.

Therefore shee lurkes about the *Courtes of Kings*,¹
(Whose *Crownes* are ever subiect to her *shot*)
There like a *Snake*, that hisses not, shee stings,
And oft ere shee is scene *Confusion* brings.

For, not without iust cause doe *Poets* faine
That shee (as one of the infernall *broode*)
Doth *poison* sucke, to *vomit* it againe,
And makes of *Snakes* her flesh-consuming foode;²
Which makes her like a *blind-worme*,³ without *bloud*:
Who often creepeth like this abiect *Worme*,
Not wotting which *way*, each *way* but the *good*:
And in *Preferment's* way shee doth enorme
All *fects* shee meets with, which none can reforme.

Envie therefore the *hart* doth macerate,
Because the *Tongue* dares not the *griefe* disclose,
That makes that *griefe* still on the *hart* to grate,
Which the *leane looke* alone in silence shoes;⁴
Yet *eyes* shrinke in (as loth to tell the *woes*)
And looke ascue,⁵ as if in looking straight
They might directly so discover *those*,
All which makes *woe* to haue the greater waight
The *soule* and *bodie* so to over-fraight.

One⁶ said, beholding one with *envie* pin'd,
I know not by thy *lookes* (which all doe loth)
If they fare well or *thou* ill; for thy *Minde*
Is vext alike, alike thou look'st for both:
Which *subtill speech* included *simple troth*:
For, *envi's* griev'd no lesse for others' *good*
Then for her proper *ill*,⁷ and is as wroth
For others' *praise*, as if hers were with-stood,
And for both, sucks alike her *Subiectes'* *bloud*.

Shee envies all to *all*, except *envie*,
And that shee envies to, if it exceede;
Like *Argus*, shee nere sleeps but when her *eye*
Is charm'd by *Mercurie's* sweete-sounding *Reede*:
"For *envie* flattered is well agreed":⁸
When all respect is had of *her* and *hers*,
And all neglected els, her *All* to feede,
No more, till shee neglected be, shee stirres;
Then as before her selfe shee straight bestirres.

The *sunne* at highest shee resembles right
(Though base shee be and darke as nether *Hell*)
For as the *sunne*⁹ obscureth *things* most bright,
And makes the light of *things* obscure, excell:
So *envie* seeks *men famous* most to quell,¹⁰
And praiseth most, *men* least deserving praise,
Such as their dearest *fame* to *shame* doe sell;

¹ Envie's natural home is in Kings' Courts.

² Ovid. Met. l. 2.

³ Simil.

⁴ The envious are ashamed to bewray their envie.

⁵ Such lookes hath the envious.

⁶ Bion.

⁷ Envy is as much grieved for others' good as her owne hurt.

⁸ Envy flattered sleeps for a while.

⁹ Simil.

¹⁰ Before how many the more the envious person slandereth a man, the more high in glory hath he plac'd the crown of the slandered if he take it patiently.

All such (if any at all) shee most doth raise,
And all *men* els, doth most of all dispraise.

The more *Men* want of what they faine would bee,
The more their *want* with *envie* is supplide,
The lesse, if *provids*, they are in their degree
The lesse they can their *bettters* farre, abide;
"And *horse* *prowd* *Beggars*, they like *Kings* will ride.
Now as each *Vice* doth in it bear about
An inbred *plague*:¹ so in this doth reside
The plague of *plagues*; to weare it selfe quite out
With fretting gainst the rich or roiall *Rowl*.

The *envious*, privie to their owne *defects*,
Doe witnesse to themselves their small esteeme,²
For which the *World*, they see, them still reiects,
Through which they inly burst with griefe extreme,
But dare not let the *world* them envious deeme.
For, no *Affect* is lesse disclos'd then this,³
Because it makes men lesse then *worthlesse* seeme,
Therefore the much more dolorous it is;
"For *griefes* doe breake the heart if vent they misse.

What *Common-weales*, and mighty *Monarchies*,
What glorious *Kings*, and famous *Generals*,
Yea (which is strange) what heau'nly *Hirarchies*
Whose wretched state and miserable fells
(By *envie* wrought) remaine in *Capitals*!
Whence all may see, how active and how fell
This *Furie* is, who rests in *Funerals*:⁴
Or when on *earth* *Men* rest in such an *Hell*,
That to th' infernall may be *Paralell*.

From *Envy* springs ay-watchful *Jealousie*,⁵
(Ore-plus of *Loue*, as jealous *Lovers* would)
Which (worse then *Hell*) hates al *Rivalitie*,
And cannot brooke that any other should
Possesse that *wee* or *ours* would, or doe hold:
Yet some restraîne it onely vnto *Loue*;
For being (as they say) more manifold,
It⁶ *Obtrectation* hight, which who doth prove
Shal finde the *Minde* vnlike it selfe to moue.

For, she can thinke of nought but *that* alone
That makes her iealous, and when shee's restrain'd
Of former freedome, shee is not her owne;
But like a *Body* bound t' a *Racke*, is pain'd,
And thinks of nought but *paine* be'ng so constrain'd:
This is the *Linx* in *Loue*⁷ that never sleeps,
And oft (too oft) by *Lust* is entertain'd:
Who through nine *walles* of *Mudd*, or *Mettle* peeps,
And so (like *Argus*) *Loue's* beloved keeps.

¹ Each Vice carries with it its own torment.

² The envious condemne themselves for most vnworthy men.

³ No affection is lesse disclosed then envy.

⁴ Envy's rest in funerals.

⁵ Envy is the parent of Jealousie.

⁶ Obtrectation is Jealousie in the largest Sense.

⁷ Jealousie a Linx in loue.

Now, as the *things* below'd are good or badd,
So *iealousie* is good or badd thereby.¹
If *Men* be *iealous* of their *thoughts* that gadd
From the chiefe-*Good*, good is that *iealousie*;²
And in a *Prince* tis no *impiety*,
When he suspects *Ambition* in his *State*;
Nor in the mari'd is't an *Heresy*,
If loving-*iealousie* without debate
Doe keepe each other's *Love* from cause of *hate*.

Like may bee sedd of *Parents*, *Kinne*, and *Frendes*;
So longe as it aymes but at like *respect*,
An harmelesse *iealousie* from *harme* defends
Those whom they governe, and by kinde affect:
Such *ieal'usie* doth in *God* our good effect;³
Which makes him watch vs, where wee wake or sleepe,
Who in his loue thereby doth vs protect
From al those vnseene *ills* that on vs creepe,
And by the same his *honor* safe doth keepe.

But *iealousie* conceau'd through cause vniust,⁴
Be it in *Wedlocke*, *Freindshippe*, or where not,
Makes *Loue* a *Languishment*; for *false mistrust*
Is not by *God*, but by his *Foe* begott,
Which *Loue* with *Lust* doth evermore besott;
Hence come the *Quarrells* twixt the mari'd *Paaires*,
When they through *iealousie* are overshott,⁵
This makes *Affraies* too oft of great *Affaires*,
And ruynes that which loyal *Love* repaires.

The fell disturber of *Love's* sweete repose,
Copemate of *Care*, tormenter of the *Minde*,
The *Canker* of faire *Venus'* sweetest *Rose*,
The *Racke* that over-racks the over-kinde,
The over-watchful Eye of *Loue* stil blinde:
The *Hart* of *Caution* wherein ay are bredd
The vital *Sp'rites* of *Arte* to *State* assign'd;
Soule of *Regard*, alive when it seemes deade,
All this is *iealousie* that holds the *Heade*.⁶

The *Caucasus* whereto *Loue's* Hart is bound,⁷
The *Vulture* which the *thoughts* thereof deuoures,
The *Primum mobile* which turneth round
The *Braine*, which to the *rest* vnrest procures,
A *Sore* which nought, that's good for *ought*, recures,
That's *Mummy* made of the meere Hart of *Love*,
A temp'rall *Hell*, whose *torment* still endures,
The Penance of *Mistrust*, which *Lovers* proue;
All this is *iealousie* which I reprove.

And now to ende (where we should haue begunne
When we began to touch corrupt *Affects*)

With *Pride*, because from her al *Vice* doth runne
(As from the *Fountaine*) which the *Soule* infects;¹
Which may be thus describ'd by her *effects*:
A swelling of the *Hart* which doth proceede
From *Selfe-conceite*, that gainst the *Soule* reflects,
And shoves more glorious then it is indeede,
Which makes vs thinke our *gifts* al *men's* exceede.²

THIS *Prodigie*, this more then mounstrous *Pride*,
This *Soule's* envenomn'd *Botch*, This *Sourse* of
Sinne,

Can nothing lesse then hir owne selfe abide,
When shee doth see her selfe *another* in:³
If shee her selfe doth hate, what can shee wynne
But hate of *all*, that see her as shee is?
Still loth'd may shee be, for had shee not byn,
We stil had liv'd in earthly *Heaven's* blisse,
And *Lucifer* held heav'nly *Paradis*.

Sith *Man* was made a creature sociable,
And that his liue's-joy should therein consist,
What *vice* in man is more detestable,
Then that which doth this ioy of life resist?
For *Pride*, as if shee were with nature blist
That farre surmounted more then *half-divine*,
Scornes al *Humanity*;⁴ if so, what is't
On *Earth* that shee thinks (be'ng so superfine)
Worthie to *suite* her, but alone to reigne?

Shee (swelling *Toade*) lookes with disdainful *Eyes*
On highest things that are *sublunarie*,
And (*Lunatick*) about the *Moone* doth rise
In minde, though she mindes nought but *villany*,⁵
So to aspire to highest *Dignitie*:
Therefore the most *proude* are most ignorant
Of *wisdomes* hid in blest *Theologie*,
Because they meereley minde *things* miscreant,
As earthly *pompe*, and *port* extravagant.

If not impossible, yet hard it is,
For the most *learn'd* and *lowly* wel to know
Themselves in ev'ry *part*, and not to misse;
Then sith the *Proude* doe never looke so *low*,
That *skil* nere comes but with their overthrow:⁶
For they by nature are most prone to *pride*
That know all but themselves; and yet doe show
They know themselves too wel, for, nought beside
They loue; which loue, that knowledge doth misguid.

For who so lookes with well-descerning *eies*
(If he be mortal, be he what he will)

¹ Eccles. 10. 14. 19.

² Pride, what.

³ The proude person hates pride in all but in himself.

⁴ Pride holdes all in scorn but her selfe.

⁵ If Humility be the mother of true piety, what is Pride, her contrary?

⁶ The proude are taught to know themselves by their proper overthrow.

¹ Jealousy good or bad according to her object.

² How Jealousie is good.

³ God's iealousy touching vs doth procure our good.

⁴ Evil Jealousie.

⁵ Quarrells raised through Suspicion causelesse.

⁶ Jealousy, what.

⁷ Prov. 6. 34.

Into him *selfe*, he wil him *selfe* despise ;
For in him *selfe* he findeth nought but *ill*,¹
Corrupting *Soule* and *Body*, *Minde*, and *Will* :
The *best* shall finde but matter too too *bad*
To humble them, and so to keepe them still ;
The *worst* shal see ynough to make them mad,
Seeing themselves through *Ill*, so ill-bestad.

Al vnder *Heav'n* man's pride hath made so vile,²
So fraile, so ful of *sorrow* and *vexation*,
That should a *Man* possesse al, yet the while
He should possesse but temporall *damnation* ;
And with it likely *divine indignation*.
Can *Men* be prowde then, of an earthly *hell*,
Affording nought but *griefe* and *molestation* ?
Or can their *harts* with *Pride* and *Sorrow* swell
When one puffs vp, the other downe doth quel ?

If so they can, it is for want of *sense* ;³
To feele the *griefes* that are most sensible ;
And senselesse *Soules* haue no preheminnce
Of *humane Nature* ; nor extensible
To *brutish*, which is not insensible :
Then what are proud *Soules* by this iust *accounte*
But either deade, or comprehensible
In that of *Plants* ; which from *Earth* cannot mount,
But that a worthlesse *Wren* may them surmount.

The *Eyes* that *Sunne*-bright *Robes*, or smoke of *praise*
Doe dimme, are feeble-sighted, and such *Eyes*
Cannot themselves as high as *Heaven* raise,
Nor pierce to *Hell* which in their *Owner* lies :
For if they would or could in any wise,
Pride could not possibly surprise their *Hart*,
For *Heav'n* they would admire, and *Hell* despise,
And from that *Hell* they would their *Eyes* convert,
To highest *Heav'n*, and from it nere divert.

But as the *Toade* to *venome* turnes her *foode*
(How *pure* so ere it be) shee feedeth on :
So *Pride* turnes *Vertue* to her venom'd *moods*,
Then which no *pride's* more neere *Damnation* ;
For sp'ritual pride *God* hates as he doth none :⁴
Which *pride* is *Luciferian*, and the fall
Of those, whose *Soules* are with it over gon,
Shal be like *Lucifer's*, for no one shall
Be sav'd that weenes his *vertue* passeth all.⁵

Pride is a winde that makes the *Soule* to swell,
And without Issue it the same wil rend :
Therefore the *proude* their owne *perfections* tell ;
Yea, onely tell of what them most commend,

¹ He that knows himselfe best esteemes himselfe least.

² All vnder the *Sunne* is vanity and vexation of Spirit.
Eccles. i.

³ Proude men are senselesse in the strictest sense.

⁴ The proude haue *Hell* with the Prince thereof abiding in
their hartes.

⁵ Simil.

⁶ Spirituall pride *God* doth most detest.

⁷ Over-weening, an odious Vice.

And with whom not, for *praise* they stil contend ;¹
Which, if they misse, or others praised more,
Out goth that *wind*, (which they with thundrings send)
Against al those that are preferr'd before,
And as distracted, raile, and rave, and rore.

Doth *Pride* a *Tenent* hold, it must be so,²
Although it cutt the Throate of *Reason* quite ;
All her *opinions* can abide no *No* :
And though them to defend shee hath no might,
Yet to defend them shee wil rage and fight :
No *time*, no *truth*, nor no *authoritie*,
Shal putt *Pride*, if shee wrong be, in the *right* ;
For shee desires to haue the masterie
In al, that al may give her *dignitie*.

Nothing so much shee dreads, as to be deem'd
Any's *inferior* in any *thing* ;
This makes her loth to *learne*, sith shee hath seem'd
To *know* much more then al, by her learning :
Shee scornes *reproofes* that *information* bring ;
Her *Vices* shee wil haue for *Vertues* tane ;
Or like a *Serpent* shee wil *hisse* and *sting*,
BlaspHEME and what not—for shee's most profane—
And if shee can, be her *impugner's* bane.

The *frendshippe* is as *dang'rous* as vnure,
Where *Pride* hath any place in any *frend* ;
Pride wil the downfall of a *friend* procure
If by such *fall* the *proude friende* may ascend,
For al his frenshippe to himselfe doth tend ;
Comes *good* from him, to him must goe the *praise*,
As if *good* in him did *begin* and *end* ;
So robbes *God* of his *glorie* many waies,
And faine about his *God* himselfe would raise.

If he with faind modestie doth vaile
His height of *Pride*, and doth himselfe dispraise,
Tis but the higher to advance the *Saile*
Of swelling *Pride*, which he to *Cloudes* doth raise,
Nay thunder cracks the *Clouds*, that clouds his *praise* :
The highest *Heav'ns* (he weenes,) must giue it way
Vnto the *Throne* where perfect *glorie* staies,
And there sitt cheek by lowle with *Glorie* ay ;
This, *Pride* desires, and those that her obey.³

If shee associate *Learning*, shee wil leade
That *Heav'nly Lady* into *Hellish waies* ;
Then shee misledd, each *Soule* must needes misleade
That on her seeming-wel-stai'd *Judgment* staies ;

¹ Prov. 13. 10.

² The proude obstinate in their opinion.

³ Reproofes do enrage the proud, though for their good bestowed.

⁴ The proude man, the drunkard and the Coward are nought
to make friends of ; the proud will scorne thee if he outstart
thee in fortunes, the drunkard wil in wine bewray thy secrets,
for what is in the hart of the sober, is in the tongue of a drun-
kard, & the Coward dares not speake one word in defence of
thy reputation though hee heare it slanderously depraved.

⁵ Sith the *Earth* cannot bould her, *Hell* must and can.

Hence spring al *Heresies*;¹ which *Pride* doth raise :
For lett a *Scholar* famous for his *skill*
Maintaine dam'd *Error*, he for peevisch *praise*
Will ransacke *Bookes* and *Braines* to do it still,
Though he thereby his *Soule* with *Millions* spill.

For should we harrow al the *Soules* of those,
The *Soules* of al the *Heades* of *Heresies*,
We shal finde *Pride* did thereto them dispose,
That they might lue to al *Posterities*
In *Mouthes* of *Men*, though but for *Blasphemies*:
Knowledge puffs up, and if the dewes of *Grace*
Swage not the swelling, it so high wil rise,
That *Earth* nor *Heav'n* shal hold it in that case,
Till *Hell* doth take it downe and it embrace.

The knowledge of the *Best* consists in *show*,
This *Man* is wise compar'd with one more *fond*;
Yet this great wise man nothing lesse doth know
Then he would *seeme* to know, and vnderstand :
Suffizeth him he beares the *World* in hand
That he is *wise* and *learn'd*; Nothing lesse :
But wise in this, that can *Men's* thoughts command
To thinke him wise, when should he *truth* confesse,
His *wisdomes* were but wel-cloakt *foolishnesse*.

Latine and *Greeke* are but *Tongues* naturall,
Which helpe, but not suffice to make men wise ;
For the effect of *speech* is al in all ;
⁴ *Sound Sentence*, which from wise *Collections* rise
Of diuerse *Doctrines*, which *Witt* wel applies :
Then he that hath but *Tongues* (though *all* that are)
And not the *wisdomes* which those *Tongues* comprise,
May amongst *fooles* be held a *Doctor* rare,
But with the wise al *Tongue*, and nothing spare.⁵

Giue me the *Man* that knowes more then a *Man*,
Yet thinkes he knoweth no more then a *Beast* :
Giue me him (quoth I) where is *he*? and who can
Give me that *Gifte*, sith such are al *diceast*,
Or if they *bee*, not to be found at least?
Sage *Socrates* is deade, and with him gon
His *Pupills*, that knew more then al the rest,
Yet thought they knew farre lesse then ev'ry one,
But now al *seeme* to know, yet know doth none.

O! had a *man* al *learning* in his *braine*,
And were to *heare* or *see* the wondrous *Writ*
Of some deepe *Doctors*, he should track them plaine
From place to place where they haue borrowed it,
And nought their owne (perhaps) but what's vnfit :

¹ Pride the Fountaine of all Heresies.

² If a man live Soule & Bodie in Hell to all eternities that his name may live in the mouthes of men to all posterities, he hath but an hellish purchase.

³ Each man seemes to know more then he doth.

⁴ Eccl. 39. 1, 2, 3.

⁵ Not the tonge but the matter contained in them make men learned.

⁶ Wee may light a Torch at none day & seeke such a one among a multitude & yet misse to finde him.

Yet as if *all* were ¹ theirs, they are admir'd,
As if their *Sculls* enconst al *skill* and *Witt*,
Or with some sacred *furie* were inspir'd,
When as (God wott) their *Witt* is al-bemir'd.

Yet *all* take on, as if all were their owne,²
So tis, *all* thinke, or *few* know otherwise,
Which *few* perhaps as well as they haue stolne,
(Borrow'd I would say) but yet they are wise
Not to detect each others' *pilferies* :
The greatest *skill* these present *times* afford
Is others' *sayings* cleanly to comprise
In *ours* : so that it be not word for word,
Which wit with *moderne wisdomes* doth accomde.

But say a *Man* knew al, that *Man* can know,
Yet doth the ⁴ *Divell* know more then that *Man* ;
What cause of *pride* then can it be to show
Lesse *knowledge* and more *pride* then dam'd *Sathan*,
Who hath obseru'd *all* since the *World* began ;
Nor doe the *Elementes* repugnance marre
His *wits* ; for he of *Aire* consists, and can
Command the same : But in ⁵ *Man* so they warre
That he is taken *Follie's* Prisoner.

Who knows nought in the *Cause* but in th' *effect* ;
The *Divel's* knowledge to the *cause* extends,
Who enters *Nature's* Brest, and doth select
All *secrets* of the same, to secret *endes* :
For he th' *Abyss* of *Causes* darke descendes,
And with his *Owls*-eies (that see best in darke)
Those *Causes* to the *Cause* comprehendes,
And how they are togither linckt, doth marke ;⁶
Yet is lesse prowde of this, then some meane *Clarke*.

Yet he can *wonders* worke amusing all,
For having view'd the *forces* of all *things*,⁷
Whether *celestiall* or *terrestriall*,
And with most curious search their true *workings*,
Their *forces* he with sleight togither brings,
And *actiue* to their *passiue* powres doth binde,
Yea one another so togither minges,
That it brings foorth (by *sympathie* of *kinde*)
Wonders surmounting all conceits of *minde*.

No one excels him (but that *Three-in-One*)
In *wondrous* *workes*, which may amaze the *wise* ;
But that same onely-wise *Trin-union*
Workes *Miracles*, wherein all *wonder* lies ;

¹ As if wisdomes and learning were buried in them.

For they haue the name of wisdomes, but there be but few that haue the knowledg of her. Ec. 6. 22.

² Wee shall bee modest if wee take not that vpon vs which we haue not, and brag not of that which we haue.

³ If any where I haue followed our newe learning and Time in their fashion, Time and Learning ought the more to favor me, considering how little I am beholding to them both.

⁴ The Diuel's knowledge far exceeds man's.

⁵ The warr of the Elements in man mars his wit.

⁶ The Diuel can looke into all the hidden causes of nature.

⁷ How the Diuel workes wonders.

For *Miracles* about all *Wonders* rise,¹
 Sith they are truly supernaturall ;
 But *Wonders* he to *Nature's* Secrets ties :
 Then *wonders* simple are but naturall,
 But *Miracles* meere Metaphysicall.

But be it that some ² *Begger* can extract
 By distillation or some other meane
 The *Quintessence* of any thing ; That *Acte*
 Suffiseth him to be as *proverde* as *meane* :
 And though the *starmeling* be as lewd as leane,
 Yet thinkes he *Kings* should feede and make him fat,
 Nay, doe him homage : O base *Thing* vncleane !
 Canst thou for *this*, thinke thou deservest *that* ?
 Or can a ³ *skill* so base, thee so inflate ?

What *Brest* coulde bound thy *Heart* then, if thou
 couldest

Make the *Elixer*, which so many *marre* ?
 It's past most probable, that then thou wouldest
 Seeke to be *Deifide*, or els turne *starre*,
 That *Dull-heads* might adore thee from afarre :
 It is a ⁴ *skill* indeede of rich esteeme,
 And worthy of the rar'st *Philosopher*,
 But could *one* doe the same, as *many* seeme,
 Yet no great wise *one* he himselfe should deeme.

For al his *wits* to this should be restrain'd
 (Sith to worke *wonders* the whole-man requires)
 And though at length (perhaps) he it attain'd,
 Yet should he bee to seeke that *Wit* desires,
 In other *matters*, then these *feates* by *fires*.
 Sage *Salomon*, whose *wisdoms* wonder wan,
 Knew al in *all*, which *all* in *one* admires,
 Yet knew that *all* was *vaine*,⁵ and he a *man*
 Vainer then *Vanitie*, that *nothing* can.

Our *knowledge* is so slender, and so fraile,
 That the least *pride* cannot depend thereon ;
Pride breaks our *Conning's* necke, which oft doth faile
 To hold aright the nature of one *Stone*,
 Much lesse to know the kindes of ev'ry *one*.
 Compare the *All* we know, with the least part
 Of that we know not, wee shall see, alone
 That *God* is wise :⁶ And *men* are voide of *Art*,
 And blinde in *wit* and *will*, in *Minde*, and *Hart*.

Be he a *Pleader*, and a *wordie Man*
 (Whose *Winde* the true *Elixer* is ; for it
 The *Aire* to ⁷ *Aurum* transmute lightly can)
 If once he gets a *name* for law-ful *wit*,

¹ The Divil's wonders are Mira, non Miracula.

² Elixer-makers, a golden yet beggarly corporation, for they are as poore as a Poet.

³ The skill is Earthly and earth is the basest of Elements.

⁴ Because it tends to the attainment of riches, which in this worlde are of most estimation.

⁵ Eccles. 1.

⁶ God only and alone is wise.

⁷ Some lawyers sell both their silence and speech.

Hee thinkes high *pride* for him alone is fit :
 Convoies of *Angels*, then must help the *most*
 Vnto his *speech* ; for he makes benefit
 Of ev'ry *word* ; for not *one* shal be lost,
 Or if it be, the *next* shall quit that cost.¹

Vp goe his *Babell-Towres* of *Pompe* and *Pride*,
 That to the *High'st* he may next neighbour be ;
 No *neighbour* neeres him, his *grounds* are so wide,
 Then not a *Nod* without a treble *fee*,²
 An *Angell* (though most bright) he cannot see :
 And yet to know the *Law*, is but to know
 How *Men* should liue, and without *Law* agree :³
 Which, *Reason* to the simplest *Soule* doth show ;
 Then *pride* is farre too high, for *skill* so low.

But though the *Lawyer* liues by others' losse,
 And hath no place in *Plato's* *Common-weale*,
 Yet if he will not ⁴ *crosse* *Law*, for the *crosse*
 That no *Man* hates, but all doe loue to feele ;
 Hee's worthy of the ⁵ *Crosse* sweete *Comfort's* *Seale* :
 For *Lawyers* ought (like *Lawes*) to make *Men* good,⁶
 And who are in the *wronge*, or *Right*, reueale :
 Then are they worthy of al *liuelyhood*,
 That make men live in perfect *Brotherhood*.

But, that a *Petti-fogging* prating *patch*,⁷
 That gropes the ⁸ *Law* for nothing but for *Galles*,
 Should be so *proverde* as if he had no match,
 For tossing *Lawes* as they were *Tennis-Balls* :
 This vexeth *God* and *Good-men* at the *Galles* :
 Yet such there are, (too many such there are,)
 Who are the *Seedes men* of *Litigious Bralls* :
 And are so *proverde* that by the *Lawes* they dare
 Contend with *Crassus*, though they *nought* can spare.

I graunt the *Law* to bee an holy *thing*,
 Worthy of *reverence* and all *regard* ;
 But the abuse of ⁹ *Law* (and so of *King*)
 By such as will abuse both for *reward*,
 Is dam'd ; hard tearme ! yet that *course* is more hard :
 Can such finde *patrones*, such *course* to protect ?
 They can and doe, but would they might be barr'd
 From *Barres*, or that ore *Barres* they might be peckt,
 Els at *Barres* with as hard a *doome* be checkt.

¹ Immoderate desire of having, & honor be enemies, & can hold no congruency in one man together.

² If it be an infallible token of health, when the Physicians be poore, then is it a true sign of contention (a state's disease) when Lawyers bee rich.

³ Verie manie laws are notes of a corrupte Common weale. Tacit.

⁴ Cato in Rome forbad al to be called to the Barre that were found eloquent in a bad cause.

⁵ Money.

⁶ The duty of Lawes and Lawyers.

⁷ Petty-foggers the grand disturbers of good men's quiet.

⁸ If hee ought to be punished which offereth to corrupt a Iudge with gifts, howe much more ought he which goeth about to blind his iudgment with lies, or eloquence : because a vertuous Iudge will not be corrupted with the first, but he may be deceived by the last.

Hinc illa Lachryma! ¹ O griefe of griefes!
 My *Muse* be mute, defile not thine owne *Nest*:
 O let the longest *Largy* be shortest *Briefes*
 In this discordant *Note*, and turne the *Wrest*:
 So that this ¹ *Note* by thee bee nere exprest:
 Canst thou, my *Muse*? canst thou my cruel *Muse*
 Make *Men*, the *Muse's* *Minions* detest?
 Forbeare, forbeare thy *Soule's* *loue* to abuse,
 Or touch *that* tenderly which thou dost vse.

Is't possible a *Poet* should bee proude,
 That for the most part is past passing poore?
 That can paint *Vice* with & without a *Cloude*,
 And be'ng most vgly, make *her* vgly more,
 Can he be proude? & only ² proude *therefore*!
 It cannot be in *sense*, and *Poets* are
Sense-masters subtilized by their *Lore*:
 Yet tis too true that scarce one *Poet* rare
 Is free from *Pride*, though *Back* be *leane* as *bare*.

I cannot but confesse the *Skill's* divine;³
 For, holy *Raptures* must the *Head* entrance,
 Before the *Hand* can draw *one* lasting *Line*,
 That can the glory of the *Muse* advance;
 And sacred *Furies* with the *thoughts* must dance,
 To leade them *Measures* of a stately kinde,
 Or iocond *Giggles*: Then, if *Pride* with them prance
Shes will be foremost, then *shame* comes behinde,
 Both which disgrace the *motions* of the *minde*.

Wilt thou be lofty, *Muse*? then scale the *Mount*
 Where *loue's* high-*Alter* ⁴ stands; and on the same
 Offer thou lowly, *that* which doth surmount
 The reach of *Vulgars*, in no vulgar *Flame*:
 There sacrifice to *loue* thy fairest *fame*
 In lowest depth of high'st *humilitie*:
Humility that can advance thy *name*
 To highest height of *immortalitie*,
 Embosom'd by diuine *Deitie*.⁵

Art great with *yonge* with *numbers* infinite
 The least of which hath pow'r to peirce the *Skie*?
 Yet lowly be, that the *wombe* of thy *Witt*
 That rare *Conception* may yeeld readilie,
 Their *mother* so to glad and glorifie;
 Thou art from *Heav'n* my *Muse*, then be thou such,
 As *Heav'nly* be, ful of *humilitie*:
 Is thy *skill* much? be ⁶ meeke then more then *much*,
 For *Pride's* most dam'd, that *heav'nly* *things* doth touch.

¹ Pride in whom so ere is notable, for she will be seene, being still overseene.

² Proud of a conning invective against pride.

³ Poetry no skil humane.

⁴ On the topp of Olympus at the foote whereof runs Helicon.

⁵ Humility is the surest foundation for the highest glory.

⁶ Humility doth best become the highest knowledge.

Extreame precisenes or affectation in words & stile doth quench the heate of our invention and bridleth the freedom of our witts.

Wee must vse words as wee vse Coynes, that is, those that be common and current; It is dangerous to coine without priviledg.

Plunge thee ore head and eares in *Helicon*,
 Dyue to the *Bottom* of that famous *Fludd*,
 Although it were as deepe as *Acheron*,
 Thence make thy *fame* vp-dive although withstood
 With weeds of *Ignorance*, & *Envie's* *Mudd*:
 But though thy *fame* faire *Sol* should equalize
 For *height* and *glorie*, yet let al thy good
 Consist in that, If thou woul[d]st thou could'st rise,
 But lou'st bum-basted *mountings* to dispise.

Yet let me giue this ¹ *Cesar* but his due
 (*Cesar* of *speech* that monarchizeth *Eares*)
 Sweete *Poesie*, that can al *Soules* subdue,
 To *Passions*, causing ioy as forcing *Teares*,
 And to it selfe each glorious *sp'rite* endeeres:
 It is a *speech* of most maiestike state,
 As by a wel-pen'd *Poem* wel appeeres;
 Then *Prose*, more cleanly coucht & dilicate,
 And if wel done, shal liue a longer *Date*.²

For, it doth flow more fluent from the *Tonge*,
 In which respect it wel may tearm'd be,
 (Having a *Cadence* musicall among)
 A *speech* melodious ful of harmonie,
 Or *Eare*-enchancing matchlesse melodee:
 Succinct it is, and easier to retaine
 (Sith with our ³ *sp'rites* it better doth agree)
 Then, that which tedious *ambage* doth containe,
 Albe't the *Witt* therein did more then raigne.

It's deckt with *Colours* fresh, and *figures* fine,
 Which doth the *Iudgment* ay inveagle so
 (Making the *Eare* to it of force incline)
 That ⁴ *Iudgment* often doth her selfe forgoe,
 And like *Waxe*, bends *Opinion* to and fro;
 In *Prose* the speech is not so voluble,
 Because the *Tongue* in *numbers* doth not flo,
 Ne yet the *accent* halfe so tunable,
 Then, to our *sp'rites* much lesse suitable.

And, for it's oft vs'd, it cloies the *Eare*
 Be'ng not contriv'd with *Measures* musicall,
 And not allow'd that *beauty* *Verses* doth beare,
 Nor yet the *Cadence* so harmonically,
 Much lesse the ⁵ *relish* so *Angelicall*:
 It's not adorn'd with choise of such sweete *Words*
 (*Words* that haue pow'r to sweeten bitter'st *Gall*)
 Nor licence't that fine *Phrase*, *Arte* *Verses* affords,
 Which makes huge *Depthes*, oft times, of shallow *Foordes*.

Therefore the *Poets* from the *World's* first *Age*,
 As best persuaders, whose sweete *Eloquence*
 (They playing best *partes* on this Earthly *Stage*)
 Was the first *retorick* borne of *Sapience*,

¹ Poesie is the Caesar of Speech.

² Poesie more perdurable then Prose.

³ Some Philosophers supposed our soules to be musicke, some others Number.

⁴ Poesie inveigles the iudgment to assent to her assertions.

⁵ Relish, and double-relish words of arte incident to the Soule-inchanting Arts of musicke.

That glorie giues to *Wisdomes* influence :
 Herehence it came that diuine *Oracles*
 (*Apollo's* speech of highest excellence)
 Were stil exprest in measur'd *Syllables*,¹
 The voice of *Wisdomes* truest *Vocables*.

In which respect, 'twas meet'st to make *Records*
 Of memorable *Accidents* of *Time*,
 Of *Princes'* liues and *actions* of great *Lords*,
 Which *Poets* first did *Chronicle* in *Rime* ;
 And farre about *Chronography* did clyme :
 For they were first of al that did observe
 (Though *Poets* now are neither *Musk* nor *Prime*)
 The workes of *Nature* for *Man's* vse to serue,
 But now gainst *Nature* their *works* make them ²sterue.

They searcht the *causes* of *things* generable,
 With their *effects* and distinct *properties* ;
 And made them (by their *skill*) demonstrable,
 Mounting from thence vnto the loftie *skies*,
 To note their *motions* and what in them lies :
 They first did finde the *Heav'n's* plurality, ³
 And how they did each other so comprise
 That in their *motion* they made melody,
 Caus'd by their *closnesse* and *obduracy*.

Yea, sought to finde each *substance* separte,
 And in their *search* they were most curious
 Of diuine *Essences* to know the state,
 Which having found, were most laborious
 Them to expresse in *Poems* precious :
 They were therefore the first *Astronomers*
 (That travell'd through the *Heav'n's* from house to
 house)

First *Metaphisicks* and *Philosophers*,⁴
 Vnfolding *Heav'n & Earth, Sun, Moone, & Starres*.

Thus much for *Poets*, and sweete *Poesie*,
 In whose *praise* never can be said too much :
 Yet *Pride* their praise may blemish vtterly,
 For she defiles like *pitch* what she doth tuch :
 And maks both *heav'n & earth* at it to grutch :
 For no *Perfection* can be toucht with *pride*
 But it wil looke as if it were not such,
 Deform'd in fauour, which none can abide ;
 For *Grace* is base being thus double *dide*.

But that which grates my *Galle*, and mads my *Muse*,
 Is (ah that ever such iust cause should *Be*)
 To see a *Player* at the put-downe *stewes* ⁵
 Put vp his *Peacock's* *Taile* for al to see,
 And for his hellish voice, as prowde as *hee* ;

¹ Oracles delivered alwaies in Verse.

² They giue those men fame that recompense them with famine.

³ Poets first found the distinction of the Sphaeres.

⁴ Poets were the first Astronomers, Metaphisicks, and Philosophers.

⁵ The stewes once stode where now Play-houses stand.

What *Peacocke* art thou proud ?¹ Wherefore ? because
 Thou *Parrat*-like canst speake what is taught thee.
 A *Poet* must teach thee from clause to clause,
 Or thou wilt breake *Pronunciation's* *Lawes*.

Lies al thy *vertue* in thy *Tongue* still taught,
 And yet art proud ? alas poore *skum* of *pride* !
Peacocke, looke to thy *legs* and be not haught,
 No *patience* can least *pride* in thee abide ;
 Looke not vpon thy *Legs* from side to side ²
 To make thee proud, though in *Buskine* fine,
 Or *silke* in graine the same be beautifide ;
 For *Painters* though they haue no skil diuine,
 Can make as faire a *legge*, or *limbe* as thine.

Good *God* ! that euer *pride* should stoope so low,
 That is by nature so exceeding hie :
 Base *pride*, didst thou thy selfe, or others know,
 Wouldst thou in *harts* of *Apish Actors* lie,
 That for a ³ *Cue* wil sel their *Qualitie* ?
 Yet they through thy perswasion (being strong)
 Doe weene they merit *immortality*,
 Onely because (forsooth) they vse their ⁴ *Tongue*,
 To speake as they are taught, or right or *wronge*.

If *pride* ascend the *stage* (o base ascent)
 Al men may see her, for nought comes thereon
 But to be seene, and where *Vice* should be shent,
 Yea, made most odious to ev'ry one,
 In blazing her by demonstration
 Then *pride* that is more then most vicious,
 Should there endure open damnation,
 And so shee doth, for shee's most odious
 In *Men* most base, that are ambitious.

Players, I loue yee, and your *Qualitie*,
 As ye are *Men*, that pass-time not abus'd :
 And ⁵ some I loue for ⁶ *painting, poesie*,
 And say fell *Fortune* cannot be excus'd,
 That hath for better *vses* you refus'd :
Wit, Courage, good-shape, good partes, and all *good*,
 As long as al these *goods* are no worse vs'd,
 And though the *stage* doth staine pure gentle *bloud*,
 Yet ⁷ generous yee are in *minde* and *mood*.

Your *Qualitie*, as farre as it repones
 The *World* of *Vice*, and grosse *incongruence*
 Is good ; and *good*, the *good* by nature lones,
 As ⁸ recreating in and outward *sense* ;

¹ The Peacock.

² Neither delighteth he in any man's legs. Psal. 147. 10.

³ Reprooves wher they are wel deserved, must bee well paid.

⁴ Meant of those that haue nothing to commend them but affected acting, & offensive mouthing. W. S. R. R.

⁵ Simonides saith, that painting is a dumb Poesy, & Poesy a speaking painting.

⁶ Roscius was said for his excellency in his quality, to be only worthie to come on the stage, and for his honesty to be more worthy then to come thereon.

⁷ Ther is good vse of plaies & pastimes in a Common-weale for thereby those that are most vacivill, prone to moue war and dissention, are by these recreations accustomed to loue peace & ease. Tac. 14. An. Ca. 6.

And so deserving *praise* and *recompence* :
But if *pride* (otherwise then morally)
Be acted by you, you doe all incense
To mortall hate ; if all hate mortally,
Princes, much more *Players* they vilifie.

But *Pride* hath skil to worke on baser *Skils*,
For each *Bagg-piper*, if expert he be,
Pride fills his *Soule*, as he his *Bag-pipe* fills,
For he supposeth he and none but hee
Should be advanc'd ; For what? For *Rogueres*.
Hee can repine, and say that *men* of *partes*
Are not esteem'd ; Goe base *Drones*, durtie *Bee*,
Rest thou in *dwng*, too good for thy *deserts* ;
For *durt* to *durt* should goe, and *praise* to *Artes*.

Though no *man* can more willingly commend
The *Soule*-reioycing sound of *Musiche's* voice,
Faire *figure* of that *blisse* that nere shall end,
Which makes our sorrowing *Soules* (like it) reioice ;
Yet at the best it's but a *pleasure choise* :
To make vs *game*, when wee are woe-begon,
It is too light graue *Artes* to counterpoise :
Then no cause is there to bee provid theoreon
Albe't thou wert as good as *Amphion*.

Pride, wilt thou still be subiect to my *Muse* ?
Be subiect to her stil, and so to me :
But now shee should (if shee did well) refuse
Longer to haue to doe with curs'd *Thee* ;
For shee hath found thee in the low'st *degree*,
The *Hangman* sav'd, whose *baseness* doth surpasse :
Yet he of *London*, that detested *He*
(Whose *hart* is made of *Flint*, and face of *Brasse*)
Of *decollation* brags, but let that passe.¹

- Then *pride*, farewell, base beastly *pride*, farewell,
Or fare farre worse, then ill in worst degree,
Sith thou scorn'st not in such an *hart* to dwell,
That by the *fruit* lues of the *Gallow-tree* :
Who wil not scorne now to be toucht by thee ?
Sincke to *Earth's* Bowels from her burd'ned *Breast*,
(For on the *Earth* thou canst no lower bee)
Sith *Hell's* thy *Sphaere*⁴ wher thou should'st ever rest,
For, on the *Earth* thou mov'st but to *vnrest*.

- Thus having past these *Passions* of the *Soule*,
That are as *founts* from whence the *lesser* flow ;
We are arriv'd (through faire waies and fowle)
Vnto the third *Wombe*⁵ situate below
The *Midriff* ; where the *growing pow'r* doth grow :

¹ Though these words be vnfit for his mouth yet he fits his mouth to these words.

² The ende of *Artes* gives them their true valuation.

³ Gentlemen should hate *Pride* nowe, sith she is become the Hangman's loue.

⁴ Hell, the home of *Pride*.

⁵ The third wombe.

But for it is so farre remov'd from thence
From whence the *Soule* doth her *arch-wonders* show,
(Namely the *Seate* of the *Intelligence*)
Wee'l balke the same for its *impertinence*.

Referring it vnto *Anatomists*,
Who marke each *Mortesse* of the *Bodie's* frame,
The *Pynns*, the *Tenons*, *Beams*, *Bolts*, *Windings*, *lists*,
All which they *marke* when they doe it vnframe :
To these *Craft's-masters*, I referre the same ;
Suffizeth me to looke with my right *Eye*
(Though it dimme-sighted be and so to blame)
Into the *Seate* of each *soule's* facultie,
Fixt to *Will's*-wonder-working *Ingeny*.

Yet as I could I haue the *Soule* exprest,
If not with proper *Colors*, yet with such
As doe distinguish her *kinde* from the rest,
Which *Kind*, by kinde, *Beasts & Plants* doth couch :
But to paint her in each least *part* were much ;
Philosophers haue beene to ² seeke heerein,
Although they sought but sleightly her to touch,
And haue through *Error* much abus'd bin,
When her faire *Picture* they did but begin.

For *Crates*³ said, there is no *Soule* at all,
But that by *Nature*, *Bodies* mou'd be :
Hipparchus, and *Leucippus*, *Fire* it call,⁴
With whom (in sort) the *Stiches* doe agree :
A fire *Sp'rite* betweene the *Atomes*
*Democritus*⁵ wil haue it : and the *Aire*
Some say it is : the Barrell'd *Cynick*,⁶ hee
And with him *others* of another *haire*,
Doe thus depaint the *soule*, and file her *fairs*.

The *soule* (say they) is *Aire*, the Mouth takes in,
Boil'd in the *Lights*, and temp'ed in the *Hart*,
And so the *body* it throughout doth rin ;
This is the *soule* (forsooth) made by their *Art*.
*Hippias*⁷ would haue it *water*, all or part :
*Heliodorus*⁸ held it *earth* confixt ;
And *Epicurus* said it was a ()
Namely, a *Sp'rite* of *Fire* and *Aire* commixt :
And *Zenophontes*, *earth* and *water* mixt.

Thus (simple *Soules* /) they make the simple *soule*
Of simple *Elements*, or els compound :
Meane-while they make her (most faire *creature*) fowle,
And dimme her *glorie* which is most renown'd,
Through *mists* of *Ignorance*, which them surround.⁹
Others, of other substaunce weene it is,
For *Critias*¹⁰ with *bloud* doth it confound,

¹ Of mine vnderstanding.

² All *Philosophers* have erred touching the *Soule*.

³ *Crates*.

⁴ *Hipparchus & Leucippus*.

⁵ *Democritus*.

⁶ *Diogenes*.

⁷ *Hippias*.

⁸ *Heliodorus*.

⁹ A diametrical repugnance of opinions, among the *Philosophers*, touching the soul.

¹⁰ *Critias*.

*Hippocrates*¹ (that went as wide as this)
Said twas a thin *sprite* spread through our *Bodis*.

Some, *Flesh* would haue it with the *senses*' vse ;
Some the complexion of the *Elements* :
And *Galen*² doth not much the same refuse,
For to an hot *Complexion* he assents,
For so's the *soule* (saith he) and not repents :
Not that *Complexion*, (some say) but abides
In some *point* of it ; and those *Continents*
They hold the *Hart*, or *Braine*, where it resides
As *Queene* enthron'd, and all the *body* guides.

Some *Light* would haue it, as *Heraclitus*³ ;
Others, some thing tide to no certaine *place*,
But wholly present in each *part* of vs ;
Which, whether sprong from the *Complexion's* grace,
Or made by *God*, yet they weene cleer's the case,
From *Nature's* lap the same of force must fall.
Some others said a *Quintessence* it was :
Some, an *vnquiet Nature* moving all :
A *number*, some, that it selfe moues, it call.

The *Caldees* say it is a *formelesse Force*,
Which nerthelesse al *forms* doth apprehend,
And *Aristotle*⁴ doth him selfe inforce
To make the same vpon the *Corpes* depend ;
For these his *words* do sort out to that end :
It is (saith he) an *high perfection*
Of *bodie*, that *life's powre* doth comprehend,
Which *vnnderstanding* giues it, *sense*, & *motion* :
This in effect is his *description*.

*Plato*⁵ (surnam'd *divine*) affirm'd, it is
A *diuine substance* which it selfe doth moue,
Indu'd with *vnnderstanding*. He doth misse
Lesse then the rest, though *Truth* doth all reprove :
And *Senec*⁶ saith the *soule* is farre about
The knowledge of the most *intelligent* ;
Which speech of his *Lactantius* doth approue :
Thus doe they all about the *soule* dissent,
Aswell for *substance*, as *where* resident.

For in the *braines Hippocrates*⁷ it puts,
And *Strato*⁸, in the space betweene the *eies* ;
In the *hart's* hollow *veine* the *Dog*⁹ it shuts,
That alwaies in a *Tub* enkenell'd lies :
The *Stoicks*¹⁰ say, the *Hart* doth it comprise :
In al the *body*, saith *Democritus*¹¹ :
In al the *breast*, say *others* as vnwise :
In the *braine's ventricles*, saith *Hierophilus*¹² :
Thus al in al were most *erronious*.

¹ Hippocrates.
² Heraclitus.
³ Plato.
⁷ Hippocrates.
⁹ Diogenes.
¹¹ Democritus.

³ Galen.
⁴ Aristotle.
⁶ Seneca.
⁸ Strato.
¹⁰ Stoicks.
¹² Hierophilus.

*Empedocles*¹ in *bloud* the same doth bound :
*Galen*² would haue each *limb* a *soule* to haue :
Renown'd *Galen*, how wast thou renown'd,
That didst thy selfe so foolishly behaue !
Thus for the *place* they with each other straued,
And for the *soule's continuance* no lesse.
The *Epicure*³ the *bodie* makes her *Grane*,
And *dies* and *lies* with it. But *some* confesse
Shee's capable of *everlastingnesse*.

*Pythagoras*⁴, by *transmigration*
Wil haue it *everlasting*, or at least
As long as *beasts* shal haue creation ;
For it doth passe (saith he) from *Man* to *beast* :⁵
What *Foole* could more ridiculously iest ?
Yet he disciples had, and not a few,
That this *grosse doctrine* did with ease disgest ;
Therefore no *Beasts*, these more *beasts*, euer slue
Sith their *friends' soules* held, for ought they knew.

The *Stoicks*, held the meane twixt *Epicures*
And *Pythagoreans* : for that *soule* (they say)
That's *vicious*, whilst the *body* it immures,
Doth die, and with the *bodie* quite decaie :
But if it *vertuous* be, it liueth aie :
Some *partes* of it (as *Aristotle*⁶ holdes)
That haue *seates* corp'ral, with them fall away :
But *vnnderstanding* which no *Organ* holdes,
(As free from *filth*) *Eternitie* infoldes.

Thus for their *ending* or *continuance*
Do they contend ; & no lesse *Christians* strue
For their *beginning* :⁷ some, the same advance
To *heav'n*, and say they there did ever lue
Since *Angels* fel. And other some beleue
That one *soule* doth *another* propagate :
Some *others*, their *commencement* do deriue
From time that first the *Angels* were create,
Which sacred *Austine* doth insinuate.

Others there be, who constantly affirme
That *soules* created are from day to day,
Which he of *Aquine*⁸ boldly doth confirme :
For sith the *soule* doth forme the *bodie's* clay,
It with the *bodie* must be made, they say.
Whereto agrees each moderne *Schoole-divine* :
So that these *Men* doe from each other stray
Touching the *soule's* birth, which they mis-assigne.
" For they speake ill that cannot wel *define*.

And *Epicures* the same doe mortal make ;
The *Pythagoreans* it doe transmigrate ;

¹ Empedocles.

² Galen.

³ Epicures.

⁴ Pythagoras.

⁵ Man is the Horizon between Angels and Beasts, as far from Beasts as Angels.

⁶ Aristotle.

⁷ Christians differ touching the soule's beginning.

⁸ Thomas Aquinas his opinion touching the soule's beginning.

Some say, the *heavens* do the same retake :
Some put it into *hell*, in endlesse date :
Others would haue it *earth* perambulate.
Some say there's but one vniuersal *soule*,
Whereof *particulars* participate ;¹
Which saying *Plato*² doth not much controle,
But that he would haue *either* to liue sole.

Some, make each *Man* two distinct *soules* to haue,
The *Intellective*, and the *Sensitive*,
And that the *Sensitive* the *parents* gave,
But the *Creator* the *Intellective* :
Others, the *soule* doe of the same deprive,
For they the *soule* and *Vnderstanding* part.³
Some make no difference, but doe beleue
The *Vnderstanding* is the chiefest *part* ;
Thus in *Conceits* they from each other start.

Some, held opinion *Soules* are bred in *Heav'n*,
And of the *divine Nature* portions are,⁴
Deckt with al *virtue*, by that *Nature* giv'n,
Togeather with al *skill & knowledge* cleare,
Which in that *nature* ever doe appeare :
From whence they did descend to animate
Men's bodies, which by nature filthie were ;
Which did those pure *Soules* so contaminate,
That they those *Skills & virtues* quite forgot.

So that they could not vse them further forth
Then they were taught, which made them to suppose
That what *skill, virtue*, or what other *woorth*
The *Soule* bewra'd, was but a minding those
It had in *Heav'n*, and so knows al it knoes :⁵
So that the *portions* of the *divine fire*
Be'ng wel neere quencht by *Blood*, which them orefloes,
Must be rekindled and made to aspire
By *Doctrine*, which the *spirit* doth desire.

Wheron they do conclude, that sith the *soule*
By entring in the *Body* most vncleane
Is made prodigious, and extreame fowle,
To *Heav'n* cannot ⁶returne be'ng so obscene,
Till it by *Discipline*, bee *purg'd* cleane ;
And decked with the *rights* of her *Birth-right*,
Which to regaine, *Instruction* is the *means* :
Or from the *Body* being parted quight,
They may be *purg'd*, some saie, though most vright.

Now, when we *ballance* al these *Arguments*
In the sincere *Scales* of the *Sanctuary*,

¹ Diverse opinions concerning the soul's continuance.

² Plato.

³ Some make two distinct things of the Soule and vnderstanding.

⁴ Some suppose that humane soules are portions of the divine nature.

⁵ Our minds do remember Sciences, not learne them. Plato.

⁶ Truth it selfe saith, no vncleane thing can enter into the heavens. Galat. 5. 17.

Wee finde them viler then *Witt's Excrements*,
And lighter then the *Skumme of Vanity* :
For true it is *The Blinde eates many a Fly*.¹
But that *Man* hath a *Soule*, none is so blinde,
But sees her almost with *Eyes* bodily :
And that shee's endlesse the dym'st *Eyes of Minde*
By *Nature's* dymest *light*, may lightly finde.

God is a *sp'rite*, the *World* a *Body* is,
Both which in *Man* are plaine Epitomis'd,²
Of *God* hee's *Abstract* in that *soule* of his ;
And in his *Corps* the *World* is close compris'd :
As if the divine *Wisedome* had devis'd
To bring into a *Center's* Center all
His *greatnesse*, that cannot be circulis'd,
And the huge magnitude of the *Earthe's* Ball ;
For *Microcosmos* men *Man* fitly call.³

Who in a *Minute* can the *Earth* surround,
And sincke vnto her *Center*, then ascend
And compasse, with a trice, the *Heav'nly Round* ;
Yea *Heav'n & Earth* at once doth comprehend
Not touching either ; But doth apprehend
A thousand *places*, without shifting *place*,
And in a *moment* ascend, and descend
To *Heav'n & Hell*, & each of them embrace ;
It selfe being compast in a little *space*.⁴

This, *Man* can doe without the *Bodie's* aide,
Then must he doe it as a *Man* he is ;
And in respect of his *soule* he is said
To be a *Man*,⁵ for by that *Soule* of his
And onely by that *Soule*, he acteth *this* :
Which seeth when the *Bodie's* eyes be clos'd,
And when those *Eyes* bee ope, oft *sight* doth misse :
It travels when the *Body* is repos'd,
And rests when as the same by *Toile's* dispos'd.⁶

Th' external *senses* may loose all their pow'r,
If but the *Instruments* of them decay,
Yet *Life* and *Reason* may continue sure ;
But *Senses* stay not if *Life* doe not stay,
And *Life* the *soule* doth stay or beare away :⁷
The more the *Corpes* decaies, so much the more
The *soule* is strengthened ; which *sick-men* bewray,
Who when their *Bodies* are most *weake* and *poore*,
Their *Minds* reveale most *strength*, and *riches* store.

Then it's a *substance* and no *Qualities*,⁸
For *Qualities* in *Substances* subsist ;
Then that which makes another *thing* to Bee,
No *Quality* can be, but doth consist

¹ A Proverb.

² God and the world are epitomis'd in man.

³ Microcosmos.

⁴ The agilitie, subtilty, and capacity of the Soule.

⁵ Man is said to be man in respect of his humane Soule.

⁶ When the Minde is busie the outward Senses be at rest.

⁷ Life & Sense depend vpon the Soule.

⁸ The Soule is no Quality but a Substance.

In its owne substance, which doth sole exist :
Then sith a *man's* a *man*, that is to say
A lyving *Creature* with right *Reason* blist,
He hath a *soule* that forms, & him doth sway,
Else were he but a livelesse *Lump* of *Clay*.

Which *soule* is *Bodillesse*, else could it not
Containe so many *Bodies* smal and great,
By some of which it would be over-shott ;
For al this *All*, were it much more compleate,
In it may sit, without place for a *Seate*.¹
Yet doth our *bodie* bound it, which is smal,
But wer't a *Corps* it could not doe that *feate* ;
For that which can containe *Heav'n*, *earth*, and all
Which they containe, cannot be *corporall*.

The more it *hath*, the more it will receive,²
The more it *holdes*, the more it doth desire,
The more *things* bee, it best doth them conceave,
Whether they be *distinct* or els *intire* ;
All which at once may in the *Soule* retire
Without disturbing or annoying either :
All which t' effect doth such a *Soule* require,
That *infinite* had neede be altogether,
And in a sort the *soule* can bee no other.³

We may in *Minde* conceave another's *Minde* ;
Then, that which can conceave *things* bodylesse
Can be no *body* (though pure as the *winde*)
But meerey *Sp'rituall*, which may haue egresse
Into each *Sp'rite*, and from thence make regresse,
Without those *Sp'rites* perceaving of the same :⁴
Then must the *substance* that makes such accesse
Bee *immateriall* in *deede* and *name* ;
The *soule* therefore is of a *sp'rituall* frame.

Two *formes* at once of quite repugnant kinde
No *Matter* can receave :⁵ but the *soule* can ;
Black, *White*, *Fire*, *Frost*, *Moist*, *Dry*, these *place* doe
finde
Without resistance in the *soule* of *man* ;
Then *soules* wee see at *Matter* nere began :
Nay, sith the lesse with *Matter* we doe mell,
The more we vnderstand :⁶ it followes than,
That nought can more against the *soule* rebell
Then *matter*, which the *soule* doth hate as *Hell*.

For, wer't *Materiall*, whereof is't made ?
If of the *Elements*, how give they *sense*
That never *Life* since their creation had ?
Much lesse then can they giue *Intelligence*,

¹ The Soule is of capacity to comprehend Heaven and Earth.

² The more the soule doth the more it may receive.

³ The soule is in a sorte infinite.

⁴ We may enter into another's minde with our mind.

⁵ No matter can hold 2 formes at one instant of contrary kinds.

⁶ The lesse flesh the body hath the more wit the soule hath commonly.

In whom nor *Life* nor *sense* hath residence :¹
A *Body's* meerey *Passive* ; But the *Sp'rite*
Is absolutely *Active* : And from thence
The *Bodie's* Actions doe derive their might,
Or els no *Limbe* could stirr or wrong, or right.

And that the *soule* is an immortall *Minde*
(Not mortall, like the *Body*) doth appeere,
That whereas *Time* in his *turnes*, vp doth winde
The *Bodie's* substance, which those *turnes* doe weare ;
Yet can those *motions*, the *soule* nothing steere ;
But to more *staidnesse*, they the same doe turne,
And make her more immortall (as it were)
Who (like the *Pow'r* divine) can *Time* adorne,
Or make it stay, or it quite overturne.²

The *Time* past, present, or to come, are all
(As to the *soule's* *sire*) present to the *soule*,
Which makes her *matterlesse* and *immortall* ;
For that which can stay *Time*, when he doth rowle,
Must be *Divine*, nought else can *Time* controule :
Then *Time* is subject to the *soule*³ (wee see)
Which as his *Sov'raigne* him doth over-rule,
And though in *Time* the *soule* was made to *Bee*,
Yet shee makes *Time's* *turnes* to her *turnes* agree.

Beside, her *Food* doth her immortall make,⁴
For mortall *Creatures* feede on mortall *things*,
As *Beastes* on *Grasse*, and *Beasts men's* hunger slake ;
But shee doth feede on *Truth*, which truly brings
Immortall state without al *varyings* :
For *Truth's* as free from al *corruption*,
As from *Tyme's* *Turnes*, & restlesse *alterings*,
Then sith the *Soule* doth feede on *Truth* alone,
It needs must be *immortall* in *Reason*.

What *soule* can doubt her immortality,
But such as is immortal? for that *doubt*
Doth rise from *Reas'n's* discourse ingeniously :⁵
Then if by *Reason* shee brought that about
That *souls* are mortal : that *soul's* not without
The *pow'r* of *Reason* : & who hath that *pow'r*,
Must needs be of that rare *Coelestial Route*,
Which *Iron Teeth* of *Time* cannot devoure :⁶
For *Reas'n* made *Time*, and past *Time* doth endure.

No *Soule* humane but covetts stil to *Bee*,
Which could not be if shee but mortal were :
When shee lookes backe *Eternitie* to see,
Shee sees she cannot past *beginnings* beare ;⁷

¹ That cannot give Sense that is senselesse, nor intelligence that is vnintellectual.

² The Soule not subject to Time.

³ Time is the Soule's subject.

⁴ The Soule's food (Truth) argues shee is immortall like her foode.

⁵ The doubt of our Soules' immortality, prooves their immortality.

⁶ God the Fountaine of Reason.

⁷ The eternitie past, overwhelmes the Soule as being too great for her capacite, but that which is to come she can and doth conceave.

But be'ng *begun* would *faine* past *Time* appeere :
Then how is it that *Men* are al so *faine*
If *Nature* therevnto *all* doe not steere ?
But how is't *naturall* if it be ¹ *vaine* ?
And *vaine* it is, if it doe nought obtaine.

If ever thou resolv'd wer't to dye,
Consider how thy *Soule* discours'd then :
Coulede shee perswade her selfe that shee must fly
(Sith shee was made of *nought*) to *nought* agen,²
And as *Beastes* died, so did mortal *Men* ?
Maugre thy *soule* while shee doth thus *discourse*,
Shee slips from al *Conclusions*, and doth ren
Quite from her *selfe* by *Nature's* proper force,
To weigh which *way* she wends, free'd from her *Corse*.

The damned *Epicurean-Libertine*
At *Death's* approach, (stirr'd vp by *Nature's* might)
To *Life immortal* would his *Soule* resigne ;³
And in his *soule* resistlesse *reasons* fight,
To proue the *soule* immortal by *Birch-right* :
Doe what he can his *Thoughts* to pacifie
Whiles they immortal strue to make his *Spright*,
He cannot for his *soule* them satisfie,
But they wil stil beleeeve *shee* cannot die.

If one weake *thought* say thy *soul's* but a *Blast*,
That with thy *Breath* is vapor'd to nought ;
A stronger *thought* saith it doth ever last,
For nought can mortal be, that hath that *thought* :
By *Reason* thus the *soule* is inly taught.⁴
If wandering *thoughts* perswade that *Soules* depend
On that which *Nature* in the *Bodie* wrought,
Domestick *thoughts* against those *thoughts* contend,
And say, *Soules* *Bodillesse* can never end.

They came from *God*, to him themselves they lift,
They mount as high as they dismounted bee ;
Ev'n as a *Fountaine*⁵ doth her *Current* shift
As high, as it descended, naturallie :
So *Soules* doe mount to him of whome they Bee.
Beastes know no more but *nature's partes* externe,
But our *soules* into *Nature's secrets* see ;
Nay stay not there, but they thereby doe learne
Who gaue them sight such *secrets* to discerne.

Some say the *Soule* and *Bodie* are but one,
Because their outward *Sense* perceaves no more :
They might denie *God* too by like *reason*
Because they see him not : yet evermore
They see his *deedes*, for which we him adore.

¹ Nature made nothing in vaine.

² The *Soule* cannot possible perswade her selfe that shee is mortall.

³ No *Atheist* but would *faine* dye the death of the righteous.

⁴ The *Soule* is taught by naturall reason, & by the light of nature that she is immortal.

⁵ Simil.

Then let the *actions* of thy *soule* perswade
Thy *thoughts* thou hast a *soule* ;¹ & let the *lorr*
Which *God* in her infus'd, when he her made,
Teach thee to know that thy *soul* cannot fade.

The *soule* consists not by the outward ² *sense*,
But by the *soule* the outward *sense* consists :
The outward *sense* hath no *Intelligence*,
(Which *in* and *by* an *Instrument* subsists)
But as an *Instrument* *sense* her assists :
The *sense* can see a *Fort*, but if w' inferre,
Men made the *same*, and it the *Foe* resists,
This doth surmount the outward *senses* farre,³
And doth conclude, our *soules* about them are.

Our *Reason* often giues our *sense* the *lye*,
When *sense* would misinforme the *Intelligence* :
For *sense* gaine-sales the *Heav'ns'* pluralitie,
But *Reason* proues the same by consequence :
The *Moone* at full hath greatest light, saith *sense*,
But *Reason* by cleere *Demonstration*
Doth proue her then to haue least *radiance* :⁴
Then *Reason* by this illustration
The *soule*, not *sense*, makes Her foundation.

The *Sunn's* one hundred *sixtie six times* more
Then the *Earth's Globe* in compasse ;⁵ but the *sense*
With *Tooth* and *Nail* with-stands it evermore,
And saies, (nay swears) ther's no lesse difference
Then twixt the *Center* and *Circumference* :
But *Reason* by right *Rules* them both doth meate,
Which shee hath made by her experience :
And findes the *Sunne* (as erst we said) more great
By ⁶ *Demonstration* more then most compleate.

We by our *soules* conceaue (as erst was said)
Wisedome and *knowledge* bee'ng incorporal :
But outward *sense* is altogether stal'd,
On *qualities of things* meere corporall :
The *soule*, by *reason*, makes *rules* general
Of *things* particuler : but *sense* doth goe
But to *particulars* material ;⁷
The *soule* by the *effect* the *cause* doth sho,
But *sense* no more but bare *effectes* doth kno.

The proper *essence* of *things* is obscur'd,
And by themselves of vs cannot be knowne :⁸

¹ The actions of our *Soules* proue their immortalitie.

² The *Soule* is not subiect to the impression of the *Senses* because she is of an incorporall nature.

³ The *Soule's* discourse surmountes the reach of the outward *sense*.

⁴ Our *Reason* doth oft correct our erring *sense*.

⁵ The *Sunne's* magnitude.

⁶ *Demonstration* is the *Filler* wheron al science depends.

⁷ The *Soule* makes generall rules of many particulars : but *sense* insists vpon particulars.

⁸ The true essence of things is vknownne ; and to man knowne by their accidents and actions. Who vnderstandeth his waies ? and the storm that no man can see ? for the most part of his works are hid. Eccle. 16. 21.

Therefore the knowledge of them is procur'd
By *accidents* and *actions* of their owne,
Which to the *soule* by *wit's* discourse is showne;
For, she concludes by *Reason's* consequents
(Though of themselves they meerey are vnknown)
That thus they are; which high *experiments*
Lie farre above the reach of *sense* ascents.

In them which wil not vnderstand this *Truth*,¹
Their ignorance is *sinne* most pestilent;
But they which cannot, (ah the more the ruth)
Their ignorance, of *sinne's* the punishment:
And who denies a *Truth* so evident,
Hath neither *grace*, nor *sense*; for all may see
The *soul's* immortal, and diuinely bent,
And hath most force when shee from *flesh* is free,
Which proues her *powre* and *immortalities*.

If *soules* and *bodies* then be so distinct,
And that the *soule*, as she of *God* was made,
Is free from *sinne*,² and by her owne instinct
Shee hates that *sense* that doth to *sinne* perswade,
How is it then that shee should be so bad?
For from the *soule*, *sinne* doth her force deriue,³
Which with her *waight* the *body* doth oreload;
Can shee both *cause*, and yet against *sinne* strue?
Shee may (quoth *All*) but *few* doe it beleue.

That is a *Gulfe* that swallowes vp the *soule*,
And quite confounds her, if shee enters it:
This *secret* deepe, deepe *wisdomes* did enroule,
In that still-closed *booke* of *secrets*, fit
For Her alone to know, not erring *wit*.⁴
Therefore the more *presumption* we show
In *search* hereof, the more are we vnfit
A *secret* so vnknowne as this, to know:
For they know most thereof whose *sp'its* are low.

The lesse sobrietie we vse herein,
The more we ⁵ erre in by-pathes of *Offence*;
And (giddy headed) headlong fal to *sinne*,
From which we hardly rise by *penitence*;
For *sinnes* presumptuous, *grace* doe most incense.
Then let vs ⁶ curbe our head-strong *thoughts*, when they
Would run beyond the reach of *sapience*;
And make them stop, where *wisdomes* points a *stay*,
That is, to go no further then they ⁷ may.

¹ In them which wil not vnderstand true doctrine ignorance is sinne, and in them which cannot, it is the paine of sinne.

² The soule is free from sin as shee was made by God.

³ Sinne deriues her force from the soule.

⁴ To God all things are lawfull that like him, and nothing likes him that is vnlawfull.

⁵ Some certaine things though true are not vttered of God without danger whom we seem best to knowe when we confesse him and his counsels to be incomprehensible.

⁶ In doubtfull matters wherein we may be ignorant without danger, it were better suspend our iudgements then offer occasion of contention. Calv.

⁷ Warrantably.

Many a curious *Question* hath bin mou'd
Touching this ¹ *secret*, and no fewer *larres*
Hath it procur'd; and all to be reprov'd;
Sith ev'ry one his owne *conceits* preferres,
² Which to maintaine, stil maintaines wilful *warres*.
Some so desire to *know*, that faine they would
Breake through the ³ *Boundes* that *humane knowledge*
barres,

To pry into His *breast* which doth infold
Secrets vnknowne: These, strange *opinions* hold.

But let it vs suffice thus much to know,
That though the *soule* cannot be soild with *sinne*
As *God* created her; yet *sinne* doth flow
From ⁴ *Adam* to the *soule*; and enters in
When shee the *bodie* doth to moue begin:
Nor must we make her sinnefull in respect
Shee with the *Corpes* is *Cas'd*, as soild therein,
But make the *Fault* of *Adam* her infect,
Which is, indeede, sole *cause* of that *effect*.

At large to proue her *immortalities*,
I should (like her) well-neere be ⁵ *infinite*;
For, if the *Image* of the *Deity*
Bee found in *Man*, in his *soule* it is right:
And though by *Adam* shee bee made *vpwright*,
Yet by the second *Adam* (full of *grace*)
Shee is againe ⁶ *reform'd* and made *vpwright*,
Which makes her strue when *sin* would her deface,
To foile it, or at least not giue it place.

Inough my *Muse* of that, which nere ynough
Can well be said, and let me (restlesse) rest;
For, I must ply my *Penne* which is my *Plough*,
⁷ *Sith my life's sunne is almost in the West*,
And I provided yet but for *vnrest*:
Time flies away, these *Numbers* number *time*,
But *goodes* they number not: for their int'rest
Is nought but *Aire* which, though to *heav'n* it clime,
Is but meere *Vapor* rising but from *slime*.

There is no end in making many *bookes*, and much reading is
a wearinesse of the *Flesh*. *Eccles.* 12. 12.

Yet this we doe, and pleasure take in toile
Although we doe but plow the barrenne Soile.

FINIS.

¹ Divine matters are full of obscurity. Cat.

² This secret must be lookt vnto not into.

³ Faithfull ignorance is better then rash knowledges.

⁴ Sinne flowes from Adam to the soule, and enters into her when she first giues motion to the body.

The fault of Adam only infects the soule.

⁵ It is farre off, what may it be? and it is a profound deepnesse, who can finde it? *Eccles.* 7. 26.

⁶ Since the elementary & diuine partes of Man are corrupted one by another and both from Adam, they must be borne againe, by elementary & diuine meanes, by Water and the Spirit.

⁷ *Eccles.* 25. 3.

An Extasie.

WHETHER *entranc'd*, or in a *dreame* of dreames,
 Procur'd by *Fancy* in our *sleep's* extreames,
 Or whether by a strong *imagination*,
 Bred in the Bowels of deepe *Contemplation*,
 My *soule*, when as my *bodie* waking was,
 Did see, *what* doth ensue, in *Fancie's* Glasse :
 I know not well ; but this ful wel I know,
 If it no *substance* were, it was a *show* :
 A *show* whereat my *Muse* admir'd much,
 Which *she* with her best *sense* can scarle touch ;
 It was so strange and full of *mystery*,
 Past apprehension of her *ingeny*.
 Me thought I saw, (at least I saw in *thought*)
 As on a *River's* side I lay long-straught
 Eyeing the *Waters'* cle-delighting *glide*;
 An heauenly *creature* more then *glorifide*
 Vpon the *wanes* come tripping towards me,
 Who, scarce the *water* toucht, did seeme to flee :
 Her *face* was louely, yet mee thought *shes* lookt
 As one that had long *time* and *travell* brookt.
 The *Robe* she ware was *lawne* (white as the *Swanne*)
 Which siluer *Oes*, and *Spangles* over-ran
 That in her *motion* such reflexion gaue,
 As fill'd, with siluer *starres*, the hea'ny *wane*.
 Her *Browes*, two *hemi-circles* did enclose
 Of *Rubies* rang'd in artificiall *Roes* :
 Whose precious *haire* thereto was so confixt,
 That *golds* and *Rubie* seem'd intermixt.
 Vpon her *head* a siluer *crowne* shee ware,
 (Depressing so that rising golden *Haire*)
 In token that shee knew no *marriage* Bed,
 Which nerthelessse was richly garnish'd
 With rarest *Pearle*, that on the arch'd *bents*
 That rose from that rich *Crowne's* embattlements,
 Did shine like that braue party-coulord *Bow*,
 That doth *Heav'n's* *glorie*, and their *mercy* show.
 About her *Necke* hung *Nature's* ¹ *Miracle*,
 A *Carcanet* of glorious *Carbuncle* ;
 Which did the *Sunne* eclipse, and clos'd mine *Eyes*,
 That they could not behold her other *guise*.
 This *sight* (though glorious) much amated me,
 From which, rowzing my selfe, I sought to flee :
 But with the *offer* I fell downe againe,
 As one whose *Legges* could not his *Corpes* sustaine,
 Yet still I off'rd (bootelesse) to be gon,
 For, *Sights* diuine daunt the stout'st *Champion*

¹ Nature sits in a precious Stone as in her Throne of Maiestie.

At the first sight ; for, *Nature* doth not love
 To see (fraile *Creature*) ought her selfe aboue.
 When lo, this heau'nly *Apparition*,
 Bad me not feare, with sweete perswasion !
 For, I am *shee* (quoth shee) that lately was
 Thy *Sou'raigne* ; fr'd from this *Earthy Masse* :
 I now can like an *Angell* with a trice,
 Shift *place* to serue the *Prince* of *Paradise*.
 And, I am come to thee by his permission,
 That (notwithstanding thy obscure *condition*)
 Thou should'st by me haue *light*, and cleerely see
 (As in a *Glasse*) what shal hereafter *bee*
 Touching this *Land*, I did predominate :
 Looke in these *Wanes* (quoth shee) and see her
fate.

But I yet fearing lest by some *delusion*,
 I might be drawne to drowne me, in conclusion,
 Did backward seeme to doe this later *heast*,
 Though in the *premisses* I seem'd blest.
 Then shee (as seeing with immortal eyes
 The mortall *fears* that did my *Soule* surprise)
 Skipt from the *Water* to the verdant *Shore*,
 And tooke me by the *hand*, and cheer'd me more.
 Her *touch*, mee thought, sent to my *soule* such *ioy*,
 As quite expell'd, *what* erst did it annoy.
 That *hand*, mee seem'd, I kist with reverence,
 Which yeelded sense-reviving redolence.
 I held *it* fast, and swai'd *it* as I would,
 For shee encourag'd me, and made me bold.
 When to my selfe, I wisht I had had might,
 T' haue swaid or staid *it* when *it* once did write,
 When *it* did (shaking) write *Elisabeth*,
Name giving *Life* to be a *name* of *Death*.
 I often haue held *hands*, while I haue taught
 Those *hands* to write, as (handsomely) they ought ;
 But had I held her *hand* then, when it was,
 I would haue taught her *hand* all *hands* to passe
 In love-procuring *skill* ; and when shee wrate
Elisabeth great *R.* abridging date
 Of *Life* and *Name*, shee should haue written thus,
 Live live great *R.* : for *dying* oft for *vs*.
 And though shee had in *Earth* no interest
 Now fr'd from *it* by eternall *rest*,
 Yet, was my *soule*, mee thought, extreamely glad
 So to converse with her immortal *Shade* :
 And to my selfe I said, with *submis*se voice,
 If *Princes' Shades* our *Spirits* so reioyce ;
 What will their *Substance* where *they* please to grace ?
 That, in the *Soule* must needes haue greater *place*.

Arise (quoth shee) because the *Water's* deepe,
 And thou (perhapps) dost feare therein to peepe :
 Come, follow mee to yonder shadie *Grove*,
 Which *Zephirus* doth gentle breathing moue ;
 Vpon the further side of this greene *Meade*,
 There shalt thou see, *what* shall thy *Fancy* feede.
 Then vp I sprang with rare *agilitie*,
 Which gaue me pow'r, me thought, with her to flie
 As swift as *thought*, to that designed *place* ;
 And there she laid me downe, with sweete embrace :
 Which so entranc'd me, as a while I laie
 Engulf'd in *ioy*, yet all the while did praie
 That the *Catastrophe* of this sweete *Scene*,
 Might answer the *beginning* and the *meane*.
 Shee feeling with her *hand* my *Pulse* to beate
 As one whose *Soule* did seeke to shift her *Seate*,
 Shee chafte my *Temples* which did showing raine
 The liquid *Pearle* which oft proceedes of *Paine* :
 And with a loving *cheeke* shee did controule,
 The *Passion* of my over-passion'd *Soule*.
 I am (quoth shee) no *Soule*-confounding *Fiend*,
 Assuming *Angell's* forme for wicked *end* ;
 But come to grace thee, gracelesse forlorne *Man*,
 With divine *favours* ; why dost feare me than ?
 Whereto with trembling *Tongue* I made reply :
 I feare thee not, sense-mazing *Maiestie* ;
 But the delight my silly *Soule* conceales
 For this high *grace*, my *soule* of *sense* bereaves.
 Well then I coniure thee in *Loue* (quoth shee)
 That thou feare not, But marke what thou shalt see.
 No sooner these sweete *words* accented were,
 But in our *presence* livelie did appeare
 A *Ladie* of a most maiesticke state,
 Cladd like a *World*-commanding *Potentate* ;
 With all that might obiect *prosperitie*,
 To *Witt* or *Observation's* Eagle's *Eye* :
 On whom attended two still-striving *Dames*,
 In *manners* diverse, diverse too in *frames* :
 The one still eyde the *Mould*, with downe-cast
looke,
 In *blacke* invested, in her *hand* a *Booke* :
 Her *Brest* close-clasp'd vp vnto the *Chin*,
 That no lascivious *Eye* might prie therein :
 A *Cypres* vaile ore-canapide her *face*,
 Where vnder shone a *World* of modest *grace*.
 Nothing about her was superfluous,
 And nothing wanting, fitte for *Nature's* vse ;
 I tooke her for some *World-despising* *Dame*,
 Whose *conversation* was not in the *same*.
 The other was the true *Arch-tipe* of that
 Which *Men* for *Leuitie* doe wonder at.
 Neere to her *Body* shee (*fantasticke*) ware
 A thinne vaile of *Carnation* coulour'd *ware* :
 On which, with *Starrs* of *gold* embost, was drawne
 As t' were an vpper *Smock* of purest *Lawne* ;
 Which seem'd as if a *Silver* *Cloude* had spreadd
 Over the face of *Phabus* blushing redd :
 Vpon all which shee ware a *Gabberdine*,
 For *forme* as strange, as for *stuffe*, rich and fine :

To which ther was a certaine kinde of *Traine*,
 Which (vselesse) was turn'd vp threefold againe :
 The *Wings* wherof, (where her *Armes* out were let)
 Were of pure *gold* with *Smarags* thicke besett :
 So were the *verges* of it sett with *stone*,
 As costlie as the *Whore's* of *Babylon*.
 On either side from her *Armes* to her *Wast*,
 It was vnsow'd, and made with *Buttons* fast
 Of orient *Pearle*, of admirable size,
 Which loopes of *Asur'd silke* did circulize :
 So as yee might betweene the *Buttons* see,
 Her *smocks* out-tuft to show her *levites*.
 The *Sleeves* whereof were meanelie large, yet so
 As to the *handes* it lesse and lesse did gro :
 About whose *wrists* being gath'rd in fine *plantes*,
 It was made fast with orient *Bracilets*
 Of *Pearle* as bigge as *Plumbers*, and intermixt
 With other *lemmes*, of diuers *hues* transfixt ;
 Which ore her *handes* hunge as superfluously
 As (like the rest shee ware) most combrously.
Morisco-wise her *Garment* did orehang
 Her *Girdle*, set with *stone* and many a *spang* :
 Which nerethelesse could not be scene at all,
 By reason of that *Robe's* orefolding fall :
 Saving that when the *Winds* blew vp the *same*
 It might be scene like *lightnings* sodaine flame.
 This *Garment* though it were but too too long,
 Yet too too short, or short'st of all, it hunge.
 Her nether *Vesture* strecht but to her *calfs*,
 Yet lower rought then that above, by halfe :
 For, shee the vpper tuckt and trebl'd so,
 As like a *Vardingale* the same did sho.
 Vpon her legges shee ware a *Bushin* fine,
 Of *stuffe* that did like clearest *Amber* shine,
 Downe halfe way folded, with a *Brouck* below,
 Which on the *shinns* shee rightly did bestow.
 Her nether *smocks* or smock-like *Petticotes*,
 Each *gale* of *winde* aloft in *Aier* flotes :
 Which she assisted with prompt *reddynesse*,
 Glad of so good a *coulour* (as I guesse)
 To show the *coulour* of her *shinns* below,
 Which scarce the *Smocks* of modest *Matrones* know.
 Her *Brest* lay open almost to the *Wast*,
 That by the *eye*, *men* might be drawne to taste
 The bitter *sweetes*, which in her did abound ;
 " For, *beautie* through the *eye* the *heart* doth wound.
 Her *Pappes* were varnisht ore with shining *stuffe*,
 To giue the *Sight* a lustie *counterbuffe* :
 Twixt whom there hung a *lewell* of rare *lemmes*,
 That the *eye* dazl'd with resplendant *beemes*.
 About her *Necke* a chaine of *Pearle* shee ware,
 That to her *Brest* did couer all the bare ;
 Saving that *here* and *there* yee might esple.
 A *dy-like* *Square* of polisht *Iuorie*.
 Her *Ruffe* (or ¹ what you will) about her *Necke*,
 Was cut and *hern'd* the more the *same* to decke :

And in the cuts, betwene the *foldes*, did lurke
Frogs, Flies, Snakes, Spiders, al of *Gold-smiths'* work ;
 So lively made, as that the *sight* would sweare
 They were aliue, for each did seeme to steere.
 Vpon the *hummie* whereof did looslie hange
 Many a glitt'ring siluer-golden *spang* :
 Which, with the *motion* of her *bodie* light
 Did (twinkling) seeme like *starrs* in *winter's* night.
 Her *face*, though faire, was painted *cunninglie*,
 Which trebl'd *beautie*, to bewitch the *eye*.
 In *center* of her *forehead* (which did shine
 As if the *same* had beene all *christalline*)
 Betwene rare *Pearles*, dispos'd all in *fret*,
 A rich coruscant *Rubie* in was let.
 Vpon the *verge* of whose gold-stayning *haire*,
 Illustrious *Saphires* ev'nly rank'd were :
 Saving that *here* and *there* prowde *Pompe* did place
 Great pointed *Diamonds* to giue them grace.
 Her *Haire*, though faire, yet was it made to line
 A curld *Periwicke* of *Haire* more fine ;
 Not *haire*, but *golden wire* drawne like the *Twist*
 The *Spider* spins with her vnfin'g'd *list*.
 Behind, the *rest* was so in *trammels* folded
 (Which precious *Pearls* and *Rubies* rich infolded)
 That all, like speckl'd *Snakes*, in *Knots* was wound,
 And ev'ry one with diuerse *flowers* crown'd.
 Her *gate* was painefull, tripping on the *Toes*,
 As if *Desire* should say, *lo, there shee goes*.
 Shee stood, as if she stood vpon no *ground*,
 But on some *water-waue* that made her *boumd* ;
 For, now shee sinckes on *this* legge, then aloft
 Vpon *that* other shee advanc'd oft.
 And no lesse oft shee would cast downe her *eye*
 Vpon her *Ivory* *paps* : and wantonly
 Shee seem'd to smile on *beauty* without peere,
 To draw all wanton *eyes* to note it *there*.
 In *summe* shee was such as *Voluptuousnesse*
 With all her colors cannot well expresse.
 These *damsels* strau'd (as erst I said) to gaine
 The loue of *her* that was their *Soueraigne* :
 Who seem'd to each indiff'rently dispos'd ;
 But after much adoe their *strife* shee clos'd
 With this *decree* ; that who her most could moue
 By *Reason's* force, should bee her loofest *Loue*.
 Then ¹ *Vertue* lo, (for so it seem'd shee was)
 With modest *looks*, and *fauour* full of *grace*,
 Began to tune her *tongue* vnto that *eare*
 Which shee desir'd to her to indeere.
 Quoth *shee*, deere *Albion*,² (so I knew her *name*
 That first of all into our presence came)
 If thou wilt me imbozome, I will make
 Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* to loue thee for my sake.
 Thy *conscience* I wil calme, and in thy *breast*
 Thou shalt perceiue the *heav'n* of *heav'ns* to rest.
 Thine *vnderstanding's* *eye* shalbee as bright
 As that faire *eye* that al the *World* doth light.

¹ Vertue.² Albion.

Al *Nations* shal doe homage vnto *thee*,
 As vnto her that giues them *eyes* to see.
 Thou shalt reduce to thine *obedience*
 Without the *Sword*, the *Earthe's* *circumference*.
 The *wisemen* of the *East* shal come from farre,
 Drawne by thy *grace*, led by thy *vertue's* starre,
 And offer thee *Gold*, *Mirr'h*, and *Frankensence*,
 And what els may delight thy *Soule* or *sense*.
 Thou shalt haue *powre* to crush the crownes of *kings*
 And with their neighbors' *swords* to clip their *wings*,
 If they shal rise against thee in their pride ;
 So keepe them downe, and yet thy *hands* vndide.
 God and the *World* (though it be nere so il)
 Shal hold *those* curst that doe resist thy *will*.
 For, thou shalt *nothing* wil but what is *good*,
 As long as *thou* and *I*, be one in *mood*.
 I wil breake ope *Heav'n's* gates with might & maine,
 And on thy head shal *Blessings* powre amaine.
 Yea, to thy comfort it shal wel appeare
 That al desir'd *increase* shal crowne each *year*.
 The golden *daies* of peaceful *Salomon*,
 Shal ever waite thy blessed *yeares* vpon.
 The *sea* shal yeeld thee from her liquid *Wombe*,
 What shal enrich thy poore and basest *Groome*.
 Thy *Mountaines* shal with *cattell* stil be crown'd,
 The whiles the *Vales* with *corne* shal ore-abound.
 Thy *Sons*, & *Daughters*, shal yeeld comfort to thee,
 That whilome did indeavour to vndoe thee.
 Thy *young-men* shal see *Visions*, & thine *Old*
 Shal dreame *dreames*, by which *things* shalbe fore-
 told
 That shal concerne thy *good* in *times* future,
 And *that* prevent, *which* may thine *Ill* procure ;
Angels shal guard thy *walles* and on thy *strand*
 In *legions* they shal lie as thicke as *Sand*,
 To keepe thy *So-men* from assailing thee,
 In *Battaile* rang'd by *Heav'n's* *Divinitie*.
 Thy *Schools* shal yeeld thee *Saints*, which shal direct
 In *Life*, and *Doctrine*, whatsoever *Sect*.
 Thy *Citties* like *Bee-hives* shal stil containe
Men as *Bees* busie for the *Common* gaine.
 All idle *Drones* that live by *others'* sweate
 They shal cassiere, or not allow them *meate*.
 There shal no *Begger* in thy *Streets* be found,
 Nor *cries* of *wretches* at thy *Gates* shal sound ;
 But, with the foizone of *Heav'n's* blessings all
 (By means of me) their *Baskets* fill they shall.
 Thy *Peeres* shal strive for *peace*, & who shalbe
 In *Vertue* (not in *State*) in highest *degree*.
 There shal be no *Contention* in thy *Body*,
 Which heretofore hath made thy *members* bloudy.
 The *Poole* of *Grace* shal overflowe thy *Land*,
 Glyding in *Christall* *streames* on Pearly *Sand*.
 The *Horror*s that consort the hateful *Crue*,
 Shal never come so neere as in thy *view*.
 No *humane* *quarters* shal oretopp thy *Gates*,
 For seeking to ore toppe thy *Maistrates*.
 No *Heading*, *Hanging*, *Burning*, or the like,
 Shalt need to vse, ne with the *Sword* to strike

Those that doe weare good *Swords* but to badd
ends ;
 For *all* shal liue in *peace* like loving *friends*.
 The Worde *Oppression*, much lesse shall the *deeds*
 Be never heard, where *all* are well agreeed.
 Each *one* shal know his *place*, and in the *same*
 Shal labour to preserve an honest *name*.
 One *Hart*, one *Hand*, one *Faith*, one *Soule*, & *Mind*,
 Shal al thy *People* in one *Body* binde.
 Thou shalt not neede to feare the *Chamber-scapes*,
 The *sinnes* gainst *Nature*, and the brutish *Rapes*,
 Which with the godlesse *Nations* are too rife ;
 For ev'rie *Man* shal have his lawfull *Wife* :
 Which dulle in an vndefiled *Bedd*,
 Shal gett right *Members* for their vpright *Head*.
 Thou shalt not neede to pinch thy *People's* *Purses*,
 And so incurre thereby thy *Commons'* *curses* :
 Or money-*Bladders* seeke, in *Seas* of *Bloud*
 To beare thee vp, from sincking in that *Floud*.
 For, thou shalt haue *Eschequers* richly stor'd,
 That thou to *well-deservers* maist affoorde
 Roiall *rewards*, without the *Commons'* *Cost* ;
 For, *Crownes* are richly blest, with *Peace* y-crost.
Taxe-vndergrowne, (ô odious *Tyranny* !
 Bredd in the *Wombe* of *Sensuality*)
 Shal nere so much as once be nam'd in thee,
 But thou shalt punish *Kingdomes*, where they bee.
 The cloudie *Piller* shall guide thee by *dais*,
 The fire *Flame* by *night* shal show thy *Waie*.
Beauies of *Quailes*, and *Manna* (*Angell's* foode)
 Shal shewre from *Heav'n* to doe thy *Children* good.
 Who shal therefore, sing *Hymnes* of praise divine,
 And merry make each *one* beneath his *Vine*.
 The *voice* divine shal thunder from on hie,
 And talke with thee (*belov'd*) familiarly.
 Thou shalt with *Moses'* Rodd divide the *Deepes*,
 And make their raging *Waves* to stand on *Heapes*,
 That *Man*, and *Horse* which to thee doo belonge,
 Shal passe, as on drie *Land*, those *Waves* amonge.
 For thine *Advantage* thou shalt ope the *Earth*,
 And send repyning *Rebells* quicke beneath,
 If any should arise ; but doubtlesse *Those*
 Can never *spring*, where *Vertue* stil ore-*flows*.
 If thou wilt vse *me*, thou wilt vse *me* still,
 For I will please thy *Soule*, thy *Witt*, thy *Will*.
 And though I seeme t' vncircumcized *Sense*
 But passing *plaine*, and ful of *Indigence*,
 Yet in my *Brest* true *Glorie* is enthron'd,
 And al my *Friends* shalbe with *Glorie* Crown'd.
 On me doe waite the *Ministers* of *loy*,
 To be dispos'd as I shal them imploy.
Death, and *Damnation* I treade vnderfoote,
 And over *Lethe* lake with ease I flote.
 I am the *Darling* of the *TRINITIE*,
 That ore *Sinne*, *Death*, and *Hell* hath *Emperie*.
 When *Heav'n* shal melt, & *Earth* shal meare away,
 I in his blessed *Bosome* live for aie.
 If thou through *humaine* frailtie chance to *trippe*,
 Ile stay thy *foote*, that downe thou shalt not *slippe*.

Or if in *mire* of *sinne* downe flatt thou fall,
 Ile wring *Tears* from thine *Eyes* to wash off *all*.
 What shal I say? if thou wilt cherish me,
 Ile stil make *peace* betweene thy *God* and *thee* :
 That neither *Sathan*, *Sinne*, nor *ought* beside,
 Shall haue the pow'r your *Union* to deuide.
 Thinke what a comfort it wilbe to *thee*,
 By *me* t' enioy this *World's* felicitie,
 And when *Confusion* shal dissolve the *same*,
 Thy *Soule* to live with *God*, with *Saints* thy *fame* :
 Which al *eternity* shal comprehend,
 In *ioy* past *ioy* ; thus shee with *ioy* did end.
 When lo, the other (painted *Butterfly*
 That lookt too like voluptuous *Vanity*)
 Seem'd greatly chafed with this long *discourse*,
 And often *mew'd* and *mopt* ; and which is worse
 The *speech* disgraced interruptingly,
 With *What* might make the *same* seeme al a *ly*.
 But now shee gan to *face* her *Countenance*,
 With many a *smile* and *Eye-delighting glance*.
 And thus with *voice*, that did her *speech* becomee,
 Shee brake into her *Tale's* *Exordium*,
 Deere *Albion*, whom as my *Soule* I prise,
 In whom (as in my *Heav'n*) my *glorie* lies ;
 If ever thou, by following sound advice,
 Wouldst tast the truest *ioyes* of *Paradise*,
 Then, listen to me, while I breath such breath,
 As shal create a complete *Heav'n* on *Earth*.
 If thou wilt me imbrace ; as did that ¹ *Prince*
 That was the *Source* of humane *sapience*,
 Who in his *wisdomes* knew wel what he did
 (Sith he knew more then al the *world* beside)
 When monge a thousand *Loues*, his *wisdomes* powre
 Did choose me for his chiefest *Bellamoure* :
 If therfore thou wilt me indeere to *thee*,
 That but one *soule* may be twixt *thee* & *me*,
 I knowing what such *wisdomes* high did please,
 Will plunge thy *soule* in depth of *pleasures* *Seas* :
 Where thou shalt meete with *loye's* vnsounded
 deepe,
 To lullabie thy waking *Cares* asleepe.
 But to particulate what they shalbe,
 Requires the Tongue of some *Divinites*.
 Yet coldly, as I can, I wil expresse
 This onely heav'n-surmounting *happinesse*.
 Deere *sweete*, quoth she, (& *sweet* she lisped forth)
 If thou wilt well conceave thine owne high *worth*,
 Listen to mee,² and I wil tell thee *what*
 Shal glad thy *Soule*, and correspond with *that*.
 As stands thy *case*, thou well maist prize thy *Head*,
 With the extreamest *rate* of *Ioue's* *God-head* :
 And sith aboute *he* raignes in boundles *blisse*,
 Thy blisful *raigne* below should be like *his*.
 I therfore wil draw *Wit*, and *Industry*
 (Al whose defects my *science* shal supplie)

¹ Salomon.

² Vanity is instant to gett attention because sense is betraide thereby.

To straine their *powres* to their extreame extent,
 So to accomplish thy *soule's* ravishment.
 Thou on Triumphant *Chariots* (like the *Sunns*,
 That on the cristal *Heav'ns* in glorie runnes)
 By *Horses* shalt be drawne, as white as *milke*,
 And al thy way shal cover'd bee with *silke*
 Of choicest *kinds*, and of the *Tyrian* die,
 As wel to show thy *state*, as please thine *eye*.
 Thy *Robes* shalbe pure *gold* ten-times refin'd,
 That like the *Aire* shal gently turne and winde :
 Not fac'd with *Ermine*, but with everie *thing*
 That to the heav'n's bright *eye* may wonder bring :
 Which shal send backe, when that *eye* on it stayes,
 (In counter change) more glittering-glorious *Raies* !
 Thy *Horses'* heades, with *Phenix* feathers deckt,
 Shal worke on *Angels'* eyes the like effect.
 The *pillers* of thy *Pallaceis* shalbe
 Hewne out of *rockes* of purest *Porphyrus*,
 Their *walls* of *Iasper* square, and eu'ry *loint*
 Dissoluéd *Amber*, passing cleere, shal *point*.
 The *columns* of thy *windowes* shalbe *set*,
 Inlaide with *Pearle*, in many a curious *fret*.
 Their *Glasse* of *christall* : in whose vpper part
 With *stone* of price, past price, and matchlesse
Art

Shalbe inserted *stories* of thy *deedes* ;
 That both the *eye* delights and *Spirite* feedes.
 Their *Heav'n-high Roofes* shalbe embattelléd
 With *Adamant* in *gold* enuvelopéd.
 Their *Tile* of *Curvall*, and in *Louenge*-wise,
 Mother of *pearle* their *sides* shal circulize.
 Vpon their *crest*, as thicke as they may stand,
 Saint *George* on horse-backe with a *Lance* in hand,
 Charging a *Dragon*, both of precious *stone*,
 To wit, the *Emeral'd*, and *Calcedone*.
 The *roomes* within, al roof't in archéd wise,
 (Like to the *Convexe* of the vaulted *skies*)
 Shalbe with purest *Bice* enammeld faire,
 Enchas'd with *stars*, like *Iones* etherial *chaire* !
 The *chimny-peeces* reaching through the *same*
 Of glorious *Chrysolites*, that seeme to flame :
 On whose *fore-fronts* below, cut out shalbe,
 In *Indian Berill*, curious *Imageries*.
 The *hangings* of thy *walls*, of that same *ware*
 That *Salomon* in al his *glorie* ware.
 Thy *floores* shalbe (most glorious to behold)
 Couerd with cloth of *Bodkin*, *Tyssue*, *Gold*.
 Thy *chaire* of *state* (t' amuse the *gazer's* sight)
 Cut out of one vnvalued *Margarite*
 Shal stand on top of *Twelue* most faire *Ascents*,
 Like that wherein *Ioue* sits in *Parliments*.
 Each *steppe* of *stone*, of richest *price*, and *kue*,
 Deckt on each *ende* with *beasts*, of dreadful view,
 (Huge *Lyons*, *Dragons*, *Panthers*, and the like
 That in th' *aspectors' hearts* doe terror strike)
 Shal seeme like that more then celestial *Throne*,
 Which *Iupiter* in *state* doth sit vpon.
 Thy *cloth* of *state* that it ore-canopies,
 Shalbe *stuffe* brought from *Earthly Paradise*

By *spirits* immortal, which shal waite on thee,
 And doe thy *Heasts*, if thou wilt *rule* by me.
 This precious *geare* (no *name* is good ynuffe
 T' expresse the *glory* of this precious *stuffe*)
 With *Sunne*-like *Carbuncles* in forme of *eyes*
 Shalbe embosséd, as if each were *spies*,
 Which with their *luster* creepe in each darke *hole*,
 That thou thereby maist pul thence by the *Polle*
 Who shal vnscene envie thy glorious *state*,
 So, with thy *Sword* of *Iustice* pole their *Pate* :
 And, when thou sitt'st vpon that royal *seate*,
 Thou shalt seeme *Iupiter*, if not more great,
 Sitting on his celestial *Throne* of *Thrones*
 Compas'd about with many thousand *Sunnes* !
 Thy *privie chambers* (where thou *priville*
 Shalt glut thy selfe, without *satiety*,
 With *what* shal tickle al thy *vaines* with *pleasure*
 Measur'd by *Ioue's* sweete *motions* without measure)
 Shalbe like *Orchards* fram'd so by mine *Art*,
 That thou shalt seeme in *Heav'n* when *there* thou art ;
 There wil I haue an artificial *Sunne*
 In the like *Heav'n* al *daie* his *course* to runne,
 That though the *daie* abroad doe lowre like *night*,
 Thy *Sunne* within shal shine exceeding bright.
 The *Moone* and *stars* (like to the *lamps* of *heav'n*)
 By *night* shal light thee, set in order ev'n :
 And by their *constellations* and their *frames*,
 Th' *astronomer* shal cal them by their *names*.
 Al kinde of *Trees*, of what soeuer *sute*,
 That either *Branches* beare, or *Branch* with *fruit*,
 There wil I cause (or at least, seeme) to grow,
 That *Nature* from her *owne* them shal not know.
Plumbs, *Pears*, *Dats*, *Filbeards*, *Apples*, glistening
Cherries,
Pomgranats, *Peaches*, *Medlars*, & *Mulberries*,
Lymmons and *Oranges*, some ripe, some *greene* :
 What shal I say ! al *fruit* that ere were scene
 This artificial *Eden* shal containe,
 Thine *eye* with *pleasure* stil to entertaine !
 Hard by shal runne, from Artificial *Roches*,
 Confectd *waters* sweete, whose *falling*, mockes
 The voice of *birds* ; which made by *science* shal
 Tune their sweete *notes*, to that sweete *water's* fall.
 Here shal arise an hand-erected *Mounte*,
 From whose *greene side* shal glide a siluer *fount*
 Encreasing *breadth*, as it runnes, by *degrees* ;
 Hemd in with *Couslips*, *Daffadils*, and *Trees*
 That ore the same an *Arche* of *Bowes* shal make,
 Through which the *Sunne* shal parcel-gild the *Lake* !
 Beneath which, in this little siluer *Sea*
 Shal bathe the daughters of *Mnemosine* :
 Singing like *Syrrens*, playing *Lyres* vpon
 Behev'ning so this hand-made *Helicon* !
 Behinde the *Trees* coucht, drown'd in *Daffadillis*
Oxslips, wilde *Cullambines*, and water *Lillies*,
 Shal *Elues* and *Fairies* their abiding make,
 To listen to these *Ladies* of the *Lake* !
Action here shal metamorphis'd bee,
 Great *Oëron* there shal ring his *companes* :

And *here* and *there* shalbe varietie
Of what so ere may charme the *care* or *sie* !
Vnder a gloomy *Bowre* of stil-greene *Baies*,
That stil *greene* keepe their *mortall maker's* praise,
(Where *Eglantines* with *flowres* thrust in their *Noses*,
Intangled with the *slips* of damaske *Roses*,
Stil *fresh* and *flourishing*, as month of *Maie*)
There shalt thou heare of *loue* the sweetest *lay* :
Which shall thy greedy *sense* so much inchaunt,
That *where* thou art, thou shalt be ignorant ;
And *what* thou art thou shalt not much respect,
Sith *heav'n*-rapt *souls* that *What*, do quight neglect !
There, *Angelli's* notes shal so inchant thine *Eares*,
That thou shalt *swim* in *ioy*, though *sunk* in
Cares.

Here *Lab'rinth*es intricate of winding *walkes*,
Of *Mirtles* fild with *Maie-bowes* in the *Balkes*,
Where out shal breath *soule-ravishing* *perfume*
(Which *time* wil rather *prosper* then *consume*)
Shal lull fraile *sense* asleepe in *pleasure's* lapp,
From *melancholie* free'd and al *mishapp*.
Each *foote* of *grasse-made* *ground*, oreleid shalbe
With *Nature's* *Daisie-deck'd* *Draperie*.
And therewith-al, to yeeld the more *delight*,
Angell-fac'd *Fairies* (clad in *vestures* white)
Shal come in tripping blithsome *Madrigalls*,
And foote fine *Horne-pippes*, *liggus*, and *Caterbralls*.
That done, the *Driads* and the *Silvane* crue,
Successiuelie thy *solace* to renewe,
In *Matecheines*, *Lavolts*, and *Burgamaskes*
Shal hardlie plie these *time-beguiling* *Tasks*.
Each *Tree* shal droppe downe sweete *Ambrosia*,
Or cordial *Spices*, *Myrrh*, and *Casia*.
The *Baies* shal sprinkle from their dewey *Bowes*,
Rose-water cleere to cheere thy *handes* and *Browes* ;
Nought shal bee wanting in this *Earthlie* *Heav'n*,
That *Art* and *Nature* to *Delight* have giv'n ;
Or by the pow'r of *Spirites* may bee fulfill'd,
To ravish *sense* with al that *Heav'n* may yeeld !
For I wil dive into th' infernal *deepes*,
Where *Pluto*, *Prince* of *riches* revell keepes,
And make him dance attendance on my *Traine*,
T' effect thy *pleasure*, deere sweete *Soveraigne* !
There shalt thou see (without al cause of *fear*)
The glorious *worthies* of the *world* that *were* :
How *Cesar* in rich *Triumph* entred *Rome* ;
And *Scipio* when he *Africk* had orecome !
There shal the stately *Queene* of *Amazons*
Penthesilla, with her *Minions*,
Present thee with a *Maunde* of *fruits* divine,
Cull'd from the golden *Tree* of *Proserpine* !
Hector, *Achilles*, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Pyrhus*, *Helena*,
Or *whom* soever thou desir'st to see
Shal at a *beck* doe homage vnto thee !
He ripp the *Bowells* of the subtle *Aire*
And bring the *Spirits* therin (in *fashion* faire)
To counterfet the *Musick* of the *Sphaeres*,
And with *Heav'n's* harmony to fil thine *Eares* !

To fetch for thee, from the extreame extent
Of *Earth's* huge *Globe*, what ere may thee content !
To flie vpon thine *errand* with a trice,
To fetch thee *fruits* from *Earthly* *Paradises* !
To entertaine thee, when alone thou art,
With al the *secrets* of each hidden *Art* :
And whatsoere the heav'nly *Cope* doth cover,
To thee (that thou maist know it) to discover !
The *Stone* so sought of all *Philosophers*,
The making of which *one*, so *many* *masks* ;
Thou shalt directly make it at thy pleasure,
T' enrich thy *kingdome* without *meane* or *measure* !
The great *Elixer* (making *small ones* great)
Like *dust* thou shalt make common in the *Streets* !
And if thou wilt, *high waies* shal *parade* bee
With burnisht *gold*, made onely but by thee !
If thou would'st haue the *Air* turn'd, and tost,
To strike a terrour in each *Chime*, or *Caste*,
These *Spirits* that *Lord* it ore that *Element*,
Shal doe the *same* for thee incontinent !
And when thou wouldst spare their *societie*,
They, with a *vengeance*, through the *Aire* shal flie
Without the least *hurt* done to thee, or *thine*,
Except it be in making you divine !
There shal no kingdomes' *Cares*, that *life* destroe,
And like *Hell-paines* the *Hart* and *Minde* annoy,
Once dare to ceaze vpon thy blisseful *Hart* ;
For I wil charme them so, by *Pleasure's* *Art*,
That they shal seeme as *dead* and never sterr,
Thy *solace* to disturbe in *peace*, or *warre*.
He reave sweete voyced *Boies* of what they may
Ill spare, (if spare) to sing thy *Cares* awaie.
He make some others spend their total *time*,
To make sweete *strings* expresse the *twangs* of
Rime :

Which tickle shal thy *hart-strings* with such *mirth*,
That thou shalt saie, ha, this is *Heav'n* on *Earth* !
Thy royal *Table* shalbe serv'd with *Cates*
Surmounting farre *Coelestial* *Delicates* :
Ambrosia, shalbe thy coursest *Cheate*,
And *Manna* (*Angelli's*-foode) thy *Groomes* shal eate !
Delicious *Wines*, that make sweete *Nectar* soure,
Beauties divine in precious *Boles* shal powre,
To comfort *Nature* and to glad thy *Hart*
With *comfort* that surmounteth *Nature's* *Art*.
The *Samos* *Pecocke*, and the *Malta* *Crane*,
The dainty *Lamprey* in *Tartaria* tane,
The *Phrigian* *Woddcock*, and th' *Ambrosian* *Gote*,
The fine fish *Asinellus*, hardly gott,
The *Oysters* of *Tarentum*, fish of *Helops*,
The *Goldny* of *Cilicia*, *Chios* *Scallops*,
The *Nutts* of *Tasia*, and th' *Egyptian* *Dates*,
In few, all *kingdomes'* choicest *Delicates*
That to the *Pallate* pleasure may afford,
Shal oreabound vpon thy bounteous *Boord* !
When, from a *Silver'd* *Tent*, to please thine *Eare*,
Cornetts, *Recorders*, *Clarions* thou shalt heare :
Whiles to delight thy *sight* as well as *hearing*,
Stately *Dumb-showes* before it shal be sterring :

Which wel-tongu'd *Mercury* shal faire relate
 Still pointing to thy *praise*, and glorious *state*.
 When, with these *Sweetes* thou art wel satisfied,
 Ile make thee *Beds of flowers*, divinly dide:
 Where thou, & thy *Lones*, (for your *Limbs'* reposes)
 May drownd your selues among sweet damask
Roses.

And while your rest, the sacred *Muses* ayne,
 (Singing ful sweetely *Ditties* most divine,
 That for *Hart's* ioy wil cause the *Eyes* to weepe)
 Shal lullabie your blisful *Soules* asleepe.
 Continual *Iusts*, and roial *Turnaments*,
 Furnisht with al *Eye-pleasing ornaments*:
Mummings, Masks, Plaies; *Plaies* that shal play with
Care

As *Catt* with *Mouse*, to kill her conning *There*.
 What booteth it to weare a golden *Crowne*,
 If thorny *Cares* it *line*, to make thee frowne:
 Away with *Care* therefore, awaie with *thought*,
 What shouldst thou doe with *that*, that's good for
nought:

Let *them* go waite on *Bishops*, to whose *See*
 They doe belong, but let the *Prince* be free.
 Wilt thou be *Servant* to the common *Trash*,
 That often leaves their *Master* in the lash?
 Or spend thy *Witte*, and *Sp'rits* for such *Riffrage*,
 And so consume the *Corne* to saue the *Chaffe*?

Wilt thou *overwhelme* thy selfe in all *away*,
 That they may *swime* aloft in *Seas of Ioy*?
 What! wilt thou place thy *pleasure* in thy *paine*,
 And make thy *Subiect*, be thy *Soveraigne*?
 Wilt loose thy *roiall sole prerogative*,
 To make vngrateful base *Bash-rags* to thriue?
 O be indulgent to thine owne deere *Hart*,
 And of *Heav'n's blessings* take a blisful *part*.
 Doe not depriue thy selfe of that rare *blisse*,
 That vnto *none* but *thee* peculiar is.
~~And here vpon the sodaine~~ (great *misshap*)
 I found my selfe in *Oxford* my *lone's* lap.
 Where thinking seriously vpon this *thing*,
 I heard *some* say, *God* saue king *Iames*, our *King*.
 And therewithal I heard a *Trumpet's* clang,
 That in an *omison* that *Dittie* sang.
 Then did I more admire what I had *seene*,
 But griev'd I had so double lost the *Queene*!
 And griev'd no lesse, sith I saw not the *rest*
 Of *that* wherein I held me highlie blest!
 Had I so blest'd bin, t' haue *scene th' event*,
 I should haue thought my *time* divinly spent.
 But as I cannot now diuine what shal
 Vnto this Land (*orewhelm'd* in *blisse*) befall;
 So wil I not suspect the *worst*; for why?
God, onely *good*, keepes good *Kings* company.

JOHN DAVIES.



To the Right Ho. and most most Reverend
 Father in God my Lord Archb. of
 Canterb. his grace.

THou temp'rate *Soule*, that holdst *promotion*
 To be but *Virtue's* meede; and vertuouallie
 Dost higher prize the *Soule's* devotion
 Proceeding from the low'st *humillitie*:
Passion-suppressing wel-disposed spirit,
 Cloere glasse wherein true *Pastors* may behold
 The hall'wed *life* that *heavens* doth inherit,
 Whose praises *Glorie* writes in liquid *gold*.
 O helpful, harmlesse, vertuous virgin-*Friest*!
 O louing tender-harted gentlese *Doue*!
 O that *Arte* could in thy *praise* so insist
 As answer might the measure of my *loue*!
 But for my *loue* herein surmounts my *skill*,
 Accept this poore *show* of my rich *good-will*.

I. D.

To the most gracious Prince the Duke
 of Lennox, &c.

FOR no respect (great *Lord*) but for the loue
 I owe to *grace* and *greatnesse* loin'd in *one*,
 Doth my weake *Pen* her strongest *vertue* proue
 To graue thy *name* vpon this *paper-stone*;
 That if it chance the *turnes of Time* to brooke,
 (Which grinde to powder *all* produc'd in *Time*)
 Thy *Name* at least (which is my *most*) may looke
 Like to it selfe, in my hard-fauour'd *Rime*.
 If *voice* of those that loue the *voice* diuine
 Bee true (the *truth* whereof *none* ought to doubt)
 Thou like the *Moone*, among *heav'n's lamps* dost shine,
 While *Sol* thy *Sou'raigne* goes the *Globe* about.
 Long maist thou (as he doth) giue *light* to *all*
 That *pleas'd*, or *pain'd*, doe foote this *earthly Ball*.

I. D.

*To the R. Honorable, and highly valued Lord
the Earle of Northumberland, &c.*

W^Ho cannot raigne in height of lofty stile,
That hath so high a *subject* for the same
As thy heroicke *worth* and glorious *name*,
Is abiect, nay, then abiect farre more vile.
Magnificke *thoughts* to think on, *thoughts* doth mount
About the *spheare* of common *intellect*;
The *thought* of thy *thoughts* causeth this *effect*,
Which makes my towring *thoughts* themselves surmount.
I thinke of *thee* and *them*, as of those *things*
That *move* to rest in *honor's* highest *Spheare*,
Sith *vertue* is the *scale* the same to reare,
Which will make thee as *neere*, as *deere* to *kings*:
As long (great *Lord*) as *Virtue* guideth thee,
Thou shalt be blest of *God*, *King*, *State*, and *me*.

I. D.

*To the Right Honorable the Earle of
Worcester, &c.*

W^Ert thou (most noble *Lord*) a *scurge* to me
Plagueing my *misses* with an *Iron Rod*,
Yet would I, in my *hart*, still honor thee;
For, though he punish me; I honor *God*.
Thou dost hurt no *man* simple for his *harne*,
But as the *Surgeon* doth, his *hurt* to heale;
Would *wounded*, or *diseased* states did swarme
With no worse *Surgeons* for their *Common-weale*!
I honor thee for *that* which *God* himselfe
Doth honor *Men*; that is, for drawing *neere*
To his great *goodnesse* (not for *Port*, or *Pelfe*)
I honor thee for *that*, *deere Lord*; and *deere*
Shal *suck* be to *me* for their *vertue* sake,
Though I *thereof* no *use* at all doe make.

I. D.

*To the Right right Honorable the Earle, and
Countesse of Rutland.*

F^Or infinite *respectes* to thee (sweete *Lord*)
My *Muse* doth consecrate these zealous *lines*;
Which is the *All* her *nothing* can afford,
Serving for *nothing* but for *true loue's* signes.
To *thee* that do'st enjoy *fruite* of his *loines*
From whose worst *parts* proceeded *nought* but *good*!
(Whose weakest *worths*, brake *Envie's* strongest *foines*)
These *lines* I send; and to his dearest *blood*.
Sweete *couple* that haue tasted *sweete* and *sowre*,
The sweetest *potion* *worldly weale* can taste;
O let each other's *sweetes* that *gull* devoure
Which with this *sowre World's* *sweetes* is interlac't:
And that *you* may doe so, your *vnknowne years*,
Will *praise*, so you vouchsafe to call him *ours*.

I. D.

*To the Right Honorable Earle
of Cumberland.*

N^Eptune's vice-gerent, *Sea*-controlling *Spirit*
That makes her pay *thee tribute*, and thy *land*;
Of *which* thou dost, therefore, great *honor* merit,
And worthy art thou on both to command.
So long thou hast the *Northen-pole* regarded,
That *nature* now, hath made that *pole* thine *head*:
So, *lookes* are, with *what* was lookt for, rewarded;
Then by his *light*, let thy *course* still be led.
If so, thy *fame* the *world* inviron shall,
For, his *light* leades to *glory* infinite;
Then *cie* him well and his staid *motions* all,
Yea, draw as *neere* him as is requisite:
So, *Fame* thy *name* will on the *Skies* enrolle.
So shalt thou honor'd be by this *North-Pole*.

I. D.

*To the Right Noble and intirely beloved
Earle of Southamton, &c.*

W^Elcome to shore, vnhappy-Happie *Lord*,
From the deepe *Seas* of *danger* and *distresse*;
Where, like thou wast to be throwne over *board*
In every *storme* of *discontentednesse*.
O living *Death*, to die when *others* please!
O dying *Life*, to live how *others* will!
Such was thy *case* (*deere Lord*) such al thine *ease*;
O *Hell* on *Earth*, can *Hell* more vex the *Will*!
This *Hell* being harrowed by his *substitute*
That harrowed *Hell*, thou art brought forth from thence,
Into an *Earthly Heaven* absolute,
To *tast* his *sweetnesse*, see his *excellence*:
Thy *Liege* well wotts, true *Loue* that *soule* must wound,
To whom *Heav'n's* grace, & *His*, doth so abound.

I. D.

*To the Right Noble, and no lesse learned then indi-
cious Lord, William Earle of Pembroke, &c.*

D^Eeere *Lord*, if so I could, I would make knowne
How much I longe to keep *thee* still alive;
These *Lines* (though short) so long shalbe thine owne
As they have pow'r *Vitality* to give:
I consecrate this *Myte* of my devotion
To the rich *Treasurie* of thy *deere* fame;
Which shal serve (though nought else worth) as a *Notion*
For *Tyme* to sever thy *fame* from thy *name*:
WILLIAM, Son's Son of *William* dreaded *Earle*
Of *Pembroke*; made by *England's*¹ dreadfulst *King*:
Nephew to *Sidney* (rare *Worth's* richest *Pearle*)
That to this *Land* her fairest *fame* did bring:
These *Worthies'* *worthes* are treasured in *thee*,
So *thine* in *one*, makes *one* as *deere* as *three*.

I. D.

¹ H. 8.

To the Same.

W^Ithin my *Soule* I sensible doe feele
 A *motion*, which my *Mind's* attention markes;
 That is, to strike *Loue's* Flint against *Truth's* Steele
 More hard, to kindle thy *loue* by the *Sparkes*:
 But if the *fire* come not so freely forth
 As may inflame the *Tinder* of thy *loue*,
 The tender of my *Zeale* shalbe henceforth
 Offred in *flames*, that to thy *grace* shal move:
 Which is their *Sphere* where they desire to rest,
 And resting *there* they wil in *glorie* shine;
 I am thine *owne* by double interest
 Sith once I vow'd my selfe to *thee* and *thine*,
 O then had I but single loue of *you*,
 I should bee double bound to *W*.
 Your Honor's peculier Iohn Daues.

To the Right Honorable and highly renowned Lady
 the Countesse of Pembroke, the Vertuous Lady,
 Lady Anne her daughter, and the Right
 Worthie and Worshipfull Phillipp
 Herbert Esquier her Sonne.

T^Hus must poore *Debtors* pay their *Creditors*,
 And share a little, where the *due* is more;
 I owe my *selfe* to you, great *Favorers*,
 And I am little; so are *great Ones*, poore:
 I owe my *selfe* vnto my *selfe*; and so
 Doe I to those whom as my *selfe* I loue;
 I owe you *more*; the three in One belowe,
 Which I haue honor'd most next *That* about:
 If *more*, what *more*? sith that's more then I haue
 (For I am not so much mine *owne*, as *yours*;) *More*
 by as much as what I else might crave
 I wish it *mine* for *you*; for, in your powres
 All *that* and more, (if more could be possest)
 Should, while you held me yours, yours firmly rest.
 I. D.

To the Right Honorable the Earle of Mar, &c.

L^OE, how my *Muse* (inflam'd by desire
 To winne thy loue in paying thee thine *owne*)
 Doth strue with *Witt's* dull sword, and *Loue's* quick *fire*
 To honor thee; but how? that is vnknowne.
 And if vnknowne to me, then needs it must,
 To *All* to whom my *Thoughts* are lesse reuel'd;
 In me it's like an *Embrio*, or like *Dust*,
 Wherein the first *Man* late, at first conceal'd:
 I am devising how to fash'on it,
 God grant I spoile it not in *hammering*;
 And if I doe, Ile sacrifice my *Witt*
 In fire of *Zeale*, the while my *Muse* doth sing,
 Like to the *Swanne* when death the *songs* ensu'th,
 Most blest to die with sweets *Mar* in her *Mouth*.
 I. D.

*To the Right Honorable and Loiall-harted
Lord the Earle of Clanricard.*

O^{VR} English *Crowne's* approu'd Irish *friend*,
 That raig'n'st in our *true loue* for such thy *truth*,
 Let thine owne rare *perfections* thee commend;
 For, perfect *praise*, *perfection* still ensu'th.
 I never was so happie as to see thee,
 Much lesse to *knowe* thee, whom I longe to see:
 But, in thy *predecessor* did fore-see thee;
 For, if *Fame's* fable not, much *like* you bee.
 To add then to thy *glory* more bright *beames*,
 Loue *His*, thy *other-selfe*, with deereest loue;
 For *shee* hath martir'd bin with *griefe's* extremes,
 Deere *Innocent*, whose *vertues* all approue.
 Her *loue* to thee doth argue thy hie *worth*
 Then loue such *loue*, that sett's thy *glory* forth.

I. D.

*To the Right Honorable and no lesse vertuous
Lady the Countesse of Clanricard.*

H^Onor attend, as *vertue* guides thy *life*,
 Deere *Lady*, lou'd of *all* that are belov'd,
 As it hath done thee, *virgin*, *Widdowe*, *Wife*,
 For which thou wert of *all*, in *all*, approu'd.
 By *Heav'n* assign'd to *Nature's* Miracles,
Mirrors of *Manhood*, and *Heroick partes*;
World, *Flesh*, & *Fiends*, to such are *obstacles*,
 But *God*, *Saints*, *Angels* guerdon their *deserts*.
 In *thee* it is, the loue of *such* t' allure,
 And binde *them* to *thee* with *love's* Gordian *knot*;
 It is thy *grace* and *reputation* pure
 That made these *worthies* fall so to thy *Lott*:
 God give thee ioy of *this*, for in the *rest*
 Thou seem'd'st *accurst*, because so highly *blest*.

I. D.

*To the most heroick, & meritoriously re-
nowned Lord, the Lord Mountiory,
Lord Deputy of Ireland.*

T^O praise thee (noble *Lord*) were but to doo
 What all the *world* doth; and to doo the same,
 Were to offend, and that extreamly too;
 And al extream *offence* incurre *defame*.
Praise is not seemely in a wicked *moneth*;
 The *World* is wicked, and her *month* is worse;
 Ful of *detractiō*, *false-praise*, and *vntruth*;
 Then, should I praise according to her course?
 O no! thy *vertue* merits more regard;
 Let *Vertue* praise thee, as thou *her* dost praise;
 For, sacred *vertue* is her owne *reward*,
 And *Crowns* her selfe, in spight of *Fortune's* Naves:
 She is thy *guide*, and *Glory* her attends,
 Which, *her* in *thee*, and *thee* in *her* commenda.
 The true lover of your honor & vertue I. D.

To the Right honorably honored and right well-beloved yonge Earle of Essex, &c.

DEere offspring of that all-belouéd One,
Deere vnto *all*, to whom that *one* was deere;
The *Orphane's* God requites thy cause of *none*
By *Him*, that doth to *all* like God appeere.
Al those that loue you (al-belouéd *Two*)
Will *blesse* and *loue* him for it; blest of God
To comfort *Innocents*, and *Orphanes* too,
That ruin'd were by fell Disaster's *Rod*.
Liue like His *Sonne*, that *liv'd* too like him *selfe*:
And *dide* like *one*, deere to *Him* without like;
He wrackt his *fortunes* on false *Favor's* shelve,
Which are this *world's*; that *smiles* when it doth *strike*.
And, that thou mai'st thy *country* glorifie
No lesse then *hee*, *all* pray; then needes must I.

I. D.

*To the R. Honorable St. Iohn Popham Knight
Lord chiefe-Iustice of England, &c.*

IVstly seveare, seveare in *Mercie's* cause,
Sith it is *mercie*, *mercie*-wanting *men*
To cut of with the *razor* of the *lawes*,
That *wounds* the *wounders* of their *brethren*.
To thee (graue *Cato*) are these *lines* adrest,
As proofes of what respect they beare thy *fame*;
Which, with these *Worthies*, shalbe here impress
By my best *Pen*, in Honor of thy *name*.
If best deseruers of the *publike* *weale*
Should not be memorized of the *Muse*,
Shee should her proper *vertue* so conceale,
And so conceal'd, should *that* and *them* abuse:
To free *her* then, and *thee*, from so great wrong,
Liue *lines* with *Popham's* earned *praises* long.

I. D.

*To the R. Honorable and most learned Lord,
the Lord Henry Haward, &c.*

WHat hope the *noble*, *vertuous*, and the *learn'd*
May haue, *they* having now so rare a *King*,
In thee *learn'd*, *vertuous*, *noble*, Lord's discern'd,
In whom these *flourisht* without *cherrishing*.
Where *vertue* raignes, her *subjects* shal beare *rule*,
The *learn'd*, and *vertuous*, shee wil haue to *sway*:
For *vice* wel-learnéd, is but arm'd *Misrule*,
By whom the *vertuous* stil are made awaile.
Honors doe alter *manners* in those *men*
That are to *honor* and *good* *manner* foes;
In *thee* that is not to be feared then,
For *each* with *thee*, from thy *conception* grows.
And sith *Apollo* now doth water *them*
They wil grow *great* together with the *stemme*.

I. D.

*To the Right Noble, Robert Lord Sidney
Baron of Penshurst, &c.*

THy *vertue*, and the conscience of the *grace*
Thou hast vouchsau'd me, not deserving it,
Doth like two *spurres* provoke my *will* and *wit*,
Thy *name* with my *loue's* *lines* to interlace.
Thy honor'd *name*, *name* honored of all
That honors *grace* by *man* made glorious,
Can of it selfe rowze vp the duldest *Muse*
To make thereof divine *memoriall*.
Then, should I it commende to *Monument*,
No *miracle* should I perfourme thereby,
Sith it by *Nature* liues eternally,
Such life to *Sidneys* being incident.
And sith divine *Sr Philip* liues in thee,
Be thou that *Monument*, and so ease me.

I. D.

*To the Right Honorable the
Lord Home, &c.*

THe *place*, men say, thou holdst, (great *Lord*) in *court*
Was held before by three *Superlatives*:¹
Most *wise*, most *lov'd*, most *lowly* in high port;
The *place*, I weene, hath such *prerogatives*.
Then, were thy *vertue* not in that *degree*,
The *vertue* of the *place* would it reiect;
But it's a powrefull *argument* to mee,
That thou art *vertuous* (Lord) in each *respect*.
The rather, sith thy *Liege* that plac'd thee *there*,
Doth heave vp *none* so high, but for high *worth*;
Whose *Iudgement's* eie is admirable cleere,
Which warrants me to put thy *praises* forth:
My *colors* ready are, I lacke but *light*
(Which I will haue) to paint *them* out aright.

I. D.

*To the Right Honorable, the good Lord of
Kinlosse, &c.*

PRaise that proceedeth from a *Poet's* *Pen*,
That *faines* by nature, may want powre perchance
To adde *renowne* to the *renownes* of *Men*,
Whom *goodnesse* without *glosing* doth advance.
If then my *Pen* (though it too open be
To gloze) disabled be by *Envie's* spight
To register the *right* that's due to thee,
Yet should it wrong thee to conceale thy *right*.
Thy *World*-contemning *Thoughts* the *world* do make
(As knowledging the ods twixt *good* and *Ill*)
To rev'rence thee for thy rare *goodnesse's* sake,
Which *hearts* with *love*, & *mouthes* with *praise* doth fill:
They *stille* that *praise* but with one only *word*
Which being, *Good*, with *God* doth still accord.

I. D.

¹ Leicester, Essex, Worcest.

To the Right Noble Lady, the Lady Rich.

TO descant on thy *name* as many doe
 (Sith it is fit t'expresse thine *excellence*)
 I should (deere *Lady*) but allude vnto
That, which with it compar'd, is *indigence*.
 Yet to bee *rich* was to bee *Fortunate*,
 As all esteem'd, and yet though so thou art,
 Thou wast much more then most *unfortunate*,
 Though richly-well thou plaid'st *That haplesse part*.
 Thou didst expresse what *Art* could never sho,
 The *Soule's* true griefe for losse of her *Loue's soule*;
 Thine *Action* speaking-passion made, but ô!
 It made thee subject to a *Jailer's* controule.
 But, such a *Jailer-bird* heauenly *Nightingale*,
 For such a *cause*, sings best in greatest *dale*.

I. D.

*To the intire Body of the King's Maiestie's
most Honorable Privie Councill.*

WHERE *Loue* devided is, *shee* hardly can
 Be like *her selfe*; But, when *shee* is intire,
 In sacred *flames* *shee* burnes more hot then *fire*,
 Bee it in abstract *Formes*, or mortall *Man*.
 Yet *Loue*, and *reverence* are due to *those*
 Whose wakefull *wits* still worke for *publike good*;
 So reverence I your honor'd *Fatherhood*,
 As *Founts* from whom our *publike profit* flows.
 In you wise *Pilots* of this *joy-fraught Barke*
 (*Barke* of our blessed *Common-weale*) it is
 To make her keepe her *course* in lasting *blisse*,
 Which charge requires your well-directing *carke*:
 You cannot better spend *life's* benefit
 Then for so good an *ende*, at *Sterne* to sit.

I. D.

*To my much honored, and intirely beloved
Patronesse, the most famous Vniversitie
of Oxford.*

TO mount aboute *Ingratitude* (base crime)
 With double *lines* of single-twisted *Rime*;
 I will (though needlesse) blaze the *Sun-bright* praise
 Of *Oxford*, where I spend some *gaining* daies:
 Who entertaines me with that kinde regard,
 That my best *words*, her worst *deedes* should reward:
 For like a *Lady* full of roialtie,
 Shee gives me *Crownes* for my *Charactery*:
 Her *Pupils* crowne me for directing *them*,
 Where like a *King* I liue, without a *Realme*:
 They praise my *precepts*, & my *Lessons* learne,
 So doth the *worst* the *better* wel governe.
 But *Oxford*, ô I praise thy situation
 Passing *Parnassus*, *Muses'* habitation!
 Thy *Bough-deckt-dainty Walkes*, with *Brooks* beset
 Fretty, like *Christall* Knots, in mould of *Iet*.

Thy sable *Soile's* like *Guian's* golden *Ore*,
 And *gold* it yeelds, manur'd; no *mould* can more.
 The pleasant *Plot* where thou hast *footing* found,
 For all it yeelds, is *yetke* of *English* ground.
 Thy stately *Colledges* like *Princes'* courtes,
 Whose gold-embossed high-embattl'd *Ports*
 With all the glorious workmanshippe within,
 Make *Strangers* deeme they haue in *Heauen* bin,
 When out they come from those *celestiall* places,
 Amazing them with *glorie* and with *graces*.

But, in a *word* to say how I *like* thee,
 For *place*, for *grace*, and for sweete *companee*,
Oxford is *Heav'n*, if *Heav'n* on *Earth* there be.

JOHN DAVIES.

*To the most Honorable and Valorous Knight
Sir Thomas Erskin &c.*

HOY of *Hybla* if my *Pen* could dropp
 Nay *Nectar* subtilized to the *Spright*,
 Were not too sweet to varnish *Vertue's* Propp
 That holpe t'vphold our *state* in *Treason's* spight.
 Gainst *Traitors* did thy *trustinesse* appeere,
 Who were the *Foiles* to make thy *Truth* to shine.
 How blest wert thou that did'st thee so besteeare
 As made *Treas'n* pay, for her *demaund's* a *Fine*?
 How art thou bound to *Opportunity*.
 That put her *Fore-locks* freelee in thy *Fist*?
 And how ought we to praise thy *valiancy*
 Wherethrough, and through our *King's*, we all are
 blist!
 One hardie *Hand* ioyn'd to a valiant *King's*
 A *Tribe* of *Traitors* to *confusion* bringes!

I. D.

*To the thrice Noble and valorous Knight
Sir Edward Wingfield.*

TO thee *Belona's* choicest *Champion*
 Whose *woundes*, if steep in dew of *Castalie*,
 (As they deserve) would make thee such an *one*
 As *Pagans* vs'd for *God* to glorifie.
 How oft hast thou thy selfe to *woundes* expos'd
 To let in *glory* through thy *goréd sides*!
 That through thy *flesh* it might be so dispos'd
 As in each part thereof it now abides?
 How prodigall hast thou bin of thy *bloud*?
 No more is left then meereely *life* maintaines:
 The fatt *Calf* must be kill'd to do thee good
 Thy *hart* to comfort, and to fill thy *Vaines*.
 O tis a glorious *prodigalitie*
 That spends what not? for *God* & *Conteris*!

I. D.

¹ Death the fine of al flesh.

*To the Noble, discrete, and wellbelov'd
Knight Sir Henry Nevill.*

There was a *Time* when, ah that so there was,
Whie not there is? There is and was a *Time*,
When *Men* might cal *Gold*, *Gold*; & *Brasse*, but *Brasse*,
And saie it, without *check*, in *Prose* or *Rime*.
Yet should I cal thee *Gold*, some (*Brasse* perchance)
Would saie I err'd because I nere *toucht* thee,
And so did cal thee through meere ignorance,
Or (which is worse) through abiect *Flatteree*.
I am too ignorant (I doe confesse)
To iudge thy *worth*, which worthiest *Men* commend,
Yet may I say (I hope) and not transgresse,
Th'art *Vertue*, *Valour*, *Truth*, and *Honor's* friend;
All which presume thou art not *guile* by
Because thy noble name¹ denies the *vile*.

I. D.

*To the Right Worshipfull and most worthy
Knight Sir Edward Dyer.*

Though *Saturne* now with *Jupiter* doth sitt,
Where earst *Minerva* & the *Muse* did raigne,
Ruling the *Common-wealth* of *will*, and *witt*,
Plac'd in the *kingdomes* of thy *hart*, and *braine*:
Those *Planetts* I adore, whose *influence*
Infuseth *wisdomes*, *Counsell*, *gravity*:
Minerva & the *Muse* ioyes my *Soule's* sence,
Sith *Soule*-delighting *lines* they multiplie.
In both respects, for that that *was* and *is*
I tender thee the service of my *Muse*,
Which shal not marre thy *fame* though it may misse
To give the *same* that which to it accrues;
Yet this *Gift*, through thy *Gifts*, she gives to thee:
Time's future, *Dyer*, die shal never see.

I. D.

*To the right worshipfull & venerable Prelate,
Doctor Tompson Deane of Windsor.*

My *friend*, my *father*, naie, which is more deere,
My selfe should I, ere thee, (*belov'd*) forgett,
Whose *love* to *me*, to *me* doth thee indeere,
Whose ²*life* my *will* for like on edge doth sett:
In the *wombe* fashion'd for a right *Divine*,
Pleasing to *God*, to *Angells*, and to *Men*:
In whose face *witt*, and *pietie* doth shine,
To leade the *blinde*, drawe *perverse* Bretheren.
An hart of *flesh*, clos'd in a Brest of *Brasse*,
To feele *Men's* paines, and *paine* endure to ease them;
Charitie's Mirror, or thick christal *glasse*,
Wher-through *God's* Sun-beams burne what doth disease
them.
Good to the good and *badd*, to *great* and *small*,
And my good *freind*, though I be worst of *all*.

I. D.

¹ Ne-vile.² Conversation.

Memorie's tribute due to the most worthie and no
lesse learned Gentleman, Edward Herbert
of Mountgomeroy Esquier.

CAN I forgett that's aie myne *Eyes* before?
If so I could, I may not thee forgett,
That vow'd my *Memorie* to thee of yore,
Then, thou of me maist claime that as thy *Debt*.
There are in thee *partes* worth my *memoria*,
Although it could thy *partes* immortal make:
Who knowes thee wil my *iudgement* iustify,
If not, he doth both thee and *me* mistake.
I cannot iudge of *colors*, with such *Eyes*
As cannot be deceav'd; but I can
Discerne the knowne *foole*, from th' approv'd *wise*,
And without Spectacles, a *Beast* from *Man*:
If then (sweete Sir) shouldst thou but please the *sense*,
Sense must needs praise thy pleasing *excellence*.

He in whose *Memorie* you shall live, till you faile
to be what you are, or it what it is, I. D.

*To all the right noble Nobilitie
of England.*

IF I were not disabled, through *Defect*,
(For my *Invention's* Poise, which *witt* vp-wound,
Lies now, for want of strength, stock-still on ground)
No vertuous *Peere* I would, by name, neglect.
The *Wheeles* which did my *Fancy* (working) turne
Are at a *stand*; O then impute it not
To want of *Will*, as if I had forgott
In wilfull *wise*, to name you in your turne.
But when my *Witts* haue strength recover'd
To winde the *Poise* vp to *Invention's* height,
He doo my best to give each *one* his right,
Though by your selves you are most honor'd:
Meane while with *Favor's* Eye looke on my *Will*
Which may excuse my present want of *skill*.

I. D.

*To all the right Honorable Earles
& Lords of Scotland.*

I Want no *love*, how ere my *skill* may faile,
In *Honor's* Catalogue your *names* to putt,
Yet now am forc'd them (al vnscene) to shutt
In these strait *Lines*, as in the *Muses'* lalle.
Where He detaineth them (not without your leave)
Till I doe set them foorth with better grace,
Each *one* in his true *Colors*, *forme*, and *place*,
And as I found them *faire*, so them to leave.
When you awhile before my *Muse* have sate,
(For *Painters* make them *sitt*, whose *formes* they paint)
Her *skill* shall faile, but then shee will depaint
According to the *Life*, your *life*, and *State*:
Pictures are vs'd, *life*, after *death* to sho,
And youres, my *Pen* must picture, shalbe so.

I. D.

*To the most faire, most fortunate, and no lesse
famous Magdalen Colledge, in Oxford.*

And can I seeme, much lesse then can I be
Grateful, if I should *thee*, or *thine* forget,
Whose *Head*, and *Members* bind me so to thee,
That thou maist *giue* or *take* me as thy *debt*?
Thy discrete *head*'s a *Bond* that bindes my head,
My hart, my hand, and what besides is *mine*
To *him* for *thee*, to *thee* for *him*, in *Deeds*;
So being bound in *Deeds*, in *deeds* am *thine*.
The *Members* of thy *body* (not of *stone*
Squar'd by the cunning of a mortall *hand*,
But living, loving, made by *Loue* alone)
Haue by their loue, in ever-lasting Band
So tide me to them, that as they doe moue,
So moue I, forc'd by force of mutuall loue.

Againe.

Best be that *Thought*, past *time* beyond al *thought*,
That first did moue that wise, as holy *hart*,
To reare this *Trophy* where his *vertues* fought
And conquer'd *Rage*, with whom those *times* took part:
A sacred *Trophy* left for *Vertue*'s vse,
Not onely (as are others) for meere *fame*;
But as a nere-dri'd *Dugge* vnto the *Muse*,
That *times*, past *time*, might suck *sweets* from the same.
Sing sweetly (bleas'd *Babes*, that sucke the *Brest*
Of this sweete *Nectar-dropping Magdalen*)
Their praise in holy *Hymnes*, by whom yee *Feast*,
The *God* of *Gods*, and *Waineflet* best of *Men*:
Sing in an *Vnion* with the *Angels'* Quires,
Sith *Heav'n*'s your house, contenting your desires.

I. D.

To the World.

Perhaps in *Iudgement*'s eie it may appeare
I lou'd *Him* living whom I honor dead;
Whose *loue*, I think, to *all* was no lesse deare,
Sith *hee* was such as all *men* honor'd.
All? that is, *some*, or rather *most* of *All*;
If *some* did not, the *harme* I wish to *them*
Is, that they may deserue *loue* generall,
Or els made free of new *Ierusalem*.
No *creature* bearing *God-almightie*'s forme,
But I desire to loue, and wish *him* wel;
If good *desires*, farre worse *Affects* deforme,
It comes from *that* for which the first *Man* fel:
But howsoere, I am resolv'd herein,
To wish al *grace*, in spite of *flesh* & *sinne*.

I. D.

¹ William Waineflet Bishop of Winchester.
² Hen. 6. Ed. 4.

*To my beloved Mr. Iohn Davies of the Middle-
Temple Councillor at the Law.*

Why should it not content me, sith thy *praise*
Pertaines to *me*, to whom thy *name* pertaines;
If thou by *Art* to *heav'n* thy *fame* canst raise?
Al's but *Iohn Davies* that such *glory* gaines;
Admit it liues enrol'd in lasting *lines*
In the *Exchequer* of the sacred *Muse*,
Thy *name*, thy *fame* vnto my *name* combines
In future *times*, nor *Thou* nor *I* can choose.
For, if *Iohn Davies* such, such *times* brought forth,
To wit, these *times* in which we *both* doe liue,
Then must *Iohn Davies*, share *Iohn Davies'* worth,
For, *times* to come can no *distinction* giue.
Then what neede I to beate my tired *braines*
To make *Iohn Davies* liue to after *Ages*,
When thou hast don't by thy praise-worthy *paines*,
For, were I idle, I haue thy *Workes'* wages.
Or, what if like an intellectual *Spirits*,
I able were *Art's* *Spirits* to purifie,
To ravish *Worlds* to come with rare *delight*
They would with my *fame* thy *name* glorifie.
Then may I *play* sith thou dost *workes* for me;
And sith thy *workes* do so in *beauty* shine,
What neede I then for *fame* thus busie be,
Sith *thine* is *mine*, and *mine* is likewise *thing*?
It is because my *Minde* that's ale in motion
Hath to the *Muse's* *Measures* most devotion.

Againe,

I *Oke* vnto *Iohn, Davies* to *Davies* sends
This little draught of new loue's large *Demise*.
If *wordes* doe want to *passe* what it pretends,
Supple that *want*, the *Grant* neede no supplies.
To *you*, and to your *Heires*, the same doth runne:
Simple in *loue* for ale to hold in *fee*,
A good *estate*, you haue, and your *Sonne's* *Sonne*;
A *kinde* acceptance shall your *out-rent* be:
You Councel can your selfe, a *fee* then saue,
Mende you the draught, loue's *Deeds* no fault should
haue.

I. D.

The Booke of it selfe.

I *am*, that *was* not; and I *was*, that *am*;
I *was* vnmade; that *was*, in state confus'd:
I *am*, for *Arte* hath form'd that formlesse *Frame*,
Yet form'd my nature was, ere *Arte* was *vs'd*.
Mother-Tongue, and *Wit*, *Observance*, & *goodwill*
Haue made me what I *am*, or good, or ill.

Not vnto vs (*o Lord*) not vnto vs, but to thy
name giue the praise and glory. Psal. 115. 1.

¹ Eccle. 2. 15.

Again: to Envie and Detraction.

DEERE *Envie* and *Detraction*, deere to those
That vnto *Virtue* are immortall foes,
Let me, although I hate you, yet entreate
That I, if good ynough, may be your meats;
You cannot grace me more, then gnaw me still;
For what you spare is too farre spent in ill.

Teare me in peeces with your grislle fangs,
You Crowne my Soule with glory by such Pangs.
Hee is a *Diuell* that to die detests
In Hel-bounds' mouthes, to live in *Angells'* Bresta.

FINIS.

JOHN DAVIES.

*In loue and affection of Master Iohn Davies,
mine approved good friend, and ad-
miration of his excellence in the
Arte of Writing.*

THat heavenly *Spark*, from which th' immortall
Soule

Had her first *being*, striveth to enroule
Her wondrous *Gifts* in characters of *Brasse*,
That when (dissolv'd from this earthie Masse)
Shee mounts aloft, her never-dying Glorie
May fill the Volumes of a learned *Storie*;
Which after-Ages, reading, may admire,
And (inly burning with the like desire)
To rare *Atcheivements* (emulous of Fame
Striving t' immortalise their dying Name)
May bend their Practise, dedicate their Daies;
And, so excited, purchase datelesse Praise.

Our *active* Soule feelles never wearinesse,
But her true *loue* to Fame doth best expresse
In hating *Idlenesse*: whence comes this notion?
Her working Faculties are still in motion.

Ore some then others, greater *Soveraigntie*
This divine *Essence* of Humanitie
Hath power to exercise: For baser Swaines
Abhor the *check* of her immortall Raignes.
From whence it is, that *Mida's* brood possesse
The greater Share in *earthly* Happinesse;
While those *pure Mindes*, who most submissive stand
At the least *wretch* of her almighty Hand
(Obscurely hidd in *Corners* at their Booke)
Are hardly grace't so much as with a *look*
Of this inurious World. O wretched Age
Wherein the sacred *Artes* to Vassalage
Subiected are! while *muddy Mindes* aspire,
While greater *Heroes* daine but to admire

And praise (with bootlesse breath) the polish't *Lines*,
Wherin *Concept* hath traveld through the *Mines*
Of rich *Invention*, manie a wearie hower
(Spent with the *Muses* in a gloomie Bower)
To time's swift *feathers* imping greater *store*,
Whilst thus they plough the barrain fruitles Shore.

Earth's brightest Angels, these, ô these be they
Whose Corps are fram'd of *fire*, and not of *clay*!
Whose either Part, both *mortall*, and *divine*
So sweete a *Symphonie* doth intertwine,
That *both* accord to prosecute that Fame
Which, but for *Vertue*, stellifies our Name.

Among which Number (famous by *Desart*)
The *Lawrel* Crowne be *his*, whose every Part
To th' intellectiue Soule (their *Soveraigne*)
Pay true *Subiective* Dutie, and doe gaine
By restlesse *labour* that perfection
Which, saue by *him*, hath bin attain'd by *none*;
By *him* (the Subject of these worthles Rimes)
Whose Art lends *luster* to our English *climes*,
Davies, discoverer of hidden *Deepes*,
True *Microcosme*, whose peircing Spirit creeps
Into the darkest *Caverns*, in-most *Dennes*,
Where Wit inhabits mong the sons of Men,
And plucks out *Knowledge* (by the golden locks)
From where shee long had slept within the Rocks
Of hard *Obscurity*, whence every Eie
May iudge it selfe; ô wondrous *Mysterie*!
Whence we our selues, our selues may truly know,
Which is *indeede* most hard, how ere in *show*.

But endlesse were it, and impossible
(Vnlesse my *Muse* to *his* were sutable)
Here to delate that Grace in *Poésie*
Which his witt-fraughted *workes* can testifie.
Cast backe thine Ele, reade, and (admiring) see
The Quintessence of humane Ingenie,
Way well the rich Concept ; so shalt thou know
That few, (if any) could haue written so.

Descend we then from that internall *Flame*,
To *Qualities* externall : whence the name
Of *Excellence* hath purchast beene of manie,
But, as of *Davies*, never yet of anie.

In praising whom, the best my *Lines* can say
Will, for his *Worth*, be worthlesse every way :
Yet, for I loue his Name, admire his Skill,
Out of the heate and fervour of *Good-will*
These colder *Lines* this frozen passage found,
Force't by the *League* wherin al *Frendes* are bound :
And reason tis, those Men that merit Fame
About the rest, should *franchly* haue the same.

And be it farr from every gentle *Hart*
To deeme that, *Soothing*, or a *glosing part*
When one good Friend an other shal commend
More then that, *Hatred*, when our speeches tend
In whom we loue, some fault to rectifie
Which wrongs himselfe, defames his Progenie.
Praise is the guerdon of a due Desart
Making vs better *act* the *praiséd* Part.

There never Man deservéd *Memorie*
For perfect *Science* in his Facultie,
If *Davies*' Name deserue to be forgott,
If, when his *mortall Part* in earth shall rott,
The *riches* of his Soule (man's greatest treasure)
Shalbe made subject to the greedie seasure
Of darke *Oblision* ; if such Perfection
Shall from the *Grave's* rude hand haue no protection.

Maugre the Gripe of *Time*, in spight of *Fates*
And ought beside that, Fame, determinates,
His Name would liue to all Posteritie
In the fayre *lines* of his *Characteris*,
Could any Hand the *graver* so commaund,
As can, the *penn*, his wonder-writing Hand.

But, for no *Graver*, or stamp Letter can
(Or ought els framéd by the Witt of Man)
Shew *Time's* future true prooffe of such rare Skill
By demonstration, mine Artlesse *Quill*
Strives to commend to lasting *Memorie*
A *glimps* (though darkely) of that Qualitie.
For (if mine aime *Loue* hath not much betraide)
This *Booke* must liue till *Time* his course hath staid :
So that, to those not yet conceiv'd, I send
This poore *effect* which my *loue's* cause hath pend ;
Neglecting *Art*, affecting to descrie
Loue to my friend, and to his Qualitie.

¹ A Steele Instrument.

Whose Matchlesse Art in managing the *Penne*
Time neuer equaliz'd ; and *Times* agen
(When his diurnal *Howërglasse* hath ranne
The dated *Minutes* of a mortall Man)
Will hardly parallel : for such *true* Skill
May scarce be purchaséd by paine, or Will :
Hee that as *Davies* would as fairely write,
Must of *necessitie* haue *Davies'* spright.

Who knows not that this wondrous Facultie
Is not conceiv'd by oorse Capacitie,
But maketh there her only Habitation
Where shee doth finde a strong Imagination !
For none *habitually* can her possesse
That is not made of *fire* and *livelynesse*.

Could neuer Hand so curiously convey
The nice *Delineaments*, so every way
In iust proportion (purest *Sumetrie*)
Vnlesse directed by a perfect Ele, }
And first imprinted in the Phantasie :
Which weaker Braines can never apprehend,
Much lesse an *Active* Demonstration lend.

The strange *Meanders*, and the *Gordian* knots
Now straight, now larger, as the Hand alots ;
The curious Workemanshippe in every letter,
This pleasing best, *that other* pleasing better,
A *third* exceeding both, when euery one
For perfect *shape* is singular alone :
The rare *Diversitie* which one selfe-hand
Can with that *little Instrument* command,
Doth so bewitch th' amax'd Beholder's ele,
And so delight th' invogled Phantasie,
That what our eies behold our Tongues commend,
Nor, wondring, can admit or meane, or end.

Come lend, yee Lovers of this sacred Art,
Your voice with mine, to celebrate a part
In his deservéd Praise, whose matchlesse Skill
To blazon perfectlie, would tire the *Quill*
Of *Hermes* selfe : for rightly to commend
This *Art of Writing*, were to comprehend
Within our *Numbers* her Antiquitie,
And, how through *her*, the living *Memorie*
Of famous *Worthies* hath preservéd beene ;
Whose *Workes* these latter Ages hath not seene,
But (rake't in Darknesse with their *Author's* head)
Without her helpe, had euer perished.
Nor should we slightly touch the Praises Due
Which, through this Art, to Learning still accrue ;
Without whose aide, in vaine were *Sapience*,
In vaine were every other *Excellence* ;
Sith Strangers might not then participate
What Reading, Wit, and Labour had begat,
But greatest *Clarks* should *vainely* spend their daies,
Leaving, with Life, their Glory, Name, and praise :
Her dayly *Vse*, her pure *Necessitie*
May tell the Vertue of this *Mysterie* ;
Sufficieth me, to runne (though slightly) over
Part of *his* Parts, whose *Penne* can best discover

Her fairest Beauty ; such, as doth excite
In All that view *Her*, wonder and delight.

All Characters that ere the *Graver* wrought
Are obvious to *him*, and quicklie brought
To decke the triumph of the *golden Penne*
Which he long since hath merited : for when
(T' approue his Excellence) he challeng'd *All*
Or *English* bred, or *forraine* Nationall
To striue for *glorie*, and a golden *Price*
(Which *one* or *both* might every sort entise)
Vnanswer'd, hee Monarchis'd alone ;
What greater Conquest than withstood by None ?

The *Germanes*, skill'd in every curious Art
(Whose *practick* Hand doth to the World impart
Such quaint *Devises*) giving *Right* his due,
Extoll our *Davies*, and his Fame pursue
With printed *lines*, writ in the *Latine* tongue,
As loth to doe his *Cunning* so much wrong
In the distastie *Germane* Idiom
To leaue that Monument for Times to come,
Because they knew their *Dialect* too lame
To beare the waight of his immortal fame.

O you thrise famous'd for Raritie,
The grace and beautie of your ¹ *Qualitie*,
That breathe the Aire of *Italie*, and *France*,
Come, doe your Homage and Allegiance
To *him* whose Pen raignes in faire Paper Reames,
(Content therewith as *Kinges* with *Diadems*)
Whose Subjects *Letters* are of every Suite
Made all aright by *rule* most absolute.

To *him*, from *Paris*, moue thine antique station
Beauchene, the perfect'st Pen-man of thy Nation ;
To *him*, from *Venice*, bring those *Gifts* of thine,
Renoun'd for wondrous writing, *Camerine* ;
Warne thou the *Romanes* that thou must be gone
To visite *England*, curious *Curion* ;

¹ Faire writing.

Come all at once, that all at once may learne
To mend your Hands, and rightly to discern
Betweene the *Good*, and most *most-Excellent* ;
Nor will (perhapps) your *Travaile* be mispent,
Sith each, in's *Natine* Hand, may gaine perfection
By practising His Counsell and Direction.

In former Times, ere *wiser* Times begatt
(That which for ever Men shall wonder at)
The *Printing* Myserie, that curious Hand
Which could the Pen *most perfectly* commaund
Had not a Finger vnbegirt with Gold,
Such meede had *Merit* in the daies of old :
Had *Danier* liu'd, when such Preheminence
Was *onely* given to Men of excellence,
The scribbling Writers of that *golden* Time
Had (wandering) sought some more auspicious *Chime* ;
For none, save *He* alone, had thriv'd in *this*,
The guift of *Excellence* beeing onely his.

To *him*, from *Heaven*, descends this Quality :
For, Will, Desire, all-gaining Industrie,
Time, Promptitude, Witt, Steadinesse of Hand,
Swift apprehension, Fingers at command,
Strongest Concept, Art *Geometricall*,
Or ought attain'd by Science naturall,
Poetick Furie, and the *Muses'* ayd,
(All which are Propps whereon this Art is stayd)
Nor these, nor other Adiuements haue power
To purchase that (with manie a toyling hower)
Which from *above*, by pure *Instinct* was sent
To grace our *Davies*, *England's* ¹ Wonderment.

In whose deserved Praise, if ardent *Zeale*
(Striving my neere Affection to reveale)
Hath larger beene then well becomes the Place,
This short *Apologie* may purchase Grace ;
In Vertue's praise can nere bee said too much ;
Such is our Subject, his Demeanour such.

NICHOLAS DEEBLE.

¹ For writing.





In Microcosmum, sive Parvum

Ioh. Davisij Heref. Mundum.

D^{Um} Microcosmum scribis, & Parvum vocas
Mundum, *Idellum: fructus ingenij tui*
Magnum, (*Davisij*) quem vocas Parvum, facit.
Fecisse Mundum gaudeo, immundi at nihil
Metuimus unde munda sunt orta omnia.
Sed fabricator factus es parvus nimis
Qui munda sed minuta nobis exhibes.
Minuta quærimus, quodd modum supra placent,
Minuta quærimus scripta vel mirum in modum.

Si dum occidentem subdis Hispano iugo
Philippe gentem,¹ quæreris arctatum sæis
Limitibus Orbem; nec sat est vni Tibi
Vel totus Orbis:² dederit invidia locum
Si Microcosmum hunc auribus & oculis nimis
Nimisque strictum turba doctorum putet.

Prodesse cunctis (sat scio) Davisij cupis,
Quin & placere discis iam tandem omnibus;
Placere verò si velis, docet manus
Extende Mundum hunc, vel crea Mundos novos.

N^{unc} scio quodd quavis pars est habitabilis Orbis,
Sunt in fronte alij, nos sumus Antipodes:
*Scribimus hic, illic; nobis tua nempe (*Davisij*)*
Principio placuit pagina, fine placet.
Mæque invat, nostrum quodd carmen utrinque legatur,
Te ut laudent oriens, occiduumque latus.

ED. LAPWORTH.

FINIS.

¹ Phil. s. Hisp. Rex.

² Totus non sufficit Orbis.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRELIMINARY POEMS—*To my sweet dove and dread Sovereign James*, &c. See Memorial-Introduction on this and other addresses and references to James 1st: l. 5, 'Poesy' = poetry or posy: l. 12, 'Base base' = foundation, i.e. building, with play on the different meanings of 'base'.

To the Sacred Queens, &c. See Memorial-Introduction, as before: l. 12, 'Corpes' = corpus.

PAGE 6, col. 1, l. 11, 'Plaine-song' = simple melody: l. 12, 'Artich' = Northern: l. 13, 'Laver' = laver, and so page 9, col. 1, l. 3, 'Lavour': l. 22, 'quited' = requited: l. 27, 'gros' = agree—Scottish still, as in William Miller's priceless child-song, 'Gree, bairnies, gree': l. 30, 'attone' = reconcile, make-at-one.

ENIGMA—l. 2, 'sextiples' = six-times multiplies: l. 4, 'clappes' = thunder claps (as portents)—note the ingenious playing on the three-fold meaning of 'clap': l. 8, 'One head-lesse', &c., *id est*, by the death of Elizabeth and succession of James of Scotland—it is astonishing to read how perplexed and ominous was the national feeling on the death of the great Queen: col. 2, l. 3, 'in few' = in few words or summarily: *To the judicious Reader*—the spelling 'Davis' alternated with 'Davies' was common contemporaneously.

P. 7, col. 1, l. 1, *In Microcosmos*, &c.—to Sanfordva. From the '10' not to be confounded with James Sanford, author of the 'Garden of Pleasure', &c. (1573), 'Howres of Recreation', &c. (1576.) See 'Scourge of Volly', p. 58: col. 1, *Charissimo*, &c.—*Robertus Burkillus*. See on him and the next, 'N. Debillus' (= Deeble), and 'John James', and the other commendators of 'Microcosmos', 'Scourge', as *supra*, and our Memorial-Introduction: col. 2, *In Libri Auctorem*, l. 19, 'thoughts'—misprint for 'thoughts' inadvertently passed.

P. 8, col. 1, *To the Author*, l. 17, 'to' = too: *Vpon Masker*, &c., l. 8, 'Cynosure' = polar star, i.e. James 1st: col. 2, *Vpon the Discoverie*, &c., l. 1, 'Dense of Italie'—as of Genoa: l. 6, 'shells' = shell or sand-bank or concealed danger: *Charles Fitz-Jeffry*—his complete Poems will be given in my Occasional Issues: *To the Booke*, &c., l. 3, 'mirth' = joy—somewhat deteriorated now by a soupçon of evil.

P. 9, col. 1. On Deeble, Tomkins, and Richard Davies, see Memorial-Introduction, as before.

A PREFACE, &c., pp. 9-19.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 1, 'white Marke' = the 'mark' in target for arrows—with a sub-reference to the 'white' cliffs of 'Albion': l. 7, 'Empire' = empire.

P. 10, col. 1, l. 1, 'Royall' = rex or king: l. 3 (foot-note), E: A = Elizabeth and Anne (of Denmark): l. 38, 'roume' = realm—by stress of rhyme with 'diadem': l. 47, 'dight' = decked or adorned: col. 2, l. 7, 'verru' = the smallest of birds. Curiously enough when Allan Ramsay, under the signature of A. Scot, veiled his Jacobitism under a pseudo-ancient poem in his 'Evergreen', the 'Wren' and 'Robin Red-breast' were made the types of the two countries.

P. 11, col. 1, l. 19, 'Tren'—misprint for 'Then'—overlooked: l. 27, 'disane' = discompose: col. 2, l. 8, 'disavails'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 20, 'pence'—misprint for 'peace'—also overlooked: l. 17, 'sherd' = scared: *id.*, 'at point' = ready: so p. 13, l. 29. So Matthew Grove, *Frequentator*.

P. 12, col. 2, l. 11, 'ground' = gowned, dressed: l. 28, 'now impley'—oxen were formerly used, as in the East, to plough, &c. &c.: l. 49, 'Prill' = rill.

P. 13, col. 1, l. 23, 'ground' = agreed: l. 31, 'Oxford and Cambridge'. The two University 'Collections' on this and after occasions are fulsome enough in their odd learning and quaint ingenuity of flattering. Pleasures of Hope and of Imagination combined to swell the welcome: l. 52, 'would'—note rhyme with 'gold', but gold was pronounced 'gould': col. 2, ll. 7-9—noticeable historical fact as to the popularity of 'rare Preachers': l. 13, 'elcke' = stick: l. 24, 'doome' = judgment: last line, 'remunerate' = recompense or reward—early use of a now familiar word.

P. 14, col. 1, l. 21, 'troule about the Can' = troll about the tankard or send it round: ll. 30-50, 'South-hampton'—the patron-friend of Shakespeare—a valuable historical notice. I

hope by-and-by to complete my Life of the brilliant Earl: col. 2, l. 1, 'Pembroke'. On him and other historical names herein celebrated, see our Memorial-Introduction: also in notes to Sonnets, pp. 95-102.

P. 15, col. 1, l. 2, 'Hell compar'd' = Ireland: l. 30, 'Paragon' = excellent example: l. 34, 'cotton' = prosper: ll. 39-40, dy Kr' = Sir Edward Dyer. His Poems, &c., have been reprinted in our Fuller Worthier's Library Miscellanies: col. 2, l. 9, 'Aime' = eyes, by stress of rhyme: l. 41, 'Thy Booke'—'Basilicon Doron'. See Memorial-Introduction.

P. 16, col. 1, l. 17, 'Semi-god' = half-god = demi-god: l. 48, 'meete' = meet.

P. 17, col. 1, l. 3, 'enacome' = hide: l. 23, 'vow' = aim at: col. 2, l. 35, 'minge' = mingle.

P. 18, col. 1, l. 38, 'chine' = cleave: l. 41, 'Baisaneth' = Bajazet: l. 42, 'Tamburlaine' = Tamerlane.

CAMBRIA, pp. 19-22.

P. 19, col. 1, l. 12, 'ingratitude' = ingratitude—by stress of rhyme: col. 2, l. 16, 'Brutes Remayne' = heirs of Brutus? See page 20, col. 1, l. 19: l. 30, 'Beilsires' = ancestors: l. 46, 'offunge' = oppugn: col. 2, l. 23, 'enue' = pursue, follow: l. 40, 'Williams'—a gallant Knight with a living place in History.

P. 21, col. 1, l. 15, 'Shiack'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: col. 2, l. 1, 'furs' = furse or heaths: l. 9, 'doome' = adjudge.

P. 22, col. 1, l. 18, 'Fiends'—probably a misprint for 'Friends': l. 22, 'nothing lesse'—a curious idiom to be noted: l. 30, 'Blacks'—so Matthew Grove in his Poems (our 'Occasional Issues'): l. 33, bi-formed—two formed or two-faced, i.e. double-minded or hearted: l. 43, 'meete' = mete, as before: col. 2, l. 22, 'Baillamoure' = fair lady, lover: l. 30, 'Cantons' = canton—as the Cantons of Switzerland.

MICROCOSMOS, pp. 23-.

P. 23, col. 8, l. 10, 'Baird blind' = a bay horse (blind): l. 19, 'Proto-Parents' = first parents: l. 27, 'assur'd' = tried, tested: col. 2, l. 25, 'Syder' = cider, i.e., from the mythical 'apple' of The Fall: l. 29, 'consorts' = goes with.

P. 24, col. 1, l. 47, 'impung' = impugn—by stress of rhyme with 'stung': col. 2, l. 22, 'doomes' = judges.

P. 25, col. 1, l. 20, 'incense' = stir up, rouse: l. 25, 'Dropt-drie' = thirsty through dropsy: col. 2, l. 2, 'Caesarist' = ruthless despotically as Caesar—a noticeable coinage: l. 28, remove Author's comma (,) after 'to': l. 26, 'arbitrement' = arbitrament—the former perhaps the better form.

P. 26, col. 1, l. 15, 'Whose only service only freedom is'—See Memorial-Introduction for parallels: l. 19, 'terrene' = earthly (from *terra*): col. 2, l. 2, 'bren' = burn: l. 17, 'naught' = naughty: l. 20, 'pervert' = perverted, and so l. 33: l. 47, 'mansions' = mansion.

P. 27, col. 1, l. 2, 'claw-bacher' = flatterers: l. 12, 'Affectes' = affections: l. 30, 'science' = knowledge: col. 2, l. 32, 'Bulwarkes' = acts as a bulwark—another coinage of the Author: l. 44, 'at point' = ready, as before and relative note.

P. 28, col. 1, l. 13, 'fade' = vanish—as distinguished from 'fade' or slowly waste—like autumn leaves: l. 45, 'al-amort' = half-dead, dying: l. 48, 'front' = bearing—splendor implied: col. 2, l. 2, 'neek' = tender, delicate: l. 4, 'side' = sides: l. 30, 'like as th' Earth', &c.—by the pre-Newtonian systems: l. 43, 'dight' = arrayed.

P. 29, col. 1, l. 42, 'concious' = fitly: col. 2, l. 2, 'Thunder-dent' = thunder-dint or stroke—by stress of rhyme.

P. 30, col. 2, l. 9, 'Pyn'—from the 'pins' that heighten or lower the 'cords' and so regulate the tones: l. 14, 'circulate' = circulate.

P. 31, col. 1, l. 1, 'regiment' = rule, government: col. 2, l. 12, 'messive'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for illustrations.

P. 32, col. 1, l. 43, 'never yet was fool a Florentine' = possessed of the subtlety and intellectual force of Machiavelli? l. 47, 'Stanches' = (1) dams, (2) marshy ground: col. 2, l. 39, 'do board when Bed's boarding' = board—with reference to food, as 'bed and board'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

P. 33, col. 2, l. 18, 'lets' = prevents, hinders: l. 33, 'conducts' = conduits: l. 34, 'corpes' = corpus.

P. 34, col. 1, l. 3, 'leames' = flashing lights: l. 35, 'all amori'. See relative note page 28, col. 1, l. 45: col. 2, l. 8, 'beheuened'—qu. another and a good coinage of the Author: l. 36, 'signiorize' = rule as signior. Cf. page 25, col. 2, l. 2, and relative note.

P. 35, col. 1, l. 44, 'hairens haue suddenly bin died' = grown grey through grief or terror or suffering—told of many: col. 2, l. 9, 'Kind-heate' = heat of kind or nature: l. 41, 'meane mirth' = mirth in medium or not excessive: l. 47, 'nesh'—see relative note on page 28, col. 2, l. 3.

P. 36, col. 1, l. 23, 'Bo' = bow: col. 2, l. 19, 'thfue'—misprint for 'thine': l. 40, 'glorious miseries'—equal to the famous 'splendid sins' of the old Father (Augustine).

P. 37, col. 1, l. 42, 'sempitern' = sempiternal: l. 44, 'etern' = eternal: l. 45, 'interne' = inner: col. 2, l. 28, 'Burres' = burs: l. 29, 'Adamant' = loadstone: l. 30, 'cotton'd'—see on page 15, col. 1, l. 34.

P. 38, col. 1, l. 5, 'travell'd' = travelled: l. 9, 'ranche' = range: l. 31, 'eggs' = incites: col. 2, l. 2, 'bandy' = toss to and fro as in the old English game so named: l. 4, 'moiles' = toils hard: l. 29, 'Continent' = container: l. 36, 'Huff-snuffes' = bullies.

P. 39, col. 1, l. 8, 'doome' = judge—a good instance of the use of the word.

P. 40, col. 2, l. 40, 'oreseene' = deceived: l. 42, 'never was observ'd to laugh'—a preposterous legend against which we can't too emphatically protest. There is humour and sarcasm in the Lord's words to Pharisees and Scribes; and he was too human not to have used laughter as well as tears: l. 51, 'admire' = wonder at.

P. 41, col. 1, l. 10, 'lyn' = cease, and so page 43, col. 2, l. 6: l. 36, 'Cope' = covering (sky): col. 2, l. 28, 'stie' = ascend: l. 50, 'fines' = ends.

P. 42, col. 1, l. 22, 'king'd'—noticeable verb.

P. 44, col. 1, l. 47, 'scrat' = scratch: col. 2, l. 32, 'fine' = end.

P. 45, col. 1, l. 11, 'Ambages' = circumlocutions: l. 48, 'Lige' = liege: col. 2, l. 2, 'ascue' = slanting.

P. 46, col. 1, l. 27, 'exulcerates' = exacerbates: l. 33, 'yerke'—Napoleon the Great, when specially good-humoured, used to pull the ears of his friends with a 'nip': l. 34, 'cockring' = cherishing indulgently.

P. 48, col. 1, l. 36, 'let' = prevent, hinder—excellent example of the word.

P. 49, col. 1, l. 36, 'landes'—qu. 'laudes'?

P. 50, col. 1, l. 2, 'Clawbackes'—see relative note on page 27, col. 1, l. 2: col. 2, l. 21, 'brooke' = endure: l. 36, 'furke' = jerk, by stress of rhyme.

P. 51, col. 1, l. 20, 'Barracado' = barracade: col. 2, l. 20, 'death' = death: l. 28-9: see St. Matthew, c. iv. vv. 8-9.

P. 51, col. 1, l. 20, 'Minnions' = favourites: l. 44, 'Mew' = place for hawks on the moult.

P. 52, col. 2, l. 11, 'port-sale' = as at the 'gate' or publicly.

P. 53, col. 2, l. 19, 'ensude' = pursued or practised.

P. 55, col. 2, l. 14, 'peacht' = impeached: l. 23, 'Cane' = beware.

P. 56, col. 2, l. 19, 'rend'—the old 'Vulgar Error' that vipers gnaw their way to birth.

P. 57, col. 1, l. 26, 'indivine'—noticeable coinage: col. 2, l. 19, 'Innocents' . . . 'Nocents' = the not-knowing . . . knowing.

P. 58, col. 1, l. 25, 'beste' = advantage: col. 2, l. 15, 'availle' = advantage: l. 27, 'dombe' = doom, judgment—by stress of rhyme or spelling.

P. 59, col. 2, l. 5, 'Minions' = favourites—excellent example of its undeteriorated sense: l. 39, 'Taxt', taxed, accused.

P. 60, col. 1, l. 2, 'over-seene'—see relative note on page 40, col. 2, l. 40: l. 26, 'coile' = bustle, broil: col. 2, l. 14, 'Corasues' = corrosives.

P. 61, col. 2, in foot-note 'pregnable' = assailable.

P. 62, col. 1, l. 28, 'havocks'—noticeable verb-form.

P. 63, col. 1, l. 2, 'surance' = assurance: col. 2, l. 24, 'all amori'—see relative note on page 28, col. 1, l. 45.

P. 64, col. 1, l. 17, 'Dungeon'd'—noticeable verb: col. 2, l. 40, 'deard' = endeared.

P. 65, col. 2, l. 12-13, 'Jest on Chaucer'—see Memorial-Introduction: l. 44, 'beheau'n'—see before in Glossarial Index, s.v.

P. 66, col. 2, l. 9, 'share' = shear: l. 21, 'President' = precedent.

P. 67, col. 1, l. 33, 'Loks' = looks: but possibly a disguised hit at the louse-sonnets of Henry Lok (collected in our Fuller

Worthies' Library Miscellanies): l. 50, 'Whicht' = hushed—misprinted 'Whilst': col. 2, l. 23, 'roue' = aim at.

P. 68, col. 1, l. 34, 'pray'—misprint for 'pay': col. 2, l. 7, 'wonne' = dwell.

P. 69, col. 1, l. 7, 'conglutinate' = glues together—an expressive word: l. 9, 'elates' = exalts: l. 36, 'To weet' = to wit: l. 47, 'Zeuxis'—the well-known picture wherein the father's face was hidden, as his grief was inexpressible: col. 2, l. 23, 'revenging' = avenging.

P. 70, col. 1, l. 8, 'affects' = affections: l. 13, 'quich' = living: l. 37, 'Causcis' = causeys or cause-ways: l. 39, 'dryvment' = sadness: col. 2, l. 19, 'Check-rolle' = roll of servants (as in a gentleman's house).

P. 71, col. 1, l. 25, 'scue-looke' = squinted: col. 2 (second line from end), 'wood' = mad.

P. 73, col. 2, l. 11, 'immane' = inhumane: l. 17, 'haught-courage' = haughty courage.

P. 74, col. 2, l. 7 from bottom, 'defesance' = avoidance.

P. 75, col. 2, l. 32, 'Pectorall' = priest's stole?

P. 77, col. 1, l. 29, 'Copesmate' = companion: l. 42, 'Mummy' = medicine was actually made of 'mummy' from Egypt, etc.

P. 79, col. 2, l. 32, 'amusing' = putting into a muse, or amazing: l. 38, 'minges' = mingles.

P. 80, col. 1, l. 2 from bottom, 'Aurum' = gold: col. 2, l. 2, 'angels' = coin so called: l. 24, 'patch' = fool.

P. 81, col. 1, l. 3, 'Larga' = characters in ancient music: col. 2, l. 1, 'Helicon'—here regarded as a fountain, not a mountain (as was common earlier and later): l. 9, 'bum-basted' = bombasted, inflated: l. 26, 'ambage' = circumlocution.

P. 82, col. 2, l. 11 from bottom, 'some I lone'—see foot-note and our Introduction on this further allusion to Shakespeare and Burbage as respectively actors, and Burbage a painter.

P. 83, col. 2, l. 6, 'Mortesse' = mortice: l. 13, 'Ingenu' = intellect, genius.

P. 85, col. 2, l. 19, 'trice' = an instant.

P. 86, col. 2, l. 7 from bottom, 'Route' = assembly.

AN EXTASIE, pp. 89-95.

P. 90, col. 1, l. 43, 'cypres' = crape—misspelled 'cipers' in original: col. 2, l. 4, 'Smarags' = emerald: l. 13, 'meanely' = mediocrity: l. 22, 'spang' = spangle.

P. 91, col. 1, l. 13 from bottom, 'lofest' = dearest: col. 2, l. 12, 'undide' = undyed: l. 17 from bottom, 'cassiers' = cashier: l. 14 from bottom, 'forzone' = foison = fulness.

P. 92, col. 1, l. 29, 'Beauies' = flocks: l. 19 from bottom, 'quich' = living: col. 2, l. 16, 'mew'd and mopt' = cried and fidgeted about: l. 34, 'Bellamoure' = fair one, as before: l. 41, 'particulate' = particularise.

P. 93, col. 1, l. 20, 'point' = mason's word: l. 22, 'fret' = ornament: l. 29, 'curvall' = coral: l. 30, 'circulize' = encircle: l. 37, 'Bice' = blue colour: l. 46, 'Bodkin' = needle (or bodkin) work: l. 47, 'amuse' = amaze: l. 48, 'unvalued' = priceless: *ibid.* 'Margarite' = pearl: l. 49, 'ascents' = steps: l. 54, 'aspectors' = beholders: col. 2, l. 3, 'geare' = goods, possessions: l. 8, 'Polle' = poll-head: l. 10, 'pole' = poll, cut: l. 33, 'Date' = dates: l. 48, 'parcel-gild' = light and shadow interblending: l. 52, 'Beheav'ning' = making a heaven on earth: l. 58, 'Obion' = Oberon.

P. 94, col. 1, l. 16, 'Balbes' = banks or embankments: l. 26, 'Caterbralls'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 29, 'Matecheines' = a dance with swords, etc.: *ib.* 'Lavalls' = waltzes: *ib.* 'Burgmasks'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 49, 'Maunde' = basket: col. 2, l. 3, 'a trice' = in an instant: l. 9, 'Stone' = the Philosopher's, that was imagined to transmute all to gold: l. 20, 'incontinent' = instantly.

P. 95, col. 1, l. 11, 'Iusts' = jousts: *ib.* 'Turnaments' = tournaments: l. 22, 'lash'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: col. 2, l. 6, 'Bash-raggs'—*ibid.*

SONNETS, pp. 95-102.

P. 95, To . . . ARCHB. OF CANTERBURY—John Whitgift, then Bp. of Worcester, was nominated Abp. 14th Aug. 1583, and enthroned 23d October following. He died 29th Feb. 1603-4, and was buried at Croydon in Surrey.

P. 95, To . . . THE DUKE OF LENNOX, etc.—Ludovic Stuart, born 29th Sept. 1574, succeeded his father as second Duke of Lennox, on his death 26th May 1583, and was created Duke of Richmond in 1623. He was thrice married, but died without (legitimate) issue 16th Feb. 1623-4, and was buried the next day in Westminster Abbey.

P. 96, To . . . THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND—Henry Percy, succeeded his father in 1585 as ninth Earl of Northumberland. He died 5th November 1632.

P. 96, To . . . THE EARLE OF WORCESTER—Edward Somerset, succeeded his father as fourth Earl of Worcester in 1589, and died 3d March 1607-8: l. 11, '*Port*' = bearing, dignity.

P. 96, To . . . THE EARLE AND COUNTESS OF RUTLAND—Roger Manners, succeeded his father in 1588, as fifth Earl of Rutland, and died without issue in 1612. His wife was Elizabeth, d. and heir of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney (see l. 5): l. 7, '*foines*' = darts.

P. 96, To . . . EARLE OF CUMBERLAND—George Clifford, succeeded his father in 1569 as third Earl of Cumberland, and died 30th Oct. 1605.

P. 96, To . . . EARLE OF SOUTHAMPTON—Henry Wriothesley, succeeded his father in 1581 as third Earl of Southampton, and died in 1624. I have for years been working on an adequate life of this illustrious man, Shakespeare's friend.

P. 96-7, To . . . WILLIAM, EARLE OF PEMBROKE, etc.—William Herbert, succeeded his father 19th Jan. 1600-1 as third Earl of Pembroke, and died 10th April 1630.

P. 97, To . . . renowned (= renowned) . . . COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE . . . LADY ANNE . . . PHILIP HERBERT—Mary, d. of Sir Henry Sydney, K.G., and third wife of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke. She died in London, 25th Sep. 1621. Her younger son, Philip Herbert, succeeded his brother, as fourth Earl of Pembroke, but had been created Earl of Montgomery in 1605. He died in 1655. The d. Lady Anne, died young, at Cambridge, and was buried there.

P. 97, To . . . THE EARLE OF MAR, etc.—John Erskine, succeeded his father in 1572 as seventh Earl of Mar, and died 14th December 1634: l. 13, '*sueth*' = followeth: l. 4, '*sweete* Mar'—another example of '*sweete*' applied to a man.

P. 97, To . . . THE EARLE OF CLANRICARD—COUNTESS OF CLANRICARD—Richard De Burgh, succeeded his father, 20th May 1601, as fourth Earl of Clanricarde, and died in 1635. His Countess was Frances, d. and heir of Sir Frances Walsingham, and widow of Sir Philip Sidney and of Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite, the Earl of Essex.

P. 97, To . . . LORD MOUNTJOY—Charles Blount, succeeded his brother as eighth Lord Mountjoy in 1594, and was created Earl of Devonshire 21st July 1603. He died 3d April 1606. He married Lady Penelope, sister of the Earl of Essex, the divorced wife of Richard, Lord Rich. She was the immortal '*Stella*' of Sidney.

P. 98, To . . . YONGE EARLE OF ESSEX—Robert Devereux, son of Elizabeth's favourite, to whom his father's dignities were restored in 1603. He died 14th Sep. 1646, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

P. 98, To . . . SR IOHN POPHAM—The well-known Lord Chief Justice who presided at the trial [?] of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was elevated to that post in 1592, and died 20th June 1607.

P. 98, To . . . LORD HENRY HOWARD—Henry Howard, second son of Henry, the famous Earl of Surrey (beheaded in 1547). He was created Earl of Northampton in 1604, and died

unmarried at Northumberland House in the Strand (which he built), 15th June 1614.

P. 98, To . . . ROBERT, LORD SIDNEY—younger brother of Sir Philip Sidney. He was created Baron Sidney of Penshurst, 13th May 1603, Viscount Lisle the next year, and Earl of Leicester 2d Aug. 1618. He died in 1626: l. 13, '*St.*' = Saint: but qu. *St.* = Sir.

P. 98, To . . . THE LORD HOME—Alexander Home, sixth Baron Home, was created Earl of Home, 4th March 1604-5. He died in 1619.

P. 98, To . . . LORD OF KINLOSS—Probably a Lord of Session, a Judge (in Scotland).

P. 99, To . . . To . . . THE LADY RICH—see under Lord Mountjoy, before: l. 14, '*hale*' = woe, sadness—a very important sonnet. See our Memorial-Introduction.

P. 99, To . . . THE INTIRE BODY, etc., l. 12, '*carle*' = care.

P. 99, To . . . VNIVERSITIE OF OXFORD—l. 4, '*gaining*' = gainful: l. 8, '*Charactery*' = penmanship: l. 10, '*Prerty*' = adorned: l. 20, '*yelke*' = yolk: l. 22, '*Parts*' = gates.

P. 99, To . . . SIR THOMAS ERSKIN—Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to James I. and his great favourite, he having killed the Earl of Gowrie with his own hand. He was created Lord Dirlton in 1603, Viscount Festoun in 1606, and Earl of Kellie in 1619.

P. 99, To . . . SIR EDWARD WINGFIELD—unknown to the Editor.

P. 100, To . . . SIR HENRY NEVILLE—Sir Henry Neville, of Billingbere, ancestor of the Lords Braybrooke. He was a distinguished Ambassador in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. He died in 1615.

P. 100, To . . . SIR EDWARD DYER—the friend of Sidney. I have included his Poems, etc., in my Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library.

P. 100, To . . . DOCTOR TOMPSON, etc.—Giles Thompson, D.D., was installed Dean of Windsor 2d March 1602-3, and became Bishop of Gloucester in 1611. He died 14th June 1612, and was buried at Windsor.

P. 100, To . . . EDWARD HERBERT, etc.—so common a name among the Herberts that identification is impossible: l. 13, '*sweete*'—still another example of '*sweet*' applied to a man.

P. 101, To . . . MAGDALEN COLLEGE, IN OXFORD—see our Memorial-Introduction on these two Sonnets.

P. 101, To . . . THE WORLD—l. 11, '*Affects*' = affections. To . . . MR. IOHN DAVIES—see our Memorial-Introduction on this and other after-names.

In love and affection, etc.

Pp. 102-4, p. 102, col. 1, l. 16, '*Her working, etc.*'—a quotation from Davies himself. See Memorial-Introduction: l. 20, '*Raignes*' = reins: p. 103, col. 1, l. 3, '*delate*' = dilate, enlarge on: l. 6, '*Intende*' = intellect or genius: p. 104, col. 1, ll. 23-35—see our Memorial-Introduction on these names, etc.: col. 2, l. 27, '*Adisements*' = help, support.—A. B. G.



THE HOLY ROODE

Or

Chrift's Crofse.

[1609.]



NOTE.

Our exemplar of this extremely rare book of Davies is that which was sold at Bindley's Sale for £7, 2s. 6d. (Pt. II., No. 765), and from the Bib. Ang. Poetica for £15, 15s. to Bright, and at his Sale to its present possessor, the Rev. William Poole, M.A., Hentland, Ross, Herts, to whose kindness I am indebted for its use, and for others. A portrait of the Author, which is sometimes found prefixed, does not (*meo judicio*) belong to it. See Memorial-Introduction. There is no date on the title-page (which is within a neat woodcut border), but 1609 is contemporaneously filled in, agreeably to the imprint at the end. 4to, 39 leaves. The few margin-notes are herein placed at the bottom, and certain words are accentuated, and some self-evident misprints corrected.—G.



THE
H O L Y
R O O D E,
O R C H R I S T S
C R O S S E :

Containing CHRIST Crucified,
described in Speaking-picture.

By IOHN DAVIES.

*And who in Passion sweetely sing the same,
Doe glorifie their owne in Jesus NAME.*

Crux Christi clauis Cœli.

L O N D O N
Printed for *N. Butter.*
[1609.]

To the Right Honourable, well accomplished Lady, ALICE Countesse of *Derby*, my good Lady and Mistresse: And, to her three right Noble Daughters by Birth, Nature, and Education, the Lady *Elisabeth*, Countesse of Huntington, the Lady *Francis Egerton*, and the Lady *Anne*, Wife to the truely Noble Lord, *Gray*, Lord *Chandois* that now is; be all Comfort when so euer

C R O S T.



Hough long, yet (loe) at length What was design'd,

*To you and yours (great Lady) now is come
To your faire Hands to mooue your fairer
Minde*

*To minde His paine that is true pleasures Summe:
For, Siren-pleasures, that but Sense allure,
Must with the pleasures flowing from this paine
Be clens'd; else those will runne to Helles impure;
While these to Eden faire reflow againe.
The Crosse (true Tree of life) doth fairely grow
In midd'st thereof; of whose fruite if you taste
The Nectar'd Iuyce will so your Soule overflow
That She will be ioy-drunk with that repast!
To Flesh and Blood this Tree but Wormewood seemes,
How ere the same may be of Sugar-chest;
But¹ That which quickens Flesh, the Crosse esteemes
To be, of Comforts, better then the best!
Vpon the Crosse (as on a Touch) we may
Trie our Soules value whether great, or small:
If there, it (washt with Water-Strong) doth stay,
We may be sure its most Angelicall.
But (with a touch) if from this Touch (the Crosse)
It fleetes, as if the Crosse did Crosse its kinde,
Then, doth it shew that it is full of Drosse,
Till in Afflictions flames it be refine.
But you (with Salomon) haue erst suruaid
(Nay prou'd) the value of Earthes dearest Ioyes;
Then hardly can your Iudgement be betray'd
Vnlesse sense will not see their felt annoyas.*

¹ The Soule.

*Now, as you are the Roote from whence doe spring
True royall Branches, beautifying their Stocke;
To this Tree beare them: and faire Branches clinge
To It, as Iuy to th'immortall Oke:
For, roiall Branches to the royalst Tree,
Doe cleane by kind, sith there they kindly thrine:
Then, Ladies, of this Tree embracers bee
Which when ye die will make you more than liue
When sensuall pleasure filled hath a Cuppe
Of her sweete Liquor for you (sith too blame)
Stirre it about before yee drinke it vp,
With some parte of this Tree to purge the same.
Els, like sweete Poison, it will bane the Soule;
But, highly-lowly Ladies, (good as great)
Your great Minds Powers (borne great) can soone con-
troule
Vaine Pleasures siege, and so their Spoiles defeat:
For, Pleasures most ore'come the weakest Minds
Vnfenc'd with Vertue, lying ope to Vice:
Whose Iudgements eury flash of Pleasure blinds
Borne but to Honours shame and Preiudice.
Then, O firme Quadruple (in Vnitie)
Of highly borne, (so, kindly noble) Hearts,
I wish all Pleasures flow from Caluery,
(Most holy Mount) into your inward'it parts
And stil I'le pray (without Times smallest losse)
The Crosse may blesse you from your Comforts Crosse.*

Your Honors humble Seruant,
and deuoted Beadsman.

John Davies.

 To the Authour.

THine Art and Subject both such Worth containe,
That thou art best requited in thy paine.

EDW. HERBRET Knight.

¶ To M. IOHN DAVIES, my good friend.

*S*uch men as hold intelligence with Letters,
And in that nice and Narrow way of Verse,
As oft they lend, so oft they must be Debtors,
If with the Muses they will haue commerce:
Seldome at Stawles, me, this way men rehearse,
To mine Inferiours, nor unto my Betters:
He stales his Lines that so doeth them disperse;
I am so free, I loue not Golden-fetters

*And many Lines fore Writers, be but Setters
To them which cheate with Papers; which doth pierce,
Our Credits: when we shew our selues Abettors:
To those that wrong our knowledge: we rehearse
Often (my good Iohn; and I loue) thy Letters;
Which lend me Credit, as I lend my Verse.*

Michael Drayton.

Ad Libri Lectorem.

*W*rite on, and haue the Palme: continue still
In sacred style, to treat of Powres diuine:
Inuoke no mortall Grace: for, Angels wil
From Heauen descend, to grace this Tract of
Thine,
Changing each blacke into a golden line.
Write on: O blessed Subiect! God, and Men,
In Heauen, and Earth, approues, applaud thy paines:
Zeale seekes not Art: yet, see no barren Pen
To common Trifles hath enlarg'd the reines,
Nor suckt the borrowed blood from stranger veins.

Hence, All distrest may to their Soules apply
True, sauing Comfort: for, the Loue that could
Enforce a God for wretched Man to die,
Curst, crost, and scornd, tormented, bought, and sold
And all for such, to whom such Grace He would,
Cannot, in Iustice, but extend reliefe
To such as mourne their sinnes, and rue His griefe.
Thrice happy then be Thou, stird vp to spend
The Guifts He giues thee, to so blest an end.

N. Deeble.

To all pafsionate Poets.

*Y*E Poets, that in Passion, melt to Inke,
Wherewith Melpomen drawes her saddest Lines,
So melt; that so my thirstie Pen may drinke
Of you, made Liquid for the sadd'st Designes:

*For, were all Spirits of Poets made intire,
And I therewith inspir'd; and had I Pens
Made of Times saddest Plumes, yet full of Fire,
All were too cold for Passion for these Threns!*

*Here is a Ground for Art, and Sorrowes Soules
(Diuinely holpe) to prooue their Descant on:
This World of Griefe so whoorles on Passions Poles
That still it Varies, though it still be One!
Then Braines, if ere yee did your Owner steed,
My Heart hereon, through my Pen, make to bleed!*

IOHN DAVIES of Hereford.



THE
HOLY RODE
OR
CHRISTES
CROSSE.

SONNET,

Since all that All, is altogether vaine,
Vncertaine, mortall, momentanie, vile,
Which this Sin-Bia'd Bowle, the Earth, contains,
My Penn an Heau'nly Ditty shall compile.
Vouchsafe, sweet Christ, my Paper, be thy Crosse:
My Pen, that Naille, that Nail'd thine holy Hand:
Mine Ynke, thy Blood, wherewith thou didst ingrosse
Th' acquaintance of my Vowes infringed Bnd:
The Subject of my Songe, let be thy Glory;
The Burden of the same, thy Glories praise;
The Summe whereof, thy Passions sacred Story,
Let these be all and some of all my Laies;
For, heau'nly Quires, by nature, do reioyce
When Art, in Graces Quire, reares Natures Voice.



Hile that blest Body, Sauour of each Soule,
(Whose Bodies are the Temples of his
Spright)

Hung on the Crosse, by Death, DEATH to
controule

The Temples Vaile, Stones, Graues, Earth, Skies, and
Light,

Rent, clane, op't, quakt, and (thundring) wast obscure,
To see LIFE dye, and Griefe their God deuoure!

These lifelesse Bodies, wanting Soules, and Sence,
(With sence of his Soules, Soule-tormenting, smart)
Condole (prouok't by Pitties violence)

His paine (though they of paine can feele no part)
They sencelesse are, yet paines that sence exceed,
Make their obdurate sencelesse Hearts to bleede.

And wilt thou Man, Gods Image, Angells Lord,
Emperor of Earth, and all hir Brest doth beare,

Made so (in loue) by him, not him affoorde
(Seeing Him dye for thy Loue) one silly Teare?
O Aire and Earth why doe ye not conspire
To burne this Turfe, that Water wants, with Fire?

Aswell the Crosse, the Hammer, Nailles, and Speare,
Did crucifie thy Iesus, as the Iewes:
No, no, thy sinnes his Crucifiers were;
That by his death, they might their life excuse.
O Synne how sinnefull art Thou, sith thou must
Excuse thy Crymes, by crimes much more vnjust.

Ist not enough the Soule quite to subuert
Wherein Thou liu'st, but must thou spoile Him too
Through whome the Soule doth liue, by whom Thou
Art;

And so do That, that doth thy selfe vndoo?
Then, blame not Faith, thy foe to spoile thy State
When thou thy selfe, thy selfe doth dissipate.

Thinke Man (whose Feete are swifter farre then Thought
To doe what ere is opposite to Good :)
Thinke that thou seest him on his face longe straight
In Praier, and in Passion sweating Bloud:
Sith from al parts for Thee his bloud out flies,
Giue Him one Drop of Water from thine Eyes.

A Birde there is (as *Pliny* doth report)
That in the time of treading sweateth bloud;
This Birde, *Ciconia* height, sweates so in sport,
But this kinde Pellican in maestiue moode:
So that, in pleasure, sweats begetting young,
But This in Paine with sanguine sweate among.

This kinde, most kinde, Soule-sauing Emperick
His owne blood broacheth so our Soules to saue ;
And for our Healths He maketh his owne Heart sick,
Yea dyes : that by his Death, wee life might haue :
Then sith this blest by-parted Man-god dies
For Mans loue, Mans loue should be like likewise.

Thinke now thou seest (O ioy-griefe-breeding sight !
Ioy for his merit, griefe for his annoy)
Perditions child with Men, Swords, Staues, and Light,
The Lord of life to catch, and so destroy :
Now thinke thou seest that Reprobate by birth,
(With kisse) betray the Lord of Heau'n and Earth.

Then see, ah see, how They (Limbes of that Lord
That Lords it in Deaths gloomie Continent)
His tender hands bind with a boist'rous cord,
So strait, that straight, with rigour violent,
It seemes to cut in two those tender hands,
For, soft flesh yeelds, when such rough force com-
mands.

And canst Thou see, (O thou thou carelesse Man
Thou worrne, thou insect, aloue to base Contempt !)
Freedome thus bound for thee ? if so thou can,
And yet liue loosly, th' art from grace exempt :
O that the God of grace, as Man should die
For man, whose grace in loosenesse most doth lie !

Now thinke, O thinke, thou seest those hounds of hell,
(That yelp out blasphemies about their pray)
With vngrate gate, to runne doe him compell,
And with tumultuous noyse him lead away :
Ah see how He that staid the Sunnes swift course,
Through thicke and thin doth (starlesse) run perforce !

Ierusalem, O faire Ierusalem,
Figure of Heau'n, built on celestially soyle !
Yet wast bebeau'nd through blessed Bethelhem,
Shall yet her heau'ns blisse in thee suffer foyle ?
O be thou not ingrate, but dash to dust
(With thine owne downfall) thine owne folke vniust.

Thinke now thou seest the sonnes of Babylon
(Infernal furies) furiously present
Meekenesse it selfe, this harmelesse holy One
To *Annas*, high Priest, low hels President :
Where he with armes and hands (meeke lambe) stands
bound,
To heare, what sense of hearing might confound.

Here Truth it selfe with Falshood fowle is charged,
To which for making mild and iust replies,
A curs'd Fist on his blest face discharged
A furious buffet that enflam'd his eies :
Ah see thy God how he doth reeling stand,
With blood-shot eie by force of hellish hand.

O damnd hand (fell engine of reproach)
How dar'st thou strike that awfull sacred face,
Before whose dread aspect the Heauens crouch,
Before whose Maiesties most glorious grace

The Seraphins with reuerend feare doe quake,
And all th'infernall Legions trembling shake.

What franticke fit, what rage did thee incense,
What fiend, what desperat furie made thee dare
To offer him that barb'rous violence,
That is of God the liuely Character ?
Why didst not dread lest his high hand of powre
Vpon thy pate would suddaine vengeance powre ?

Saw'st thou not Iustice sitting in his Front,
As well as Mercie in his eies to sit ?
Did both at once thy cruell eies afront,
And yet thy heart and hand not staid by it ?
Did Deitie in his face make a stand
Yet That not make thee (Diuell) hold thy hand ?

Then is it cleere thy Hand is none of thine,
(Much lesse thy Heart that did thy Hand direct)
But it is Hels, and wrought Hels damn'd designe ;
Or els that Grace, that Face might well protect :
Nere durst the Diuell tempt him with such force,
Then though the Fiend be selfe ill, thou art worse.

Canst thou (O tell me, tell me canst thou) Man,
With th'eie of Thought, behold this drierie sight
With drièd eies ? Those eies that whilome ran
With blood for thee, wilt not one drop requite ?
Why should the Sunne and Moone (the Heau'ns
bright eies)
Then looke on thee but as thine enemies ?

Now thinke, O thinke, thou see'st (O sauage sight)
His foes inhumane hale him thence in haste
Along the streetes with clamour, rage, and spight,
To *Caiphas* house, where he was so disgrac't
As neuer Man, much lesse a God could be,
Yet neuer God more good to man than he !

Bound (as before) he stands, (in whom we rest)
Afront the face of that pernitiuous Priest ;
Who, with the Scribes and Elders, there are prest
In their reproachfull alaunders to persist :
Meane while (meeke Soule) though he from guilt be
cleare,
Yet stands he mute, as though he guiltie were.

See the coniuring, proud, remorselesse Priest
Rend, in fell rage, (too like a furious fiend)
The pompous vestures of this Pythonist,
When *Christ* doth (vrg'd) aright his cause defend :
Whereat the rest in depth of scorne, and hate,
His diuine Truth, with taunts doe depranate.

And to expresse the rancor of their spight,
They blindfold him, and make his face as t'were
A Drumme, to call his Foes 'gainst him to fight :
For, still h-tab'ring on his face they are :
So fast their fists doe fall as Drum-sticks, while
The Drumme doth sound Alarum to the broyle.

But that which doth all credit farre exceed,
(But that all credit to this Truth is due)

They in his louely Face (O loathsome deed !)
 Doe spitting spall, or rather spalling spue !
 O Heau'ns can ye endure to see your King
 More vilely vs'd than Toad, or vilest thing !

O wonder ! farre surmounting wonderments !
 O more than most profound humilitie !
 Doe they (fiends) varnish with fowle excrements,
 That Face whose grace the Heau'ns doth glorifie,
 And he endure it ? what should we endure
 When he (most pure) for vs was made s'impure ?

Men if they spit doe choose the fowlest place
 Where to bestow their cie-offending fleame :
 Is no place fowler than his heau'nly face
 To cast that filth that reaketh hellish steame ?
 O dongue, O dust, O heire of rottennesse,
 Wilt ere be proud seeing such humblenesse !

God silent is whiles Diu'ls doe spit on him ;
 The heau'ns are whist, whiles hell reuiles their Lord :
 The measure of abuse, vp to the brimme,
 These hellish furies fill in deed and word :
 What could Gods hate inflict since hell began
 That was not heaped on this God and Man ?

The wound was sore that crau'd a salue so sharpe :
 The disease shamefull that fowle shame must cure :
 Though *Dauid* healed *Saul* with sound of harp,
 Our *Dauids* selfe must swoone ere health procure :
 So many *Sauls* possest with *Sathans* store,
 Must make the remedy exceeding sore !

O Pride ! the swelling Sore that nought can swage,
 But such extreame deiection of the Highest :
 O Sinne ! that do'st within the marrow rage,
 Can nothing kill thee but the death of *Christ* ?
 O depth profound of Heau'ns iust doomes ! who may
 Tracke out th'Almightie in his pathlesse way ?

He (patient) beares these contumelious wrongs,
 So to supplant the kingdome of our pride ;
 He, (onely wise, knowing what to all belongs)
 Knew base we were, vnlesse he should abide
 Basenesse it selfe, to honour vs thereby,
 And knewe we could not liue, but he must die.

Thinke now how he, that giues eternall rest,
 Did restlesse passe away that hellish night ;
 Where Darkenesse children still did him molest,
 With whatsoere his soule could most despight :
 If any (forc'd by sleepe) began to nod,
 Like Diuels they wake themselues by grieuing God.

There sits he blindfold, that doth all things see,
 Bats flying in his face, that light doe loath ;
 Each one as irefull as an angrie Bee
 Doe sting his blessed Soule and Body both :
 O restlesse hate that rest reiects ; wherefore ?
 Because the Lord of Rest should rest no more.

Ye heau'ns weepe out your world-enlight'ning eies ;
 Showre downe the Sunne and Moone in Teares of blood :
 So (in grosse darkenesse) make a Deluge rise
 Of Gore, to glut these furies with that flood :
 For, such a bloody worke of darkenesse done
 (By fiends, or furies), nere saw Moone nor Sunne !

O hell, that do'st all Cruelties surround,
 Blush with bright Flames (that blacke to burne are wont)
 Vntill thy faces flush, these fiends confound,
 Sith thee in crueltie they farre surmount :
 Light them with flames, confounding with their light,
 To see the meed of their past hellish spight.

But, O fraile Muse, be not transported so
 With passion past the patience of thy *Christ* ;
 Who praies for those that thus doe worke his woe ;
 Then (O) doe not his praier so resist :
 But he is God : but meerely Man can nere
 Endure such hellish rage to see, or heare !

Kind Nature, Night ordain'd for sweet repose
 To tired lymbes, and wits, through Daies turmoile ;
 But they the same quite opposite transpose,
 And in tormenting *Christ*, themselves they toyle :
 How can it be but, in eternall Night,
 Iustice, with restlesse plagues, should them requite.

What diff'rence is betweene those Hymnes diuine
 The Angels chaunt vnto his praise in heau'n,
 And these discordant Notes of harsh Repine !
 They are as Fame, and Shame, no lesse vneu'n :
 For, *Sanctum, Sanctum*, sing those sacred Quires,
 But, *Crucifige, Crucifige*, theirs.

O sweet celestiaall Spirits Angelicall
 Are ye not maz'd with worlds of wonderment
 To see the Subiect of your Praises all
 To such shame subiect, yet therewith content !
 Your Tongues vnable are, though most diuine,
 Such Paine and Patience rightly to define !

What temper is that heart, that is so hard
 That feeling this, from bleeding yet forbears ?
 What substance are those eies, that in regard
 Of this distresse, dissolue not into Teares ?
 If Eies seeing this, melt not, and Hearts that feeble,
 They are not Hearts, nor Eies, but Flint, or Steele.

But harke ! now Crowes and Curses interchange,
 The Cocke and *Peter* striue to crowe, and curse
 (Who should exceed) but *Peter* (O most strange !)
 Giues Three for Two and yet he had the worse :
 Were not infernall Legions and these Fiends
 Ynough to vex thee *Christ* ? but must thy friends ?

Wert thou so hardie *Peter* in thy word,
 What time, in peace, thou vowd'st with him to die ?
 And wert thou no lesse hardie with thy Sword
 In the first fight ? and, from him now wilt fle ?
 That Man that ouercomes must weare the Crowne ;
 Thou art no Man, a Wo-man put thee down.

Though All forsake Him, thou wilt neuer faile Him :
 These be thy vaunts, and (vaunting) this did'st vow ;
 Yet thou, with griefe, do'st with his Foes assaile him,
 And to a Maid, more than a Maid, do'st show
 Thy woman-weaknesse, weaker than a woman,
 For, better is a woman farre, than no man.

Saw'st thou that Man was God? yea God and Man
 In all his workes? and did He by his pow'r,
 Strengthen thee Weakling (for, He all things can)
 To march vpon the Seas foot-failing floore?
 Saw'st thou by Reuelation, He was *Christ*?
 And yet, for feare of his Crosse, him deni'st?

Fear'st thou that Crosse, that is the Tree of Life?
 What! loath'st thou Death? and yet do'st feare to liue?
 Do'st strife eschew, that is the end of strife?
 Wilt thou not take, because thou wilt not giue:
 Is thy Soule rationally? and yet thy Soule
 Doth Reasons reason brutishly controule:

Did He in loue (O 'twas a matchlesse fauor!)
 Take thee with him (more firme to make thy faith)
 To see God, this God glorifie on Thabor?
 And, heard'st his voyce, whom Heau'n and Earth obai'th:
 Say 'twas his Sonne, more bright than Sunne, thou
 saw'st
 Yet from God, and his Sonne thy selfe withdraw'st?

Soule-wracking Rocke, (Faiths Rocke of ruine) *Peter*,
 Art thou for *Christ* his Church a fit foundation,
 That in Faith, from Faith, sans Faith art a fleeter?
 Tends thy faiths fleeting to Faiths confirmation?
 If that stand fast, that hath so false a Ground,
 It most miraculous must needs be found!

Did'st thou desire (with glorie rauished)
 To Tabernacle Tabor, there to dwell?
 Would'st thou in Heau'n with *Christ* be glorifi'd:
 And not consociate him in his woes hell?
 Art thou austere in life? yet, sensuall, Thou
 Eschew'st the Gall, and wilt but Honie chew?

Gods Councils are his owne, therefore vnknowne;
 All whose Intents no rules of Reason want;
 Els, that to thee, he hath such fauour shewne
 What reason ist? But, God is God, I grant,
 By whose Prerogatiue he may doe All,
 And make thee and his firmer by thy fall.

Do'st thou esteeme it such a fowle reproach
 To know that Wisdom whence all Knowledge springs?
 Think'st it no shame to set such shame abroad
 As cracks thy credit, and the King of Kings?
 Was Grace s'inglorious found, that for thy grace,
 Thou gracelesly abiur'dst him to his face?

Could they acknowledge him that were his foes,
 When thou deniedst him that wert his friend?
 By thy deniall they might well suppose
 That he was such as (falsly) they pretend:
 Weepe *Peter* weepe, for fowle is thine offence,
 Wash it with Teares springing from Penitence.

T'was time to turne His Soule-conuerting Eies
 To thee peruerter *Peter*, reas'nlesse Man;
 Lest brutish feare, which did thee (Beast) surprize,
 Should make thee (as thy selfe) thy God to ban:
 Can Mercies eies behold a fault so fowle,
 With louing looke, and not in anger scowle?

They louing lookt; O constant Lord of Loue!
 What is vile Man, that Man thou valuest so?
 Must his Redemption make thy heart to proue
 (Though he false-hearted be) such hels of woe?
 Let Loue it selfe, this Loue alone admire,
 That loues for hate, and dies through Loues desire!

Those glitt'ring Sunnes (his bright transpiercing eies)
 On *Peters* eies, as on two Fountaines, shine;
 By whose attractiue vertue Drops arise,
 Then downe distill in showres of Angels wine:
 Who with heau'ns hoast therefore, their tongues employ
 To praise their God, in hymnes starke drunk with ioy!

Who cannot loue, to thinke on loue so high,
 That loues in Mercie, Iustice Objects hate?
 Yea, loues a Man that doth that loue defie?
 Who cannot die for such loue, liues too late:
 Let neuer *Adams* sonnes, through *Eaues* offence,
 To God and Nature vse such violence!

This hellish Night beeing ended, then suppose
 This heau'nly Day-starre led to *Plutos* court:
 (*Pilats* I would say, but respect of woes
 He there endur'd, made true, and false report)
 Yet did this Comet cleare, make *Pilate* pause,
 Ere doom'd him as contagious by the lawes.

In the diuine sweet features of his face,
 (That might an heart of steele relent with ruth)
Pilate, no doubt, beheld a world of grace,
 And well perceiu'd his Innocence and Truth:
 Yet must he die, doe *Pilate* what he can,
 And for his Iudge that Monster is the Man.

To doome to death Rights wrongers is but right,
 Although we wrongfully, doe deeme them so;
 That's wronging Right, as Men, that haue no sight
 In that which righteous God alone doth kno:
 But when the Conscience cries the doome is wrong
 The tongue pronounceth, Hell confound that Tongue.

Dismist by *Pilate*, see thy most iust Iudge
 From this Iudge most vniust, led to a King
 Much more vniust; loe, how Hee's forc'd to trudge
 Through thicke, and thin; harke how their clamors ring
 About his Eares; and, see the people flocke
 To see whereat to wonder, gaze, and mocke.

To *Herod* come, that long had long'd to see him,
 See now (as if some Iuggler he had bin,
 That would shew tricks to all men that would see him)
 How he prouokes Him some trick to begin:
 But, for He silent stands, and thwarts his mind,
 He holds Him but a Foole, and foole vnkind.

O ye great Princes little doe ye know
 What wrong you doe vnto your high estate,
 T' insult through pompous pride, on States below,
 And thinke all Fooles not frolickt with like Fate :
 Ye are no Gods, and therefore know ye not
 Whom ye abuse, and what may be your Lot.

This Foole, wise foole, holds Him, full wise, a foole ;
 And on the Mantle must, that fooles doth fit :
 He learn'd his wisdom in grosse Follies schoole,
 But, Wisdom on her Throne in *Christ* doth sit :
 One seem'd, not was ; the other was, not seem'd ;
 Yet seem'd a God indeed, though Man was deem'd.

He man was deem'd indeed, that stird vp strife,
 And crost the course the wayward world still runnes :
 Life was accus'd, with deadly sinne, in life ;
 God, was a Diuell deem'd, by Sathans sonnes :
 A Diuell deem'd, or Man that had a Diuell,
 But such a Man is worse, or full as euill.

But, Wrong (that wrencheth eu'ry right awry,
 And doth her selfe, her selfe oft contradict)
 That Supposition now doth flat denie ;
 And for a foole hee's tane, and nam'd, and nickt :
 Had he a Diuell bin, or they as wise
 As Diuels be, more smooth had bin their lies.

Here Wisdom, that baptizeth with his Sp'rit
 All godly wise, is baptiz'd for a foole :
 Their angers glowing heat, with this despight,
 They thinke, in red-hot raging hate, to coole :
 If his loue lik'd the foole, that fooles detest,
 For vs poore fooles, he lik'd that he lou'd least.

O let, yea let weake Humane-wisdome vaile
 Her Peacocks plumes, and make swift wing from Fame ;
 By this Example let her courage quaille,
 And haue no heart to hurt her Honors shame :
 If he whom Angels praise, and Heau'ns adore
 Endure such shame, let Earth seeke fame no more.

He was accus'd, of what not ? so 'twere euill ;
 Glutton, Wine-bibber, loath'd Samaritan,
 Dam'd sinners coapesmate, one that had a diuell,
 Soule-slaying Schismaticke, nor God, nor Man,
 But Hatreds Hydra, bred in Stygian Poole,
 And to conclude all clos'd all with the Foole.

O had I Art to satisfie Desire,
 (That would, with Words, throwe downe Mans pride to
 hell ;
 That would past Heauen, if it could, aspire ;
 And makes the Bulke with ranke ambition swell)
 I would vpon this Ground, set such a Straine
 As should surmount the reach of Voyce, or Braine !

Meekenesse looke on thy selfe, and blush for shame
 To see thy selfe, thy selfe surpass'd so :
 Humilitie, low, low, stoop thy high fame,
 Thou art surmounted farre, farre, God doth kno !
 Thou boundlesse flood of Vertues confluence,
 Thy bounds in him haue endlesse residence !

Looke Glorie on thy Lord, thy God behold,
 Inuested with Contempts derided coat ;
 Yet see what constant Grace his face doth hold !
 O earth, fraile earth, thy Props strong patience note ;
 And neuer lift thy selfe, thy selfe above
 (To loue thy selfe) vnlesse this Lord to loue !

See, see, how he, in midst of all Extreames,
 (The proper Place where Vertue is confin'd)
 Though mad Misrule his name, with shame, blasphemes,
 Yet his rare patience passeth humane kind :
 Which well bewraies this Man is more than man
 That loues for hate, and blest, when Spight did ban !

How mute was he among so many lies,
 Lowd lies (God wot) braid out by his Accusers ?
 How still (meeke Lambe) among so many cries
 Of fowle-mouth'd bounds, his hunters, and abusers ?
 In few, he show'd so many Guilts of Grace,
 That men might cleerely see God in his face !

God in his face ! for, mong the sonnes of men
 Was not a fairer, or Forme more diuine :
 The Paragon of Beautie was he then,
 Which, in his sacred shape, did brightly shine :
 For Beautie was constraind her selfe t' excell,
 When shee him made faire without Paralell.

Yet could not so great grace, (Grace, great as God)
 Infus'd in all his parts, protect this Man
 From the most roguish Whip, and slauiish Rod ;
 But, he must brooke them both, doe what he can :
 And yet he did what none but God could doe ;
 Which he, they sed, did like a diuell too !

But, what will not Spight say, to worke her spight,
 Against what Good soere, that thwarts her will ?
 Shee'll call the brightest Day, the darkest Night ;
 And God a Diuell ; Good, the cause of Ill :
 For, if her Conscience once be cauteris'd,
 Shee is a very Fiend, and worse aduiz'd !

For, Rage is mad and cares not what shee doth ;
 And Spight, enraged, cares lesse what shee saies :
 Then what's to be expected from them both ?
 But Words and Deeds that God, and Man dispraise :
 Though God raignes ouer All, by Natures right,
 Yet is He subject to Mans hate and spight !

The Heauens Sou'raigne, is thus subject made
 To Hels damn'd vassals vilest villanie ;
 Yet Faith, and Reason, discreet Soules persuaide,
 That Hell is subject to Heau'ns Deitie :
 Then by this short account, which yet is right,
 Hell is not halfe so bad as Hate, and Spight.

Yet, though they be farre worse than what is worst,
 They (onely) fill the Lewes hard, hollow hearts :
 From whose abundance their tongues (most accurst)
 Doe speake ; and so are mou'd their other parts :
 If Hate, and Spight, be curst Hearts onely mouers,
 They must be Murders spightfull-hatefull louers.

These spights thus past, ensues Spight, past despight ;
 For, to the Pillar bound, Hee's post alone :
 Without one friend t'entreat, or wrongs to right ;
 Compast with Hearts? nay Stones, more hard than stone
 For, on his virgin skin (most delicate !)
 Flesh-tawing Whips engrosse the deeds of Hate !

And yet this was but *Pilats* fauour to him,
 A fauour with a witnesse, witnesse Wounds !
 Nay rather Wound ; for, they, quite to vndoe him,
 With wounding Stripes, each Wound, in one confounds
 For, from his Heeles to Head He doth appeare
 Not as a Man, but gastly Wound he were !

O Heau'ns ! wrap ye the Earth with endlesse Wonder,
 Gaze Angels with immortall admiration !
 Great Thunderer ! why do'st forbear to Thunder
 And dash to dust this brasse-neckt Generation ?
 It well appeares th' art from all Passions free,
 That are not passion'd passions such to see !

O ! can the Heart of Flesh be steelèd so,
 Or Steele it selfe, so Admantine made,
 As but t' vphold the Eie to see this woe,
 And Heauinesse the Heart not ouerlade ?
 Then may I boldly say, if so It can,
 There's nothing harder than the Heart of Man !

O ! that there were some new words lawf'ly coyn'd
 Much more significant than currant'st words ;
 Or that all wofull words in one were ioyn'd ;
 And by that one more made, as Art affoards,
 I would (though all, and more, too little were)
 Make this his Plight, in colours right, appeare.

Can any Thing, that hath but feeling sense
 Be so obdurate (though It feele it not
 No otherwise than by Intelligence)
 As not to melt away, in Passion hot,
 To see these Passions? Passions call I them?
 Yea so ; but, yet much more than most extreame !

Romes World-commanding Nation (though prophane
 Did priuiledge their People from the Rod :
 Are ye (Iewes) for an holy Nation tane ?
 Yet whip vnholily Heau'ns holy God ?
 Whip him that with an yron Rod doth bray
 All flesh to dust, that dare his Word gainsay !

This sight doth cloud, with care, the Heau'ns bright Eles
 To see such glorie dim'd with such disgrace :
 Good-nature hardly can it selfe suffize
 With Teares, to mollifie this most hard Case :
 For, thus it stands, *Christ* (God and Man) abides
 That Man, to heale himselfe, should wound His sides.

The plague for Slaues, on him these Slaues inflicts
 The Whip's for Slaues, or Rogues that be varuly :
 Yet Tyranny, that good Lawes interdicts,
 On Innocence and Truth doth lay it truly :
 Truly their Falshood, and their Tyranny,
 Is true *Ides* of all villanie !

If stones did, welling, streame forth Water store,
 What time meeke *Moses* rod had strooke the Rocks ;
 Then, if we see our Rocks of refuge' gore
 Rent out by whips, and not our Founts vnlocke
 To let out water-drops, It to condole,
 'Twere pittie Mercies drops should purge our Soule.

O depth past sounding ! Way past finding out !
 Didst thou in knowledge infinit foresee
 That Man should fall, (made mutable no doubt
 By thine owne hand) thus to be raiz'd by Thee ?
 From all Beginnings pleasure tookst in paine,
 To make the Slaue for whom thy selfe was slaine ?

Here Flesh lay finger on thy mouth that mumbles ;
 Dispute not Wisdoms will, nor Mercies pow'r ;
 Suffizeth thee that Grace her glory humbles
 To lift, base thee, to top of Glories tow'r :
 Doe thou admire in silence, This, so geason,
 Because the Cause thereof surmounts thy Reason !

For, this is such a gulph of mysterie,
 That Angels, Saints, nor God, as man can sound !
 It's darker farre than hell to Reas'ns bright eie ;
 Wherein no rest nor bottome can be found :
 The Sunnes eclipse the eles of flesh annoyes ;
 But, Reasons eles Gods sonnes eclipse, destroyes !

God did from all eternitie foresee
 What man would doe ; and, what was *Christ* his lot :
 Then might haue chosen to haue made man *Be* :
 And so haue spar'd *Christs* paines, that spar'd him not :
 But, that He (knowing all) gaue way to It,
 Confounds, in endlesse maze, all humane Wit !

Iustice, and Mercie, as it seemes to sense,
 Were most impatient of their quiet rest ;
 (Sith Vertues worke, to show their excellence)
 Which made deepe Mercie, Iustice high, digest !
 For, other reason, Reason cannot giue,
 To make Faith such a mysterie beleue.

Had Men and Angels in their Iustice stood,
 Then, diuine Iustice vnimploid had bin ;
 And, Mercies pow'r had nere been vnderstood,
 Had it not bin for most rebellious Sinne :
 Then, did mans fall make resting-Mercie rise,
 To strue with Iustice for Gods glories prize !

Nor, wast alone for his owne glorie meere
 That he did man create, or re-create ;
 But for mans good ; that so he might appeare
 (That Nothing was before) in blessed state !
 For, with that Glory He could pleas'd haue bin
 Which ere Worlds were, he had himselfe within !

Yet seeing Nothing, nothing can deserue ;
 And man, of nothing, beeing Some-thing made,
 Yea, such a Some-thing, as all things doe serue,
 That God is good to man, it doth persuaue :
 Then to the glorie of his goodnesse, Hee
 Made himselfe man, for man, and man to Bee !

And, is Gods glorie so high priz'd a thing,
That for It He his owne heart-blood will spend :
And from the height of heau'n himselfe to fling
To hell, to make his Glorie so ascend !
Then, mad are men, who for his glorie Were,
To set at naught a Thing that is so deare !

Then, what are These (what shall I call them) Iewes ?
(The nam's too good, though now it's worse than ill)
What, what are they that so great grace refuse,
And in disgracing It continue still ?
Hell, name thine owne ; for, too poore is the diuell
To yeeld, or name a Name so rich in euill !

God damn'd the Diuell for one sinfull Thought,
And, put him quite past hope the help of grace :
But, He the Iewes hath from damnation bought ;
Yet still they seeke that Goodnesse to disgrace !
Then, cleere it is, the Iewes, so sold to Euill,
Are farre worse, than what's farre worse, the Diuell.

Now, thinke thou see'st this Soule of sacred Zeale,
This kindling Cole of flaming Charitie,
Disposed all in post ; not for his weale,
But, for his further future miserie.
Here see the true Character of Distresse
For pittie shown to people pittillesse !

O God ! what Man, this miserable Man,
Would not haue pittied ? and with woe haue pin'd ?
No Eies can weep, except for this they can ;
Griefe comming not for This, comes out of Kind :
Then what kind are those Men that ioy at This ?
No name can name them, they are so amisse !

Christ's darling Gospeller mus'd that the Iewes
Ador'd not *Christ*, as *Jesus*, for his deeds :
More mai'st thou wonder (Saint) that I refuse
To doe His will, for whose amisse He bleeds :
Wonders, haue lesse force to confirme beleeve,
Than to confirme true Loue hath his true griefe.

What violence (surmounting violence)
Vail'd his high Maiestie to state so vile ?
Was it not Loue in highest excellence,
Man vnto God, by Both, to reconcile ?
For, God, and Man, did God, and Man accord,
Through Loue, that nere agree'd but with this Lord.

O Man ! canst thou, canst thou O vnkind Man,
A moment breath, and not breath out his praise ?
What ! is thy mortall life but on short Span ?
And wilt not loue his long loue, thy short Daies ?
T'were pittie then a Gods heart blood should be
Like worthlesse water spild for louing Thee !

But looke (O Heart-diuiding dreyrie sight !)
See, see thy *Jesus* (O flint-hearted Iewes !)
King'd with a Crowne of Thornes (O spightfull spight !)
Of piercing Thornes, that do transpierce his Browes !
See how they mall it on, in ruthlesse rage,
That Thornes doe seeme his Braine-pan (bruiz'd) to
gage !

Daughters of Sion, see King *Salomon*,
Crown'd, by his Mother on his Mariage day !
Ye Sonnes of Salem, see Gods glorious Sonne,
Enrob'd with Wounds, and Blood, all goarie-gay !
All gentle *Iosephs* weepe, none can doe lesse,
To see your Brother brought to such distresse.

Is that Head crown'd with Thornes, vpon whose Crowne
Depends the highest Heau'ns resplendant Roofe ?
By whose¹ reuulsion It would soone fall downe,
Yet did a weake Post hold this Prop of Prooffe ?
Who brought this strong *Alcides* downe so lo ?
T'was I his *Deianire* that seru'd him so.

Yet, Heau'nly *Hercules*, though plagu'd thou be,
Thy Hydra-labours will thee Deifie ;
We, Pagan-Ofsprings, aye will honour Thee,
Not as a *Semi*, but sole God ; and cry
Holy Holy, Holy, *Jesus Christ*,
Lord God of Saboth, our true *Eucharist* !

O thou all-pow'reful-kind *Omniparent*,
What holds thy hands that should defend thy head ?
Is Sinne so strong, or so *Omnialent*,
That by Her pow'r, thy pow'r is vanquish'd ?
Why, Sinne is Nothing ; O ! then Nothing ist
That binds thy Hands, that nothing can resist ?

Thy Head all heau'nly wisdome doth containe,
(That's onely wise) and stands it with the same
To weare a Crowne that yeelds both Shame, and Paine,
And so seeme proud of Dolor, and Defame ?
Art glories God, and Pleasures Soueraigne,
Yet lett'st their Contraries thee to raigne ?

Could not thy Head, that compasse can, what not ?
Compass Mans deere Redemption with lesse losse ?
Thy wisdome neuer can be ouershot ;
Then, shot the same at such a Crowne and Crosse ?
O strange ambition of Humilitie,
To couet Hell, to giue Hell, Heau'n thereby !

For, what's the World, but Hell ! yea, Hell at best !
Yet, for the World, He brookes these Hels of woes ;
That so the World of Heau'n might be possesst ;
For, with his Saints, through Hell, He thither goes :
First He is Crown'd, then Crost, both with annoy ;
But they are² Crost, then Crown'd ; and both with ioy !

But, O my Soule ! to stirre, in thee deuotion,
Vpon this ground of Griefe thine Eie still fixe :
See here the King of Heau'ns Earthly promotion,
Crown'd with sharp Thornes, and made a *Crucifixe* ;
Which (bruizing) broach His Browes ; lo, for our sakes,
His Head is bruiz'd, that should bruize the Snakes !

To King Him right, Hee's Scepter'd with a Reed ;
As if his Kingdome were but like a Kex ;
Then crouch they with, *Haile King* : Then straight,
Areed,
Who smote thee *Jesus* ? Thus his Soule they vex :

¹ Were it possible.² Blast.

O Bat-blind Fooles doe ye infatuate
That Wisdome that makes Wisdome gouerne Fate?

To pittie wretched Wights, orewhelm'd with dole,
An humane dutie t'is, which Men should doe :
But, to deride a poore distressed Soule,
A sauage part it is, and damnd too :
Yet, such is their damn'd inhumanitie,
That they make merry with his miserie !

O Thou that do'st the Heads condecorate
Of Kings Terrestriall, with Emperiall Crownes ;
Why lett'st weake Wormes thy Head dedecorate
With worthlesse Briers, and flesh-transpiercing Thornes ?
It's to acquite the Pennance of our Pride
By this Poll-deed, with Blood exempli'd !

The Speare the Pen, his pretious Blood the Inke,
Wherewith he, *Iesus*, to this Deed subscrib'd ;
And *Consummatum est*, the Seale did sinke
To our *Quietus est* that were proscib'd :
Then, by that *Iesus* sign'd so with his Hand,
Seal'd with his Gore, we cleare discharged stand.

Ah might it please thy dread Exuperance,
To write th' excript thereof in humble Hearts
And give them vs : Then, by Recognizance,
Wee'l aye be bound to praise Thee, for our parts :
And if our indeuotion breake our Band,
Our little All shall rest at Thy command.

Our little All ; for, all we haue's but little ;
Nay, lesse than nothing ; all we haue is Thine :
Wilt haue those Soules which thou in vs didst settle ?
Retake them as thine owne ; for, th'are diuine.
Wilt haue our Bodies which thou didst create ?
Then take them to thee thou true Panaret.

Such forfeiture, were too too fortunate
For such vnhappy Bodies, lucklesse Soules :
Then, would we euer our Bonds violate,
Sith Freedome so their forfeiture enroules
In Booke of Life, in Heau'n's Exchequer rich,
Where we, as free, as freely would keep touch.

And thou my Soule should'st be the Antitype
Of what thou art, sith thou art Slaue to Sinne :
True Pattern of true Vertues Archetype
Then should'st thou be ; and being, rest therein !
Yet resting so, that, thou shouldst euer moue
To Him, that hath so deere bought thy loue !

That though Confusion shall dispuluerate
All that this Round Orbicular, doth beare,
Yet, He that so doth supererogate,
Shall aye, in order, my Thanks Organs heare :
The Orbs of Heau'n shall stop, and Time shall stay ;
But, they shall sound his Praise an endlesse day !

Faine would I fix my Thoughts, with these sharp
Thornes,
To these sore wounds, that these sharp Thornes doe tent ;

Such Sight a squemish stomacke ouerturnes,
But comforts mine, with Matter subiacent :
My Thorny sinnes, each Thornes deep Sepulture,
Doth, in Charybdises of Blood, deuoure !

For, looke how Pikes in Battailes-front are pight,
To bide the shocke of Foes, crost eu'ry way :
So through his Browes these Thornes are cross'd quight,
To bide the shocke of sinnes, which him affray :
These Thornes, through pierc'd (besides that is within)
Haue length enough to pierce the Head of Sinne.

But now my Soule make thou a swift regresse,
(Yet Rose-sweet is the ingresse to these Briers)
From whence, through sense thereof, thou did'st digresse,
And view, with wonder, what the Heau'n admires :
For, God that is most iealous of his honour,
For Men, most vile, endures most base dishonour !

Iustice, vniustly, for Iniustice deemed ;
And scourged, crown'd, wound'd, prest to die :
A Worme, no Man, this God-man, for Man, seemed ;
For, formelesse is diuine Formositie !
Drie Root, parcht Plant, burnt Leafe, and wither'd
Flow'r,
Yet fruit It hath, that hath reuiuing pow'r !

As when bright *Phœbus* (Landlord of the Light)
And his Fee-farmer *Luna*, most are parted,
He sets no sooner, but shee comes in sight :
So, when our sinnes from God had vs auerted,
The Lord of Life no sooner set in Death,
But gaue vs (Lunaticks) Lifes light beneath.

He that the Earth within His Palme includes,
And Heau'n's Embrace all-measures with His Span,
A Rough-cast of thicke Gore his Body shrouds ;
Then, Blood exhausted, Flesh is weake, and wan,
For, as Thornes did his Head, convulnerate :
So, Rods all round did Him excoriate !

It's pleasant to recount our Woe in Weale ;
These Stripes had I deseru'd, which He endures :
These deepe Incisions, my Prides Swellings heale
Then must I ioy in counting what It cures :
„ To tell the Ierkes with ioy, that ioy do bring,
„ Is both a wealefull, and a wofull thing.

These most *Herodian*-cruelties effected ;
His People-pleasing Dooms-man Him presents
To Furies fell, (with hellish rage affected)
That ioy in His past Hellish Languishments ;
Yet for He hop'd to point at Pitty than
In Sorrowes Map ; He saith, *Behold the Man !*

Behold the Man, and not the God behold ?
Yes *Bifax*, God and Man behold in Him :
His Person both those Natures doth infold ;
But, Man thou see'st, but God thine Eies doth dimme :
Thine Eie is Mortall, and no mortall Eie
Can brooke the splendor of Heau'n's Maiestie !

Yet had thine Eies bin equall (though obscure)
Thou might'st haue cleerly seene this spotlesse Man
A God in Word, in Deed, in Life, in Pow'r :
But hee's most blind that will not see, and can.
The Earth did interpose it selfe betweene
Thee, and Gods sonne, else God thou mightst haue
seene.

But what prouok'd thee, *Pilate*, so to rue,
His case, in case no more but Man He were?
Thou heard'st (no doubt) his Words and Works were
true

Wonders, and Miracles ; which made thee feare ;
And, fearing, rue his Case : but Feare, nor Ruth,
Can make thee (False-heart) to acquit this Truth.

The more is thy Soules torment, by how much
The more thy soule did eie his Truth, and Pow'r ;
If this Disgrace, and griefs did make thee gruch,
Thy gruching soule, thy greater Griefe procures :
If thou, vnlike thy selfe, thy selfe do'st thwart,
Thy dole dies not, when thine owne Crosse thou art.

Can that cleare Element, that quencheth fire
(Although it cleare thy Hands) thy Conscience cleere?
Or quench a Soules iust (with sinne ragged) ire?
No, Hypocrite, to wash th'art nere the nere :
But drops of grace, with Teares, well mixt with mone,
May pierce, with falling, the chiefe Corner Stone.

Nor can a Princes Lawes, if most vnright,
Excuse the Iudge, that iudgeth by those Lawes :
Nor Ignorance shall Guiltinesse acquite ;
The Iudge must iudge his owne, and Prince his Cause :
For, if his Lawes would haue him iudge amisse,
He breakes Gods law, to keep those Lawes in this.

Then Iudges (though therefore ye be misiudg'd)
If Man, without God, make *Herodian* lawes,
Iudge not by them, though ye by them be iudg'd ;
Sith Meanes to ill Effects, are like their Cause :
It's better die (for loue of Equitie)
Than that, by vs, an Innocent should die.

But, ah (alas !) alas it is too true,
Too many Iudges of this Iron Age,
(With brazen faces) will crosse *Christ* anew,
For Princes loue, Rewards, and Patronage :
These, these are they, that make the World so ill ;
Who make the Lawes speake as their Sou'raignes will.

How many Lands grone vnderneath this Load?
Those Patrons of Oppression so abound ;
Who make an Hell, where-ere they make abroad ;
And for Coyne, crost ; the Crosse of *Christ* confound :
For, hauing got the Law into their Hands,
Make Law, for meede, crosse *Christ*, and Lawes
commands.

All Ages had a grudge of this Disease ;
But, this Age lies quite speechlesse of the same :
For, Iudgement oft is mute (for want of fees)
And fingers Things, in signe of death, with shame :

*Christ*s Crosse him speed, that thinkes to speed in Suits
That hath but onely ¹ Liquids for these Mutes.

Many a wofull Mothers sighing Childe
Goes to the Gybbet, by their Iudge misdoom'd,
Because they had not Iudgements hands defil'd
With that wherein shee seekes to be intoom'd !
O crime of crimes ! when Men must lose their breath
Not for their faults, but theirs that doome them death.

And many a Fathers, true begotten, Sonne,
Inuokes the Heau'ns, for iudgement on their Iudge ;
By whom, both They and Theirs, haue bin vadome,
Either for want of giuing, or some grudge :
Who, through their Iudges fault, are lands bereft,
And oft by him hang'd afterwards for Theft.

Then can no death, nor torment be too sore
For Iudges, iudging for loue, feare, or meed ;
Whose Skinnes were nall'd to Iudgement-seats of yore.
That Iudges Eies, thereon, might daily feed :
For, though the Prince be good, if bad they be,
His Realme is rul'd, as nought were worse than Hee !

NOW, Soule returne, with thy sole Soules returne,
It will not be, they will not pittie him ;
Againe He goes, no torment serues their turne,
But Death, with torment, must part Life, from *Lynanne* :
Now, *Barrabas* is free'd, *Christ* iudg'd to die ;
One spils, the other sheds blood, diuinely !

That Man-destroyer is from Death preseru'd ;
This Man-preseruer, Death must straight destroy :
Right's made away, and Wrong is still reseru'd ;
In nought but in *Christ* crucif'd they loy :
So, doe good Christians too, but here's the ods,
They are the Diu's Demeasne, but Christians, Gods.

The ruthlesse *Crucifige* now they crie,
Like hungry Hounds that close pursue the Pray ;
Whose blood to sucke, their pliant Iudge they plie
With ceaslesse clamours, Him to make away :
And thus (to vrge him to't) they crie at once,
His blood be on vs and our little ones.

These Cries, for blamelesse Blood, diuerberate
The high resounding Heau'ns conuexitie :
That bloods lowd Cries the skies doe penetrate
With shrill *Vindicta's* irresistably :
" If Men haue blood for blood, by Iustice course,
" Gods blood in Equitie hath much more force.

Mans blood is spilt, for spilling blood of Man ;
Because Mans spirit alone, resembleth Gods ;
But God's the thing it selfe ; by Iustice than
Betweene both bloods is ods, surmounting ods !
The Ransome of the World is rich, (*Christ* knows)
Who spils it then deserues a world of woes.

The damnd Doomes-man hath him iudg'd to death,
(The Diu'll that Diu'll elinguate for his doome)

¹ Teares.

O wau'ring Weather-cocke ! what wayward breath
Turn'd thee about, from thy first holy-dooome ;
Doth thy damn'd double Tongue iudge him to die,
Whom selfe same Tongue, before, did iustifie ?

Past is thy Iudgement on this Iudge of All ;
His iudgement on thee is, as yet, to come :
Thy doome, in thy owne Thoughts was partiall ;
But He, on thee, shall giue a righteous doome :
 Pilate farewell ; till then, *Christ* bids th' adue,
When fiends shall plague thee, as fiends plague him
 now !

Now, Eie of Sp'rite, behold this Spectacle ;
 Christs Crosse him speed, Crosse on his Backe
 He beares ;
That Tree, (that Soule-refreshing Vmbrace
Together with our Sinne) His shoulders teares :
 „ When Crosse, and Sinne, and Gods most heauie hate
 „ Depend on Flesh, they Flesh doe lacerate !

Ah ! see how th' All-supporting shoulders bow
Vnder this Burden most importable !
And, how his Legs do double, as they goe ;
As forc'd to beare much more than they are able :
 (Disabled through our frailtie) lo, how He
 Yeelds to th' oppression of this yeelding Tree !

Hee, all whose life was nothing but a Crosse
Of all Soule-vexing Crosses, life to wracke ;
Those, by retaile he had, but This, in grosse,
Is laid on him ; so, quite to breake his Backe :
 Backe-broken loe, He wends, with these graue freights,
 To cast this Crosse-like Anchor in Deaths Streights.

No step He treads, but to those Streights they tend ;
Crossed with *Christs*-Crosse, or a Crosse *per se* :
Hee Mutes, and Consonants did adde to th' end :
His Mothers bitter teares the Liquids be :
 The Iewes the Vowels are, that spell his woe
 That life expels ; These make the *Christ*-crosse Row !

See how the sweat falls from his bloodlesse Browes,
Which doth illiquefact the clotted Gore :
His Burden paines him so with pinching Throwes,
That (lab'ring) loe, he faints with trauell sore :
 His corp'rall powres annihilated quite
 (With Paines incursions) loe yeeld now out-right.

Now at a Stand He staies yet hardly stands ;
For, bloodlesse, breathlesse, powrelesse, is his Body :
Now faints that Pow'r that Heau'n and Earth com-
 mands ;
His Body bloodlesse all, and yet all bloody ;
 Drawne out by boyst'rous Blowes sanguinolent,
 Which make him stand with Body double bent !

O see my Soule, ah cast thy carefull Eie
Vpon this Miracle-surmounting Wonder !
The Body of thy God is wrenched awry,
And double bow'd this massie Burden vnder !
 Is He made crook'd that was euer straight ?
 He is so made, but made so most vnright.

Ah see how his most holy Hand relies
Vpon his knees, to under-prop his Charge :
Now *Simon-Cyrenæ* help, or els he dies,
The Crosse hath broke his Backe, it is too large :
 Then, take It off, lest Malice be preuented,
 And He die yer fell Furie be contented.

Weepe Daughters of Ierusalem amaine,
Here, wash his wearie Body with your Teares :
Though He, in Loue, doth will you them refraine,
Yet sith He, for your Loue, this Burden beares,
 Help, with your sorrow, to condole his grieffe,
 For, Mates in Moane, yeeld Miserie reliefe.

Weep Ioy and Mirth, although it crosse your kind,
To see your kind Lord thus vnkindly Crost :
Crost all, in all ; in Life, Death, Body, Mind ;
But, crost least in his Crosse, that crost him most :
 For, that, though cruell, most did him relieue,
 Sith it did end, the Deaths, that Life did giue.

It's mercie the condemn'd, straight to rid
Out of the paines, to which condemn'd they be ;
Christs curs'd Crosse then shew this mercie did ;
For which ere since, it's call'd a blessed Tree !
 Where Paine, it selfe, doth pittie more than Men,
 Who will not pittie, there, the Pained then ?

It's sed, the longer that the world doth weare
The worse It is ; the last Daies are the worst :
But, these last Times, though bad, doe nothing beare
That can, so martyr ought, that Nature nurst :
 And did not Truth, it selfe, the same avow,
 Who would beleue this Tragedie were true ?

Then who's a Particle of highest Pow'r,
That will not weepe to see It brought so low ?
What Eies so Gorgoniz'd, that can endure,
To see the All-vpholder forc'd to bow ?
 Then, sith Hee's bow'd that canopi'd the skie,
 Let Earth in center of her Center lie ;

Dismount your tow'ring Thoughts, aspiring Minds ;
Vnplume their wings in flight pennipotent ;
Sith Hee that flees on wing of swiftest Winds,
And with Heau'n's Monarch is equipotent,
 Deignes to detrude his Super-excellence
 So low, to checke base Earths magnificence

O thou that back'st the Sun-bright Cherubins,
And gallop'st ore the glitt'ring Lamps of Heau'n,
Behold thy Sonne sole Lord of Seraphins,
Humbled to Earth ; nay, with the Earth made eu'n !
 O let his delect highest Lowlinesse,
 Our pride, and thy fell plagues, for pride, suppress.

Remount vs by His fall, from whence we fell ;
He's fall'n in't hands of Synne, of Griefes the Ground :
Those selfe same Hands, threw vs from Heau'n to Hell ;
Yet by's hard fall, O let vs backe rebound :
 And for we are the Mammothrepts of Sinne,
 Crosse vs with *Christ*, to weane our Ioyes therein.

Vpon this Stand of *Christ* still could I stand,
To view, with Pitties Eies His Wondrous plight :
My Muse is grauell'd here in *Silos* Sand ;
And all profunditie orewhelmes Her Spright,
That Weaknesse so should crosse th' Almighty Will,
As prest to goe, yet opprest standeth still !

Now let a sacred Trance transport thy Spirit
O Man, to that vnholly-holy Mount ;
Christ-crosse supporting Mount, where He did merit
By bitter death, from death, thy Lifes remount :
Mount-Tabor All will mount to see his glorie,
But few his grieffe, will mount Mount Caluarie.

There see, ah see, (though torture-tyr'd quight)
How He (*Weake Worme*) creeps vp the Hill in Haste :
Yet, lo, the ruthlesse Iewes, with maine, and might,
(Beyond His might) do lugge him to His last :
As doubting feeble Flesh would faint, and die,
To crosse their, Crosse-intended, crueltie.

Fell Enuie dies with Death, but Malice liues
In Life, and Death of those shee seekes to bite :
The death of whom her, halfe dead, oft reuiues ;
Yet grieues that Death hath freed them from her
spight :
Then Malice doth gainst Mercie most rebell ;
For shee her foes pursues past Death and Hell !

When ¹ *Jonathan* (all fearelesse) scal'd the Rockes
Where, charg'd he was with troupes of Phillistines,
His Man him equall'd in sustaining knocks :
Then (loe) our *Jonathan* (charg'd with our sinnes)
Now climes vp Caluerie, to foyle our fone,
And shall we (cowards) leaue him there alone ?

When ² *Sauls* bold Squire had scene his Lord to fall
Vpon his sword, he forthwith did the same ;
And, rather chose death with his Generall,
Than spare his life to die with liuing shame :
Then sith our *Saul* falles on his Iustice Sword
For vs, wee die should, likewise, for our Lord.

Now haue they scal'd this mestiue Mountaine top,
Ore-topt with dead mens Tops, and fleshlesse Shins :
(A grim aspect !) but here with ioy they hop,
Sith here their Plaies Catastrophe begins :
Among Deaths Tropheies, th' Engine of his Death,
Is laid along the Dead-Skull-pau'd Earth.

See, see, my Soule, (ah harke how It doth cracke !)
The Hand of Out-rage, that deglutinates
His Vesture, glu'd with gore-blood to his Backe,
Which his enfester'd Sores exulcerates !
Ah see a God ! or rather Graue, God knowes,
For, now more like a Graue, than God he showes :

There stands He shaking in a Feauer-fit,
While the cold Aire his Wounds confrigerates ;
Where on some cold Stone (faint) Hee's faine to sit,
Which to it selfe his Sores conglutinates :

¹ 1 Reg. 14.² 1 Reg. 31.

The while his Tort'ers make the Mortesse ready,
To hold the Crosse, that must sustaine him, steedie.

Which beeing done, see how their Teeth they grinde,
And rudely rend, not raise, him from that Stone :
There sticke the Cataplastrums still behinde,
As proofs how they doe part this Holy-One :
They beare him to the Crosse, but so they beare him.
As in their portage they doe rather teare him.

See now thereon how they long-straught him stretcht,
And first on Hand, fast to the same they naile ;
Meane while hard by doth stand a ruthlesse Wretch,
That gainst this Lambe, with open mouth, doth raile :
Alas the while, what dolor is He in !
Ah now, eu'n now, sweet *Christ*, thy woes begin !

There with one Hand, nail'd to the Tree, he lies,
Hand-fasted so to Dolors heauy Hand ;
The while his foes prouact their Tyrannies,
That so his Crosse might still lie at a Stand :
Who fret at Time that fled, they thought, too fast,
And past, in pittie, from the pittie past.

Yet that no Time might scape, without offence,
They fill his Eares with Blasphemies the while ;
The while Spight studies so to plague his sense,
That ceaselesse plagues Times pittie might beguile ;
While He minds nothing but their onely good,
And freely bleeds, to saue them with his blood !

His holy Heart doth ake, more for their sinne
Than for the Torments which they make it prooue :
Who opes his Heart, to take his Plaguers in,
Till he Gods plagues, by Plagues, from them remooue :
Did euer Mercie, Iustice so oreflow,
To saue Iniustice, while it workes her woe ?

Mercie, orewhelm'd in woe, to iustice praies
To pardon vniust damn'd Cruelties ;
And with deep sighes, and groanes her griefes bewraies,
Lest Iustice should confound her Enemies :
O Mercie infinite ! how much are Wee
(Loose in our Liues, and Manners) bound to Thee ?

And yet this Mercie, Patience, Grace, and Loue,
Can nought auaille, their rage to mitigate ;
Who trie what paine the perfect'st flesh may prooue,
Yer Paines the vitall Powres quite dissipate :
Trie ye Conclusions, Diuels, on your God,
That brookes your Ierkes to free you from the Rod ?

Now Time, not Mercie, mooues their Hearts of Steele
(Because the Sunne wends (mourning) to the West)
To take the other Hand like paine to feele ;
Yet still prorogue the *Consummatum est* :
So, to the Crosse that Hand they slowly fixe,
And still his paine with mockes and mowes they mixe.

Both Hands thus nail'd ; loe, how they skip for ioy,
To see the blood come spinning from his vaines :
And, for they would his sight the more annoy,
Like, worse than fiends, they triumph in his paines.

Then glorious is his Triumphs excellence,
That such spight conquers with such patience !

His Hands thus handled, then his feet they take,
And with a Naile of more than ample size,
They boare them through ; which makes them so to ake,
That It wrings Water from his Manhoods Eies !
Weepe Angells, Saints, and ye Celestiall Spheares,
To see your Glories Eies, ecclipt with Teares !

Thus being fixt vpon the senslesse Crosse
(Howbeit it crackt in token of its cares !)
Now here, now there, the same they turne, and tosse,
Which scarce can beare ¹ That, which her Burden bears :
If Heart of Oake, with these griefes, broken be,
What Hearts haue they, that ioy the same to see ?

For, loe, with ioy to see the same they hie,
While He, sweet *Christ*, lies nail'd amidst the Throng :
Here stands one grenning, with his necke awry ;
There stands another, lolling out the Tongue :
Meanwhile, O *Christ*, thy paines no Tongue can tell,
Saue onely Thine, that knew'st such paines too well !

Well, yet at length his Body vp they reare,
The poize whereof, constraines the Crosse to cracke :
Ah harke (my Muse) harke, harke, how in the Aire
It groanes to feele the God of Natures wracke :
Cracke on, sweet Crosse, and call for vengeance due,
Against those Wolues which Natures God pursue.

Thus being rear'd, He hou'ring hangs on hie
In doubt, as yet, what place in the Aier to haue ;
For, now this way he reeles, and by and by
The other way, Hee's tossed, like a Waue :
The while on Dolors Deepes, in stormes of Strife,
With Armes displai'd, He swimmes to lose his Life !

Now vp He is, and past the Pikes thus farre,
As one spu'd out of Heau'n, and cast from Earth ;
For Heau'n, and Earth do both against Him warre,
Who trauels now, with our Redemptions birth :
The whiles the Fiend doth tempt Him, in these woes,
That so He might that blessed Burden lose.

But now, ah now ensues a pinching paine ;
For, hauing brought him to the Sockets Brimmes,
(That should the reeling Crosse, and Him sustaine)
They iog it in, to lacerate his lymmes ;
No maruell though the Temples vaile did rent,
Being neere such tearing of th' Omnipotent !

O *Christ*, my *Jesus*, (deere celestially Sweet)
In this annoy, thine ease, as should appeare,
Was nought but this, to rest thee on thy feete,
When as thy Hands with hanging wearie were :
And then to ease thy nummed feet againe,
Thou mak'st thy Hands thy heauie corps sustaine.

If for thine aking Head thou seekest ease,
Then loe, a Wreath of Thornes bewraps thy Browes ;

¹ Sinne.

Whose piercing pricks, thy Head doe so disease,
That it confounds the same with pinching Throwes :
That Head, whose Members It exhilerates,
Now agonizing anguish macerates.

All Members feele the anguish of the Head,
In Animals whose Soules are sensitue ;
Except, through Accident, the same be dead ;
But Members to reioyce, when Head doth griue
Is most vnnaturall ; but Grace in this,
Makes Heads annoy become the Bodies blisse !

If towards the Heau'ns for help thou cast thine Eies,
Lo, there thou seest thy Fathers Browes to bend,
Against Mans sinne, which on thy shoulders lies,
So that he lookes more like a foe than friend.
If to the Earth, for help, thou look'st againe,
Loe, there thy foes stand prest t'increase thy paine.

In this extreame thy friends fled euery one,
Albeit thou did'st foretell they should doe so :
Onely thy Mother, and thy darling *John*,
Stood by thee still, wringing their hands for woe :
These, blessed Paire, repaired to thee then
When thou seem'dst left of God, and loath'd of Men.

The hatefull Homicide, the damn'd Theefe,
Which on thy left hand hoong, derides thy pow'r ;
And for thou wouldst not yeeld thy selfe reliefe,
Thou couldst not ; he (wretch) thought, with thought
vnpure :

So, many deeme thy Members left of Thee,
When they with mortall torments martyr'd be.

But Faith is most compleate, when Sense hath nought
Whereon to giue her, but the least repose ;
When Meanes, whereby her Battailles must be fought,
Faile vtterly ; yet, Shee no ground to loose :
This faith is worthy of the Crosse, and Crowne,
Because when all is lost, shee holds her owne !

This faith the Theefe, that on thy right hand hoong,
Had in full force ; for, what saw he in thee,
(Saue extreame Patience in a World of wrong)
That he should thinke thee God and Man to be ?
Who iustifi'd thee, to be iustifi'd,
And praid to Thee, as to Man Deified !

O thou true Theefe, more true was neuer any,
Would in thy case I were for all thy paine ;
Thy paines to day, shall passe to pleasures many,
Too many for mans heart to entertaine !
O blessed Theefe (so blest was neuer Theefe)
To die with him, whose deaths thy Soules reliefe !

But now, O *Christ*, how far'st thou all this while ?
Not well, I wot, though well it be for me :
Ah looke how all thy foes doe grenne, and smile,
To see thy vile aduancement on this Tree :
Come downe, say they, and saue thy selfe, for why,
Thou art Gods Sonne, and therefore canst not die.

But, these their words are most ironically,
Proceeding from the depth of scorne, and hate :

C

And all their words and deeds tyrannicall ;
Vndoing all that doe thy woes abate :
O ! eniuous Serpents hatcht in Hell belo,
What fiend a faultlesse Soule could torture so ?

Downe from the height of his exalted Crosse
He casts his daz'led Eies, with motion slow,
Vpon his blessed Mother ; ah how close
Her Heart with woe is shut, to feele his wo !
His woe shee feeles ; for, of her Flesh is He,
Then all His Bodies paines, Her Bodies be.

His Bodies paine, Her Soule and Body pines ;
Her extreame loue in all extremitie,
His passions feele ; for, such Loue nere repines
To suffer with her Object feelingly :
If then, Her Loues life, Death of Deaths, indures,
Iudge what a Hell of woe Her Soule immures !

*Woman (quoth He) behold, behold thy Sonne !
(Thus said in few, as He had said thus much ;)
Behold his end, that at thy selfe¹ begun ;
Behold his Body, that nere Filth could touch,
Is now deft'd with Blood, and festred Sores,
Both which (thou seest) that Body all begores !*

*Behold thy Sonne ! now nail'd vnto a Tree :
Whom, to thy Breast, of yore, thy loue did naile :
Behold his Head, which oft was wound by Thee,
Now Thornes, sharp set, doe wound, and sore assaile !
Those Limbes, which thou hast milk-bath'd on thy Lap,
Are now all ore besmeat'd with Bloody Pappe.*

*Ah ! see those Eies, in which thou woont'st to prie,
As if therein thou saw'st a World of grace !
Now see them (sinking) stand, as Death stood by,
Whose gastly presence inserenes my face :
Woman, behold thy Sonne ! plagu'd thus for this,
That Hee, for Mans deere loue, his IESVS is.*

O ! Heart-strings hold, or rather Heart-strings breake ;
What Heart can hold, all this to see and heare ?
Then can a Womans Heart (by nature weake)
The heauie weight of Gods fell vengeance beare ?
The plagues he felt, Gods wrath for sinne inflicted,
For which, shee's fellow-feelingly afflicted !

O blessed virgin *Marie* ! (holy Mould
That bare the blessed fruit of Iesse-flow'r)
Sith Grace, gainst Nature, made thy Heart to hold,
That must be full of Grace, so full of Pow'r !
O let Eternitie thy Lauds enshrine
Within all Mouthes, or Humane, or Diuine.

And well mai'st Thou be call'd full of Grace,
Sith that the God of Grace thy Wombe did fill !
And blessed art Thou, for that blessed Case,
Among all Men and Women of good will :
For, they must euer blesse Thee, that beleuee
Thou gau'st him Flesh, by which their Spirits doe liue.

¹ In respect of his manhood.

O Starre ! giuing light, for light, to *Jacobs* starre,
Shine Thou with light translucent in that Spheare
His Spheare surrounds, and mooueth without iarre ;
In that immediate Orbe to His appeare
A glorious Lampe, to lend all Women light,
That walke, or wander in this worlds darke Night.

Let neuer Mouth be found so full of Gall,
As to exaugurate thy blessed Name ;
But be Thou blest with praise perpetuall ;
And let both Heau'n, and Earth sound out the same :
Sith Thou bar'st Him, that on his Body bare
The Pennance of our Sinne, thy cause of care.

My Mother, and thine owne (quoth He againe)
O Iohn behold ; and, take thou mine as thine ;
*Be thou Her sonne, in all that doth pertaine
To all those blessed Sonnes, whose Sire is mine :
In loue, in care, in diligence, and dutie,
Be thou Her Sonne, sith this to Sonnes is sutie.*

*Comfort Her Heart, Her woe-crosse-wounded Heart ;
Shee is a Wo-man, Man assuage Her Woe
With Manly Comforts ; thou more cheerefull art,
Although thy Gall be full of griefe, I know ;
Yet being strong, thou better mai'st sustaine It,
And help Her Heart, with Griefe split, to containe It !*

You that passe by this place, ¹behold me too,
And see if any paines be like to mine !
Read on my Head what I was borne vnto ;
A CROWNE : and yet my Crowne my Head doth pine :
Witnes the Holes the same makes in my Browes,
And witnes That, that from those Fountaines flowes.

See, see ah see, how I, that made this All,
Am made (farre worse than All !) A meere Offence !
Looke in my face, if thou canst for thy Gall,
And seest ought there, like me, but patience ?
For, there thou seest (bath'd in sanguine streames)
Where Paine, and Patience sits in high'st extreames !

O you that passe by me, see how I hang
In torment such, as no flesh ere did feele ;
As if all paines, in one, were in each pang ;
As if the Serpent more than stung my Heele :
The ease I haue, is Worlds of all disease ;
Sith Man shall fare the better, farre, for These.

Number my Bones ; for, now they may be so,
(Sith bare they be) and tell how many must
Make vp the true Anatomie of Wo ;
For, in me you shall find that figure iust :
Sith PAIN was neuer proud of her degree,
Vntill, in Purple, shee was crown'd in me !

You that doe passe by me, see how my Palmes
For you are rent, and all their sinewes crackt ;
O giue me then, at least, your Pitties Almes ;
Sith for your Treasons (ah) I thus am Rackt :
Then, sith this Racke, from wracks doth set you free,
Can you doe lesse than loue the Racke for me ?

¹ Lam. 1. 12.

My Paines not onely free you from annoy,
(Yea, such annoy, as no thought can conceiue)
But make you owe, withall, all endlesse ioy,
Which, for your loue, in pangs of Death I giue :
Then, O deere Pilgrims, pittie you my paine,
And loue, O loue me, lest I die in vaine.

You that doe passe by me, my Feet behold,
(That in the way of Sinners neuer stood)
How they my Body beare, not as they should,
Yet as they should they beare It, for your good :
Then, wash my Feet (with *Marie*) with one Teare,
Sith all your sinnes, they, with my Body, beare !

And see if you can any place espie
About that Body, free from Wounds, or Bloes ;
If not, then pittie me, for whom I die,
Pittie, O pittie, my vn timer pitied woes :
But, if you cannot, woe be to me then ;
For, I had nere felt woe, but for you Men.

The Fountaine of my Blood (my Liuer's) drie ;
In vaine my thirstie Veines doe sucke the same :
No burning Cole can be more hot than I ;
For, vehement paine, doth all my parts inflame :
In eu'ry Nerue, like wild fire, it doth rage,
Without one drop of Mercie It to swage.

See, see how Anguish makes my Soule to beat
My panting sides, for holding her in paine ;
Who seeks (poore Soule) to shift her wearie Seat,
Which plagues her more, the more shee toiles, in vaine :
Sith thus in Loue, for Man, sh' endures this doule,
Then, in loue, pittie (Man) my painefull Soule.

And let it grieve thy Soule, my Soule to grieve,
That thus doth languish for the loue of thee :
O let not thine, with mine vnkindly striue ;
But that, but one Soule be twix thee, and me :
And let true Loue, in Deed One, both vs, make ;
That am thus more than broken, for thy sake !

The time hath bin (as knowes ETERNITIE)
I rid vpon the glorious Cherubins ;
And in my Hand held all Felicitie ;
That now am made a Packe-horse for thy Sinnes !
I was, as God doth know, high as the High'st,
Till I, for thee, tooke on me to be *Christ*.

There was a Time, I was ; what was I not
That was not more than infinitely blest ?
But now thy Curse is fall'n vnto my Lot,
And all to turne thy Curse vnto the best.
I giue my life for thine (as thou do'st proue)
Nay, Heau'n for Hell, and all but for thy loue !

The Time hath bin when Angels compast me,
Still chaunting Hymnes in honour of my name ;
But, now am compast with a Company
Of wretched Wormes, that gnaw mine Honours fame :
Which fame to me, (witnesse my woes) is deere ?
Then iudge what 'tis such blasphemies to heare !

No Sense, Pow'r, Part, in Body, or in Soule,
Nor parts of those Parts, but, in all extreames,
Tormented are, in part, and in the whole ;
And quite orewhelm'd with diuine furies streames !
Sith then, O Loue, I am thus plagu'd for Thee,
Pittie, O pittie, (Deere Loue) pittie me.

Sith God hath left me, as I Heau'n haue left ;
And PAINÉ hath put me where her life doth lie ;
Nay, sith my selfe, am of my selfe bereft ;
Sith beeing LIFE, to giue thee Life, I die :
Sith, *this*, and more than *this*, is done for thee,
Pittie (Deere Loue) in Loue, O pittie me.

O ! NATVRE, carefull Mother of vs all,
How canst thou liue, to see thy God thus die ?
To heare his Paines, thus, thus for Pittie call,
And yet to find no grace in Pitties Eie !
Thy Frame, deere Nature, should be quite dissolu'd
Or thy whole Powers into Teares resolu'd !

His Anguish hauing this, in silence, said,
See, now, how He sore labours for the last ;
The last deneere of Sinnes debt beeing defraid,
It now remains that Death the Reck'ning cast :
But, heauy Death, because the Summe is great,
Takes yet some longer time to doe the feat.

But now, my Soule, here let vs make a Station,
To view perspicuously this sad aspect ;
And, through the *Jacobs*-staffe of *Christ* his passion,
Lets spie, with our right Eie, his Paines effect :
That in the Lab'rinth of his Languishment
We may, though lost therein, find solacement.

The Mind, still crost with Heart-tormenting Crosses,
Here, finds a Crosse to keepe such Crosses out ;
Here, may the Loser find more than his losses ;
If Faith beleuee, what, here, Faith cannot doubt :
For, all his Wounds, with voice vociferant,
Crie out they can, more than supply each want !

This holy Crosse is the true Tutament,
Protecting all ensheltred by the same ;
And though Disasters face be truculent,
Yet will this Engine set it faire in frame :
This is the feeble Soules nere-failing Crouch,
And grieuèd Bodies hard, but wholesom'st, Couch.

Looke on this Crosse, when thou art stung with Care,
It cures forth-with, like *Moises* metl'd Snake :
What can afflict thee, when thy passions are
Pattern'd by His, that Paines, Perfections make ?
Wilt be so God vnlike, to see thy God
Embrace the Whip, and thou abhorre the Rod ?

See, see, the more than all soule-slaying Paines
Which more than all, for Thee and all he prou'd
What Man, except a God he be sustaines
Such Hels of paine for Man, with Mind vn mou'd :
What Part (as erst was sed) of all his Parts
But tortur'd is with smarts, exceeding smarts !

His Vaines, and Nerves, that channellize his Blood,
By violent Conuulsions all confracted :
His Bones, and Ioynts, from whence they whilome stood,
With Rackings, quite disloked, and distracted :
His Head, Hands, Feet, yea all from Top to Toe,
Make but th' imperfect Corps, of perfect Woe !

O that mine Head, were Head of seu'n-fold Nyle,
That from the same might flowe great Floods of Teares,
Therein to bathe his bloodlesse Body, while
His Blood effuz'd, in sight confuz'd, appeares :
Then should my Teares egelidate his Gore,
That from his Blood-founts, for me, flow'd before.

O burning Loue ! O large, and lasting Loue !
What Angels tongue thy limits can describe ?
That do'st extend thy selfe all Loue about,
For which all praise, Loue ought to Thee ascribe :
Sith scarce the Tongue of Gods Humanitie,
Can well describe this boundlesse Charitie !

Why doe I liue ? alas why doe I liue ?
Why is not my Heart Loue-sicke to the Death ?
But, shall I liue, my louing Loue to grieue ?
O no, O rather let me lose my Breath.
*Then take me to thee, Loue, O let me die
Onely but for thy Loue, and Sinne to flie.*

Stay me with Flagons, with Fruit comfort me ;
Now I am sicke, Heart-sicke of sweetest loue ;
Then let me liue (sweet Loue) alone in Thee ;
For, Loue desires in That, belou'd, to moue :
I liue, and moue in Thee ; but yet, O yet,
I liue to moue ; that is, to make Thee fret ?

Shall Fleshlesse frailtie, O ! shall euer Flesh
Extercorate her filth Thee to annoy ?
Or shall the same be euer found so nesh
As not t'endure Paine-temporall, that light Toy ?
The Heau'ns fore-fend that Flesh should so offend,
Sith God, in Flesh, was wrackt, Flesh marr'd to mend.

Looke Turkes, and Pagans on this Spectacle ;
See, through the same, the errors ye are in :
This is true Faiths intire Subtecture ;
Propitiatorie Sacrifice for Sinne :
This is God crucifi'd, which ye despise
Because His Manhoods meekenesse hurts your Eies.

Tell me would euer Man but God, and Man,
Freely, of selfe accord, accord to beare
Gods Angers plagues, for Man, which no Man can,
That on this God and Man inflicted were ?
None but a God, whose Pow'r is infinite,
Can brooke the paines that are indefinite !

Let goe his Workes, meere Metaphysicall,
Which World will wnesse, though the World doth
hate him,
(That might suffice to prooue Him God in All)
And looke but on the price his friends did rate him,

*With all the plagues his powres, for Foes, sustaine,
You must confesse 'tis God that bides such paine,
And that your faith is false, and Gospell vaine.*

Who ioy vnmeasurable can beare, vnioy'd,
And Griefe intollerable sustaine, vngriev'd,
Must needs be God ; that is with neither cloy'd,
And of his grace, by neither, is depriu'd :
*This is that God, that All-supporting Pow'r,
Our Faiths Foundation, and the Churches Tow'r !*

To thee my God, my Lord, my *Jesus Christ*,
Will I ascribe all Glorie, Pow'r, and Grace ;
Thee will I serue (say Pagans what they list)
And, with the Armes of Loue, thee still embrace :
That for my loue, in loue, do'st deigne to die
This death of shame, my life to glorifie.

O let the Summe of all, be all and some,
Comprised in thy Heau'n-surmounting praise
That *waist*, that *art*, and *shall be*, aye to come,
The Subiect of thy Subiects thankfull Laies :
Who, with aduanced voice, doe Carroll forth,
The praise of thine inestimable Worth !

And sith thy Soule, for me, is so conflicted,
My Soule, to thee, in griefes, shall be affected ;
And, for thy Flesh, through loue, is so afflicted,
My Flesh for thy high loue, shall be dejected :
Soule, Flesh, and Spirit, for thy Spirit, *Flesh*, and
Soule,
Shall (longing) pine, in Flesh-repining Dole.

Mine onely Schoole shall be Mount Caluerie,
The Pulpit but the Crosse ; And Teacher none
But the meere Crucifixe to mortife ;
No Letters but thy blessed Wounds alone :
No Commaes but thy Stripes ; no Periods
But thy Naailes, Crowne of Thornes, Speare, Whips,
& Rods.

None other Booke but thy vnclasp'd side
(Wherein's contain'd all skills Angelical)
None other Lesson but *Christ crucifi'd*
Will I ere learne : for, that is all in all :
Wherein Selfe-Curiositie may find
Matter to please the most displeas'd Mind.

Here by our Masters Nakednesse, we learne
What Weeds to weare : by his Thorne-crown'd head,
How to adorne vs ; and, we may discern
By his most bitter Gall, how to be fed :
How to reuenge, by praying for his foes ;
And, lying on his Crosse, how to repose.

For, when we read him ouer, see we shall,
His Head with Thornes, his Eares with Blasphemies ;
His Eies, with Teares ; his honni'd Mouth with Gall ;
With Wounds, his Flesh ; his Bones with Agonies
All full : and yet (withall) to heare him say,
So Man might liue, he would thus languish aye !

O Worke without Example ! And O Grace
Without deseruing ! Loue ! O largest loue
Surmounting measure ! that for Wormes so base
And basely bad, such Hels of woes doth proue !
Had we bin friends, what would he then haue done,
That, beeing his foes, no woes for vs doth shunne ?

For, lo, he hangs in Torments most extreame,
Wrapt in the Intrals of ten thousand Euils :
While (*Christ*) thy foes thy noble name blaspheme,
And raue against thee like out-ragious Diuels :
From out their banefull Bulkes all spight they spue,
Till PAINE did Hydra-headed Paine subdue !

BVt now, begin the angrie Heau'ns to scoule,
And *Phebus* hides from thee his golden Head :
Now, Sathan toyles to tempt thy sacred Soule :
Now, sinks thy Body downe, as it were dead :
Now, quakes the Earth, now rends the temples Vaile,
And now thy Senses doe themselues assaile.

Now, frownes thy Father, with a dreadfull looke ;
Now, burnes his wrath, which fire thy Soule doth feare :
Now, gape the Graues of Saints, which now awooke
From out the sleepe of Death, wherein they were :
Now roares the Thunder in the gloomy skie,
Now Sathan yelles because his foile's so nie.

Orion, now, doth muster misty Cloudes,
Wherewith the foggie aire is dark'ned quight :
And now, thy Fathers face from thee he shrouds,
That whilome woont, on thee, to shine so bright :
All which compell thy Manhood thus to crie,
Ely, Ely, Lammabacchanie !

Now, downe thy holy Head begins to sinke ;
And now the Hand of Death doth close thine Eies :
Thy Tongue, enflam'd with paine, now thirsts for
drinke ;
Which beeing reueal'd, that want, Spight straight
supplies :
Who gives thee (ah !) (to plague thy Taste withall,
In gall of bitternesse) the bitter'st Gall !

But (by the way) here note, my mournfull Muse,
The great ! (ah tearmes I want aright t' expresse)
The monstrous malice of these cankred Iewes,
Who not content his Corps with Paines t' oppresse,
Doe nerthelesse his Senses seeke to spill,
And grieve because his Soule they cannot kill !

O Sonnes of Sinne, can ye see Iustice-Sonne
(So like the Sonne of all Impietie)
Thus made a Chaos of Confusion,
With Angels so to range you orderly,
Yet liue disord'ed ? then (ah) what remains
But lookt-for Worlds of all confus'd paines !

Say, for his glorie, he endures these Stormes
Without respect of your peculiar gaine :
Alas ! what glorie can GOD haue of Wormes,
But such as he might lothe, sith vile, as vaine :

Then, sith he for yours (not his glory) dies
With shame, for shame die ye for his likewise.

Sith He that's Lord of Blisse, and all Renowne,
Diues to the Ground of Shame, and Sorrowes Seas,
To fetch vp Iemmes of Ioy, for Glories Crowne,
To place but on Mans Head, in Worlds of ease !
Then Man should to the Ground of deep'st annoy
Diue for like Iemmes, his Lord, alike, to ioy.

Had we but *Selfe-Loue* in the kindest kind,
This loue alone would force vs this to doe :
For, this *Selfe-loue* (not like the other, blind,
Seeing what Ioyes such Woes doe waft vs to)
Makes vs, for our owne future endlesse ease,
Loue to be ducking still in Sorrowes Seas.

Christs bitter, and his latest draught thus drunke,
The Pangs of Death begin each limbe to Racke ;
Now picks his Soule, the Lifes Locke of his Truncke ;
For now his deere Heart-strings begin to cracke :
Father, quoth he, to thee I giue my Soule ;
For now is finish'd both my Life, and doule.

And for the vp-shoot, *Longius*, with a Speare,
Doth pierce his side, and cleeueth his Heart in twaine :
From which, as from an hallowed Fountaine cleere,
Both Blood, and Water gusheth forth amaine :
Drinke now an Health, my Soule ; for, this is Wine,
Will all thy faculties, with grace, refine !

For, this is *Christ*, through whose sides (soules to saue)
All men are crucifi'd : with whose last Breath
All Men gaue vp the Ghost : within whose Graue
All buried be : by whose arise from Death
All are reuiu'd : for, he, as we beleuee,
Did liue to die, that we might die to liue.

In Paradise from one selfe head did flow
Foure Streames, of Earth, to bathe each droughtie
limbe :
From *Christ* (Faiths Paradise) Blood floweth so ;
From whose Heart, through his Hands, and Feet, doth
swimme
(On floods of gore) the Arke of grace, wherein
Th' elect are sau'd from beeing wrackt through sinne.

And from his side (beside) came welling forth
Both Blood and Water full of Misterie ;
Blood to purge sinne, and Water of like worth,
To note new birth in Christian Infancie :
From all whose Bodies parts to parts, and whole,
Blood stream'd forth to clense each Bodies Soule.

The Blood of Beasts effuz'd in sacrifice
Were Typicall ; yet pleas'd the angrie High'st :
But that did this (most pure) Blood symbolize ;
Those Shadowes were dispell'd by *Jesus Christ*
True Iustice Sunne, in whom no shadow is,
Either of Change, or Sinne, or ought amisse.

Here, perpendicularly hangs the Line
By which from out the Worlds Maze men do goe

Vnto a World more ample, more diuine,
Without which all goe wrong to rightest woe :
Then goe by this, you that would not be lost ;
For, hereby you goe right, how euer crost.

And if foule Sinnes, glu'd fast to flesh, and Blood
So closely cling that they will not away
Vnlesse vnloos'd with a sanguine flood,
This working Deluge will not let them staie :
Nor flood confounded all, saue eight alone,
But this saues all that it hath ouerflowne !

Now hath the great CREATOR, for Mans sake,
The second *Adam* cast into a sleepe ;
Whiles of his Heart-blood Hee his Spouse doth make ;
For whom His Heart doth Blood, and Water weepe :
Which compound Teares are turn'd to Ioy, intire,
For his Heart-blood effects his Hearts desire !

Which deere desire, was one deere Spouse to haue,
To be co-partner of his Griefes and Ioyes ;
Which when he wooke, his God vnto him gaue,
To comfort him in comforts, and annoies :
Which when he saw, He held (most faire to see !)
Flesh, of his Flesh, Bone, of his Bones to be !

Now hath the Monster Flesh-deuouring Death
Got him within his Bowels ; but (though dead)
Looke how a woman, groaning, languisheth
In Child-birth till shee be deliuer'd,
So groaneth Death, who trauelleth in paine,
Till of his charge he be discharg'd againe.

And as the ¹ Babylonian Dragon brake
So soone as *Daniels* Lumpes his Mouth had fill'd ;
So, Death, that of Lifes Lord a Meale did make,
In sunder brake, and vtterly was spild :
His Mawe could not digest that blessed Bit,
Made most immortall by his eating it.

Nor could he vomit vp this Bread of Life,
Which (Poyson-like, while it in him abides)
Had with his nature such vncessant strife,
That it brake forth the next way through his sides :
Sending celestiall Beames, not to the skie,
But to the Throne of highest diuinitie.

Nor could He (as some Beasts rechow their meat,
To cause the same the better to digest)
Rechow this Bread, so fast, and so compleat
Made by his chewing, that it now must rest
As free from Passion, as from violence,
Garded with Powre, and Glories excellence.

O ! that all Spirits of high Intelligence,
(By royall Armies) would themselues immure
In my blunt Braines ; that by their confluence,
I might expresse (with Nectar'd Phrases pure)
The praise that to this Passion right pertaines,
Whose sacred vertue, sacred Vertue, staines !

¹ Bell, and the Dragon.

The vertue of this Passion is of pow'r
Reuenges Red, to change to Mercies White ;
This Passions vertue is so passing pure,
That Fowle to Faire it turnes, and Darke, to Light :
" The Land-marke to true Rest, when Troubles tosse
" (In Sorrowes seas) is *Christ* vpon the Crosse.

Ye vnconfus'd orders Angellick
In order come to take this Blood effus'd :
Bring forth Celestiall Bowles, with motion quick,
To which this pretious Blood may be infus'd :
Let not one drop be lost of such rare Blood,
That makes men passing bad, exceeding good !

Couer this *Aqua-vitae* with your wings
From touch of Infidels, and Iewes prophane :
They haue no int'rest in this King of Kings ;
Whose blood they suck'd, which blood will be their
bane :
Make much thereof, sith but the least drop of it,
Is worth ten thousand Worlds for price, and profit :

Yet, let poore Spirited Conuerts, drinke their fill ;
And swill their drie Soules, till with it they swell
Such Diuine surfetting is wholesome still :
For, noysome Humors it doth quite expell :
Yea, though, with griefe, they swell, and breake with
paine,
Such griefe brings ioy, and makes them whole againe.

The elephants, of yore inur'd to warre,
Before the Fight, some blood were vs'd to see ;
Which them incenst, the more to make them dare ;
Then, if a Beast shall not our better be,
Sith *Christ* wee see quite drown'd thus in his Blood,
We must endure the Racke, as he the Rood.

Five Founts he opens ; whence, doe (gushing) flow
Red Seas, to drowne our blacke Egyptian sinnes ;
That they no more may seeke our ouerthrow :
Then, should we goe, like Israels Denizens,
Though Wasts of Woes, orethrowing eu'ry Let,
Till we into the Land of Promise get !

Now to this Lifelesse, yet Life-giuing Body
Returne my Soule ; see, see, how like a Clod
He hangs, with gastly-grimme aspect, all bloody ;
Ah who would weene this Man should be a God ?
And yet what Man can doubt it, sith He died
As Man, for Men, that this God crucified ?

What cheere O holy *Marie*, Gods deere Mother ?
How fares thy Heart, transpiere'd with Sorrowes sword ?
Thy Sonne is slain ; yet sure there is none other
That kills, and straight reuiueth with a Word !
If He alone hath this almightie pow'r,
Doubt not but He himselfe, Himselfe will cure !

What ! doe I doubt that thou a doubt do'st make
Of his reuiuall ? O ! I wrong thee much
If so I should ; for, thy Faith cannot shake,
Sith it is stai'd by Gods vnshaken Touch :

Then, that thou should'st be thus, so woe-begon,
I see no cause, saue Natures course alone.

Nature will yerne, when monstrous minded Men
Prodigiously doe violate Her Lawes :
But when they wracke her selfe, what will shee then ?
Will shee not mourne ? to grieue, hath shee no cause ?
Shee were vnlike her selfe, and her selfe foe,
If (toucht so neere) she were not toucht with woe.

Then, sacred Saint, thou must haue leaue to mourne :
Thy losse is great, although thy gaine be more :
Thy Heart must rend, to see thy deere Heart torne ;
It needs must bleed, when Its so full of Gore :
If it be drie, through bleedings great excesse,
Would Mine, for Thine, might bleed, and neuer cease.

And sith twixt you is such proximitie,
That thou do'st thoroughly taste the smart he feelles,
He turne my speech a while alone to thee,
To comfort thee with ioy which Faith reueales :
And though thou now triumph in endlesse ioy,
This might be sed to thee in thine annoy.

Thine Eies that see (engulph't in seas of Tears)
Griefes Objects greater than they are indeed,
Dissolue in Brine to season so thy Cares,
That Sorrow may thereon with pleasure feed :
" When Sorrows swellings burst out of the Eies,
" The Heart doth hold to giue them fresh supplies.

Thine Eares beleue all Sounds (how sweet soere)
Are but the Accents of a Tragick voyce ;
The Angels Notes doe seeme but parts to beare
In the Confusion of an irkesome noyse :
" For when the Body is without the Head,
" What Musicke makes the Trunke but dull, or dead.

The Echoes of thy Plaints doe seeme to thee
The mournfull cries of Riuers, Rockes, and Hills ;
As though their Maker them had made to be
True feelers of his Paines, thy Grieffs, their Ills :
" For, when as Natures God feelles violence,
" Nature makes nought that hath not feeling sense !

Each glimpse of Ioy to thee is like the Spoiles
Of some rich kingdome to her conquer'd Prince ;
Which are the markes of her recurelesse foiles,
And, without warre, his warring Thoughts conuince :
" For, others mirth doth then become our mone,
" When they make merrie with our losse alone.

What ere delights the Eare then renouates
The woefull want of thy Sonnes sugred Words ;
For, Angels voice but recapitulates
The misse of That which sweeter voice affords :
" And to be minded of the losse of Ioy
" Doth make vs find, in old losse, new annoy.

As Loue (that highly prizeth pricelesse Things)
Trebles the price of those of highest rate ;
So, Reason and Iudgement (Faiths almightie Wings)
Lifting thy Soule to see thy high estate,

Makes his Crosse thy Crosse-Crosse-let (treble crost)
Because so well thou know'st what thou hast lost.

And all the Sweetes thy Senses apprehend,
Are but as Crummes of thy late royall cheere ;
Which thy erst full-fed Soule doe but offend,
And make thy Looke more hunger-pin'd appeare :
" The Pallat vs'd to ful-disht daintie Cates,
" The homely crumms of course Crusts deadly hates.

Worlds-glorie is to thee a Lightnings flame,
Which doth but light to see calamitie :
For, out it goes when it hath show'd the same,
And Hell doth leaue behind, t'affront the Eie :
For, Glorie, in his Grace, did so excell,
That Heau'n with it compar'd is worse than Hel.

For, killing in his owne Life-giuing Death
The sacred life of liues ; it doth ensue
All liuing Things died, with his yeelding breath ;
So made Death victor, and did Death subdue !
" But, by Death to subdue Lifes conquering Foe,
" Is Life in Death though Flesh, and Blood say no.

No, no, sai'st Thou (deere Saint) as Flesh thou art,
Whose Blood doth boile, in passion, for thy losse :
For, through his Death thy Life feelles mortall smart ;
So, his Crosse, Tree of Life, is thy Lifes Crosse :
" For, Grace, and Nature beeing opposite,
" Doth breed an endlesse bate twixt Flesh and Sp'rite.

When Faith doth Reason into Loue transmute,
Then Faith, through Loue, surmounteth Reasons reach :
And scornes with Flesh and Blood once to dispute :
But in the Metaphysicks Reas'n doth teach :
Yet now thy Faith, and Loue, and Reas'n conspire
To reauue thy rest in quest of thy desire.

Thy Loue by treason of the miseries,
Engulphs thy Memorie in grieve so deepe,
That thou forgett'st thy fore-past promises,
Remembring but (thy hearts ease) still, to weepe :
" For, when hearts-ease doth from the heart depart
" Nature enforceth Teares to ease the Heart.

But, yet the inward presence of thy Sonne,
His outward absence (deere Saint) may supply :
Who from thy Wombe into thy heart is gone,
That thou mai'st feele him much more vitally :
Then, in thy Heart (which Sorrows Sword doth wound)
He makes his Tent, to Tent and make it sound.

But, if thou feel'st not yet this Lord of Life
Stirre in that liueli'st feeling part of Thee,
It is sith Passions there are yet in strife,
Sprung from his Passions which Perfections be :
But kept he not the peace in so great strife,
No, force of Nature could maintaine thy life.

Thy Teares doe (quenching) feed the sacred fire
That Natures Lead transmutes to Graces Gold :

Zeale blowes the coles of thy diuine desire
To haue (as earst thou had'st) thy Sonne in hold :
But since thou hast him in thy better Part,
As sure thou hast him, as thy Soule, or Heart.

Yet, for his sight thy thirst is so extreame
(The Ocean of which comfort swels so high)
That though into thy Parts the Whole should streame,
Yet could it not their sore Thirst satisfie :
" For, that which is belou'd, without annoy,
" The Senses seuerally would still enioy.

Then hauing Him but in thy Heart, thy Heart
Hath so much Sorrow, with that boundlesse blisse,
That Grace, by Nature, is perplexed in part ;
So the whole Heart thereby perplexed is :
" For, till Flesh puts on immortalitie,
" It cannot shake off Natures Qualitie.

Yet wert thou by his mouth forbid to weep,
Whose Biddings and Forbiddings are such Lawes,
As all are bound religiously to keepe,
Sith, to infringe them, doth perdition cause :
And sith the vnion twixt you Two is such,
Thy weeping for thy selfe, himselfe doth touch..

Tooke he not Flesh of Thee : then is the same
Thine, by the law of Nature, which is His :
For, Nature neerer vnion cannot frame,
Which makes thine Eies to fashion Teares amisse :
And, sith true Loue doth make you most intire,
Then must thy Teares fall crosse to his desire.

But yet thou saist, but for thy Selfe thou weep'st,
When thou weep'st for Him, beeing one with Thee :
And so thou ween'st his holy Heast thou keep'st,
Who, for thy selfe to weepe, gaue libertie :
Nay, rather gaue command, which to transgress
Must be most damnable, or little lesse.

The fault therefore, herein, (if any be)
Must be (thou ween'st) in beeing one with Him :
Which Sinne, thou sai'st, proceedes of Grace in Thee ;
Both which, in both thine Eies, thou mak'st to swimme
Out of Election ; so, presumptuously
Thou sinnest thus by Graces regencie.

For, if the Sunne in Sable him inuolu'd
When Lights inlight'ner quencht was in his Blood ;
If Natures frame was like to be dissolu'd,
To see her Maker marr'd in likelihood :
Then O ! who cannot weepe for such a losse,
His heart's more hard than (heart of oake) the Crosse.

Thine Heart, and Eies (for, both alike doe moue,
Sith Heart and Lookes are one in Deed, and Show)
Doe pay him Tribute of religious Loue,
Which He hath paid, and thou to Him do'st owe :
For, what He paid thou ow'st by double Band
Which Grace, and Nature sealeth with thy Hand.

This dew of Grace nere falls, but straight the Sunne
Of Iustice doth exhale It to his Spheare :

And if the fowlest face It ouer-runne,
In Mercies Eies It makes It Christall cleare :
For Eies that so oreflowe, are Wels of Grace,
Wherein God loues to looke, to see his face !

For this Imperiall Water thy poore Heart
The lymbecke is, to Styll it through thine Eies ;
From Hearbe of Grace (call'd Rue) by Sorrowes Art ;
And, made, by quenchlesse flames of Loue, to rise :
Wherein the Angels loue themselues to plunge,
And ioy to draine these drops becomes the Spunge.

Vpon the water-streames, with winds of strife,
Thy Soule doth saile vnto the Port of Peace :
To raigne for euer in the Land of Life,
With him for whom these Surges neuer cease :
For sith these Waues doe whaft from Sinne to Grace,
From Grace to Glorie-then, they passe apace.

Thy Sunne is set, and at his going downe,
These brackish Seas did rise to meete his fall ;
That *Tethis* of thy true loue, to thine owne,
In her moist Lap receiues this Light of all :
But sith thou know'st, by Nature, he must rise,
Let Grace with comfort cleere thy cloudy Eies.

No doubt thou would'st (by force of that strong Tie)
Ensue his Steps, though glutted with his Gore :
And could'st a Death, with Hels of Torment, die,
So thou might'st liue with Him, that dies no more :
" Then to be barr'd of what Loue doth desire,
" Turnes Loue to Langor, and her frost to fire.

How liuely were that Death, whose dearest Meane
The dead'st *Cadaver*, with a Touch, reuiues :
And makes immaculate Soules most vnicleane,
Beeing Death of Deaths that giueth life of liues :
" And honnied were the death of such a life,
" Where Sinne and Grace are still at mortall strife.

For thou yet liu'st as many Deathes to feele
As thou liu'st howres ; and, no lesse grieffe to taste
Then was thy welfare in his onely weale ;
Which, beeing extreame, then extreame woe thou hast :
But, cheere thee (Saint) sith nought, so violent
Can (though it perfect were) be permanent.

Liue out thy liuing Death then, in such peace,
As to thy dying life may yeeld repose ;
Let woes encrease, past, present ioyes encrease ;
For, they doe winne, at length, that long doe lose :
" And when as grieffe's enthron'd in greatest grace,
" Then downe it must, and Ioy possesse her place.

And though thy Soule liues more by force, then choise
Within thy dying Corps, her liuing Tombe,
Yet, beeing there interr'd, she may reioyce
It did, and doth both God and her enwombe :
Then O how blessed is that Earth of Thine,
That to such Sprites of life doth still enshrine !

That Sepulcher of Death, and Seate of Life
Thy blissfull-blislesse-blessed Body, O

I want fit words (while Words are all at strife,) Thy Bodies ten-times blessed state to show :
For, that stanch Chest those pretious Jewels keepes
That keepe the Chest secure in Dolors Deepes.

Then melt not, O melt not thy Heart away
In flames of Loue, but liue to loue him still :
For, if thou heartlesse be, where shall he staie?
And if thou kill'st thy heart, thou his do'st kill :
For, thine is His, then for Him tender It,
With loue that is, for lasting, onely fit.

Thou think'st (perhaps) so well he loueth Thee,
That if thy Soule for that deere loue should die,
He would giue Thee his Soule, thy Soule to be,
Sith Soulesse, now, his Body, yet, doth lie :
But sith from Death to Life he will remoue,
He His must vse ; then keep Thine for his loue.

Thou canst not feare his losse that all reliues.
For, ardent loue quite kills the Ague Feare :
He can reuiue himselfe, that All reuiues ;
And can make All, as if they neuer were :
Then sith Faith holds, he is omnipotent,
Hold thee, by Faith almightily content.

Let those whose Faith begins but now to sprout,
Or senselesse things that feele the force he felt,
Themselues vnto their Makers fortune sute,
While their kind Bowels, in compassion, melt :
But be thou loyfull, as thou faithfull art,
"Sith Faith sucks comfort out of holy smart.

The Place that held him, earst, thou held'st an Heau'n ;
The Time thou him enioy'dst, a merrie Maie :
Comforts diuine, the duties to him giu'n ;
The Aire wherein he breath'd, eternall Day :
If these seem'd thus, whiles yet he liu'd to die,
What are they now he liues immortally ?

Then let not Feare doubt more than Faith confirme,
Sith doubts are Grounds for Griefe to descant on :
And each mishap our hopes doe make infirme ;
Though It we meete not, with Suspition :
"To force our friendship on a mortall foe,
"Makes Folly triumph in our ouerthro.

But, Loue that hath in Feares, and Hopes no measure,
The more It longs her Obiect to possesse,
The more it doubts thereof, the dire displeasure ;
And beeing disseis'd thereof, doth hope the lesse :
But O this Loue is humane, not diuine,
For Faith will not let Feare true loue decline.

Christ, to thy longing-loue, is as the Riuer
Vnto the chased Hart, which still he seekes ;
And as Men thirstie, mind but moysture euer,
So loue doth thinke on nought, but what it likes :
If that Bee not, It seekes no more to Bee,
But Beeing, It would Be That, bond, or free.

Loue cannot liue without her Obiect long,
Sith shee then (longing ;) liues a dying life :

Who weenes her Right, then, to her offers wrong,
As doth the Husband that forsakes his Wife :

"For, in our deeds, which Reason might reprove,
"We scape vnshent, if they were done in loue.

While loue doth lacke the oyle that makes it flame,
It is all Eare, or Eie, to heare, or see
Who can bewraie, or where abides the same,
That there she may in Ioy, or Sorrow be :
And listens vnto Newes with longing-heed,
In hope thereby to find her longings need.

If It be good, shee hopes it's without peere ;
If bad it be, shee feares it's worse than ill :
But be it good or bad, shee it must heare,
Although the ioy or sorrow her may kill :
"Desire doth neuer rest till that be had,
"Which, like to that Desire, is good or bad.

Clothe him with Diamonds that quakes for cold,
Or cramme his purse with crownes that's hunger-pin'd :
That, for a freeze Gowne giue his Jewels would,
This, all his Crownes for Crusts of coarsest kind,
"As each supplie supplies not each defect,
"So, nought contents Desire, but his Elect.

They that haue most, are held most rich to be ;
And they that haue their wish, held most to haue :
Then, as in Him is all that's wisht of thee,
So Hee's the Summe of all that thou canst craue :
"It is the greatest gaine that can be made,
"To get eternall good, for goods that fade.

But rest these Thoughts which Thee of rest deprive,
In Paradise where he (thou know'st) doth rest ;
For there, he said, the Theefe should, with him liue,
That day that he of life was dispossess :
"Then, when the life of Loue is dead to Griefe,
"And liues to Ioy, Ioy is dead Loues reliefe.

Hee, for vs, captiu'd our captiuitie ;
And, what is that but death, the due of Sinne ?
Which now he triumphs ore, in victorie,
That we might still reioyce, not grieue, therein :
"When Griefe is slaine, it is a wrong to Ioy
"Our Powres, in Sorrowes seruice to employ.

Yet greater cause of griefe Griefe cannot giue :
But greater cause of ioy, Ioy cannot yeeld :
Griefe, Ioy resists, and Ioy, with Griefe, doth striue ;
Thus, twixt these two, still doubtfull is the field :
But Ioy, at last, (as true Griefe doth presage)
Shall Victor be and no more Battell wage.

For, this is He (who though thus skarrified,
Tormented, slaughtred, and thus vilipended :
That is, indeed, the first Man deified,
Whom Men-of-God, as God, to Men commended :
To Him the Prophets gane this Testimonie,
That, He should Liue, as Man to die for Many :

His Skinne, the Whips ; his Flesh, Thornes made vn-
sound ;
The Nalles, his Nerues ; the cruell Speare, his Heart :

Sharp Woes, his Soule ; Gods wrath, his Mind did wound ;

So, wounded was, in all and eu'ry Part !

Thus, his Soules Soule was sacrific'd for Sinne,
That so our Soules might, their lost glory, winne.

His hand of Pow'r, at first did sigulate
The Belsire of Mans most vnconstant kind ;
And shall those Hands, that Hand did figurate,
This Hand almightie by their frailtie bind ?
No ; no (alas) the Scepter's in that Hand
That doth both Heau'n and Hell, of right, command !

Hee, like the glorious, rare Arabian Bird,
Will soone result from his incindement,
(Which flaming Loue, and Charitie had fir'd)
Of sole selfe-pow'r, and owne arbitrement :
And though his Toyles be (Silke-worme like) his
Tombe,
Yet shall his actiue Sp'rite his Flesh vntombe !

Diuinely then, with Triumph *Cesarid*,
He shall reblesse Thee with ten Thousand Blissess ;
Whereby thy Soule shall aie be raush'd
With many millions of sweet Comforts kisses !
Whose Sweetes shall be so super-naturall,
That they, perforce, thy Cares shall cordial.

Then cheere thee sacred Virgin, mourne no more :
The worst is past, the best is now to come :
Thy blessed Wombe, his blessed Body bore,
To die accurst, for which, He blest thy Wombe :
The Curse we caus'd, for which, He Death indures,
Then mourne no more, but let the Griefe be Ours.

Fraille-Fleshes signiorizing Tyrant, fell,
(Vsurping Monarchie in her Effects
Stearne Hydra-headed SINNE, with Death, and Hell)
He by his Death, to free our Flesh, subjects :
Then let Lifes Death, that Lifes Death doth relieue,
Kill thy quicke woes, and thy dead ioyes reuiue.

Serene thy Woe-adumbr'd Front, sweet Saint ;
Let Ioy transluce thy Beauties blandishment :
Thy Sonne feelles not (for Death is Sence restraint)
Yet sees, though dead, thy liuing languishment :
Which well he wots (though it of Loue proceed)
Auailes Him not, nor mends His Killers Creed.

Thou know'st thy charge, thy Master thee impos'd,
Sacred Euangelist, His Soules decre Loue ;
To thee her Sonne as to her Sonne dispos'd ;
O then discharge thy charge, for her behoue :
And like a Sonne, yeeld her sad Heart reliefe
With words that flow from fellow-feeling griefe.

Come, come, O *Ioseph*, *Nichodemus* come,
Make haste, post haste, to take his Body downe :
He yet craues pittie, though He yet be dumbe :
Yet, by your ruth, your loue may yet be showne :
Though feare of Men, did make ye God forsake,
Yet God, sith ye are Men, will mercie take.

You did none other than his Minions did,
Whom, of base Groomes, his Grace did Minionize
Yet, in his Troubles all their Heads they hid,
And left him for their Sinnes a Sacrifice :
Yet sith his Armes are spread, them to embrace,
Ye may be sure Hee'l take you too to grace.

Then sith in loue, ye hane obtain'd leane
To take him downe that, humbled, so was raised,
Then downe retake him, and withall beleene,
He shall (in Heau'n remounted) aie be praised :
Vp with your *Scala-Cali* to the Tree,
To take downe Heau'n ; for, Heau'n of Heau'ns is
Hee !

NOW, Soule suppose thou see'st these worthy Men
Laden with Linnen, and with costly Gumbes, <
Vnto the blessed-curs'd Crosse to ren,
T' interre his Corps which DEATH now ouercomes :
Where being arriu'd, the Ladders vp they reare
To take Him downe, with care, surmounting Care !

See how the Infant Church (whose feeble force,
Hath scarce the strength to lift vp Hand to Head)
Vnites her powers, to take downe his Corse,
That is aliue, and yet is perfect dead :
See with what fearefull care, the Naailes they draw,
As if his Flesh yet felt, or them He saw.

What prouidence they vse with Linnen large,
Crossing his dead Corps, that to Death was Crost,
That so they may the better wield that Charge,
And not, by poize, to let him fall be forc't :
See how the Body doubles in their Armes,
While Faith their loue, with feruor, double warmes.

For, Martyrs Deaths, giue life to Martyrs more,
Till DEATH be tir'd, with reauing Them of Life ;
This God did die, as nere did Man before ;
For, Hee by yeelding meekely, conquer'd Strife :
His Patience in such Passions, and such Spightes,
Doth Life-inspire the faith of Proselytes.

It is in vaine therefore, with Sword, or Fire,
To seeke to plant a Faith which cannot growe ;
For, Saints blood chokes It ere It can aspire ;
And like a Deluge, doth It ouerflow !
„ For, when the Church is bath'd in Her owne blood,
„ She's cur'd of all Diseases, in that Flood !

Who will not runne into an Hell of Paine
For His Hopes sake ; when he sees some therein
(For that same cause) to seeme in blisse to raigue ;
And by that Blisse eternall Glorie winne ?
„ It's sport to die, when Life, and Death conspire,
„ Feare to exclude, and satiate the Desire !

WELL, now, those Women, that were fled him fro
(When Tempests rag'd) are come, the Coast
being cleare,
To pay him their last Dutie, sith no mo
They shall not (as they doubt) Him see, nor heare :

Now eu'ry one is busied, busily,
To grace Him, Dead, that for their grace did die.

Now, downe they haue this dead Life-giuing Lord,
And now, their zeale, with diuine adoration,
Performes Loues complements in deed and word :
Now, He hath suffred, now, they suffer Passion :
They spice him sweetly, with salt teares among,
And, of sad sighes, they make their *Obiit*-Song.

O cruell hands (quoth one) that pierc'd these Hands ;
But, farre more cruell heart, that gor'd this Heart ;
Curst (quoth another) bee their Feet, that stand
In Sinners Way, who did these Feet endart :
O (quoth a Third) Paine, still that Head surround,
That, with these cruell Thornes, this Head hath
crown'd.

Infermall Furies, whip them that haue torne
This blessed Flesh, thus whipt, accursedly ;
And be their Flesh, with Wants, to nothing worne,
That thus haue worne the Flesh of Deitie :
O worme of Conscience, gnaw their Soules to nought,
That still did plague his Soule, and vexe his Thought.

Let neuer Sunne recheere them with his Raies,
That Iustice Sonne haue thus in purple clouded ;
Let nere Mouth ope, but spit in their dispraise,
That haue these Lips in Death's pale Liu'ry shrouded :
" Thus all like Honny-Bees sweet murmure make,
" Against those Wasps, that spoil'd their honny Cake.

Now, draw they forth their Aromaticke Gumbes,
His Flesh, most sweet, to make most oderous ;
See, see, how, now, His Traine (late scatt'ed) comes,
Trooping, with drooping Hearts, most dolorous,
To Helpe 'em balme Him, and condole His death,
And to consort His Carcasse to the Earth.

See how, in Peace, they striue, in Loue, contend,
To kisse, and re-kisse, his gore-crusted Face ;
And, with each kisse, Teares Floods their force extend
Which shall anticipate the others pace :
Loe, how they hug Him, with lowd-shaking cries,
Some, hugge his Armes, and others Legges, and Thies.

But, blest is He that hath his Head in hold,
Hee holds his hold till crowd enforce him thence ;
Yet ere he parts, his kisses millifold,
Bewray his loue, and louing diligence :
And, as the Babe is loath to leaue the Dugge
Forepin'd with thirst ; so, at his Lips they tugge.

Sweet *Iesus*, giue me leaue, in strong conceit,
Among these holy Ones, to kisse thee once ;
I, as vnworthy, will their leisure walte,
With vigilant attendance for the nonce :
Though they, in loue, are not my selfe aboue,
" For, who hath most forgiu'n, most doth loue.

If not thy Lips (for, I confesse (deere Sweete)
I am vnworthy such preheminece !)

Yet giue me leaue to kisse thy sacred Feet ;
And wash them with my sad Teares confluence :
Let me, with *Marie*, who had much forgiu'n,
(Yet I much more) make Them my highest Heau'n.

For, I (aye me) I am that Iampe of Sinne,
That made thy Soule so heauie to the death !
I, eu'ry day, afresh thy woes begin,
Breathing out Death, to thee, with my Lifes breath :
Farre worse than he that (blind) thy Heart did gore,
For, I doe see, and yet doe wound it more !

O *Christ*, with thy Rod, strike my Rockie Heart,
That it may flow for Thee, as Thine for me ;
O let it bleed, in pittie of thy smart,
And leaue to thinke on ought that griueth Thee :
Bleed Heart, weepe Eies, that Blood and Water may
Wash Blood, and Water, which I spilt, away.

Sweet Honnied Sweet ! looke, looke into my Heart,
See what Desires thy Loue doth pow'r therein,
Touching thy Loue ; I know thou hast the Arte
To make the same, in Deed, thy Loue to winne :
Sith thy grace makes the Will, and Deed, intire,
O giue me grace to Doe, as I Desire.

And as it's written of the Elephant,
That he is fierce, to see Grapes blood diffus'd :
So let me (Wretch) become most valiant
Gainst Death, and Hell, to see thy Blood effus'd :
Who art the Grape, which press'd on the Crosse,
Yields wine of Life, and makes vs liue by losse.

When I behold thy still-fresh-bleeding Wounds,
I see the Deed, to worke with the Desire
Of my Redemption ; which, my Soule confounds
With shame, though It the same doth life-inspire :
Whose good-Deeds, by Desire, are onely done,
Though good Deeds end, what good Desires begun.

When, when, deere Lord, O when shall I, (fraile I !)
Resist to Blood, thy bloody foes resist ?
When, for thy sake, shall I desire to die ?
And in that deere Desire, in Deed, insist ?
Till when, I hold my deer'st Desires to be
Vnworthy of thy Crosse, much lesse of Thee.

Can I behold thy Gore-rough-casted Corse,
Thine, Head, Heart, Hands, Backe, Side, Feet, wounded
all,
And all to free me from thy Fathers Curse ;
And all I doe, is but therein to fall !
He trust Thy Secrecie ; Hearke, in thine Eare,
I am the worst redeem'd with Blood so deere !

Then, good Desires can nere repay the Debt
Which thee I owe, by Deeds, seal'd with thy Blood ;
My selfe, thy Due, I should too much forget,
To seeke to paie Thee with none other good :
For, I am Thine, Thou deere paid'st for me,
Then both my Life and Death should honour Thee.

This World, this Hellish World, doth dimme mine
Eies,

(My Iudgements Eies) that they but darkly see
The way to worke, by loue, as worke the wise,
(The godly wise), whose workes tend all to Thee :
Then helpe me, Loue, to worke for Thee alone ;
Meane while let me thy Passion thinke vpon.

Now doth this louing sacred Synaxie
(With diuine Orisons, and deuout Teares)
Ensindon Him with choicest Draperie ;
And to the Sepulcher his Body beares :
And as they beare him step, by step, they poure
Downe showres of Teares, which winds of Sighes procure.

But ah (alasse) his Mother, all this while,
Like *Niobe* (as Poets faine) still sits :
All as shee did her Senses reconcile
To senselesse Death, and were in Tranced fits :
Without or Sp'rite, or Life, or Heart, or Soule,
Her violent woes her Senses so controule !

Now, Loue, to his last Home hath Him conuaid,
That had no Hole, in Life, to hide his Head ;
This Hole, in Death, shall doe what Life denaid,
Yet shall it not long hold Him beeing dead :
For, Heau'n's his Home, Earth's but the Babylon,
Vpon whose Riuers bankes, He still doth moane.

Here Loue contends with Custome ; Loue would keepe
His Corps without, Custome, within the Grane :
But Tyrant Custome, swaying, Loue doth weepe,
That Her deere LOVE shee may no longer haue :
And, for a Fare-well, Volleys forth her Voice,
In Groncs, and Sighes, and Lachrimable Noise.

Now Hee's interr'd that all the World intombes,
But in the Center of his Court diuine ;
Yet least Point of that Center, now, enwombes
This Lord, whose greatnesse nothing can containe !
Gods Peace be with Him, sith Hee's God of Peace,
Till by his pow'r He makes his Death de cease.

Vnheau'n your selues, ye holy Cherubins,
And giue attendance on your Lord, in Earth :
Couer his Corps with your Celestiall wings,
From all that naturally annoyces beneath :
Descend sweet Angels (Legioniz'd in Ranks)
And make your Heau'n on his Sepulchers Bankes.

There warble forth your Hymnes of highest praise,
In highest honour, of your highest Lord :
And Lullabie asleep his Watchers Eies,
With secret Soule-enchancing sweet concords :
Whiles with Eie-blinding Beames of Glory dight,
He faire amounts, to frolicke his Saints sight !

But tell me, O thou fairest Faire of Men,
Where do'st thou lodge? at Noone-day, where do'st
sleep?

O tell my Soule, and Shee will find Thee then,
And, as her Soule, Thee found, will safely keep :
For, Thou more cleere than Springs of *Essebon*
Hast made Her, with thy more cleere, Blood alone !

Thy Wintry¹ Woes are past, Spights storms are ceas'd
Now flowres of Comfort, burgen eu'ry where :
Then rise my Loue (thou canst not be diseas'd)
Out of the ² Rockes Holes rise, to mee appeare :
And, in the Holes of Thee, her refuge Rocke,
My Soule from deadly Sinne, and Shame vp-locke.

Out of this Rocke (as out of Paradise)
Runne (through the Mosse of my most feeble Flesh)
Vnto my Soule (all soil'd with Sinne, and Vice)
Gihons of golden streames, her to refresh :
So, may it runne, O still so may it runne,
Till it hath made her, blacke, as bright as sunne.

O Gates of Heau'n, orientall, glorious Gates !
O Wounds ! no Wounds, but Han'ns of Heau'n secure !
Neasts of cleane Doues, and Forts from fellest Fates !
Blessed Balme-Boxes, that all sores recure !
O let me liuing die, and dying liue,
In these most holy Wounds that Life doe giue !

O let these Wounds, these Woundes indepranate,
Be holy Sanctuaries for my whole Man ;
That though sinnes sores It oft coninquate,
Yet, there, it may be made as white as Swanne !
O holy Wounds ! Wounds holier than all Holies,
Still let your Bloods, be Floods, t'ingulph my Follies.

When Woes doe wound me, wind me in thy Wounds
Sweet *Ierus*, that for me, with Woe, wast wounded ;
When Foes, by Wounds, my Bodies life confound,
Then let my Soule in thy Wounds be surrounded :
There, let Her rest securely, till shee may
By thy high Grace, resume, in Blisse, her Clay.

When carnall Lust, my Flesh, (fraile Flesh) inflames,
Then quench the same in thy Wounds, bleeding still :
When Furie, with strong hand, my Mind vnframes,
Then in thy Wounds reforme It to thy Will :
In few, by this most bloody Immolation,
Let my by-parted selfe haue whole Salvation.

And thou, O iust commander of this All !
To please whose Iustice, Iustice Death endur'd ;
Thou, that That death mad'st most patheticall,
Inspire me with Loue, Hope, and Faith assur'd :
That while I breath this ayre, my voice may be
No light vaine Ayre, but voyce aduancing Thee.

And deeply die each obiect of my Sense,
In tincture of thy Sonnes all sauing Blood :
By which Aspect my Mindes reminiscence
May ruminare the vertue of that good
That is our *Suumum bonum* and the rate
Of Sinne, Gods wrath, and iust, though beauly, hate.

¹ Cant. 2. 12.² Cant. 2. 14.

O holy God ! then looke, O looke on me
Through the through-wounded Sides of thy deere Sonne ;
O let my Scarlet Sinnes, pure purple be
In his deere Blood, my Sinnes Purgation :

*For eu'n as through redde Glasse, Things red do
seeme,*

*So, through that Blood, my Workes thou good wilt
deeme !*

The kingdome of the Flesh is swaid by Sinne ;
In *Christ*, that kingdome, thou hast crucifi'd :
Then, let me dwell that faultlesse Flesh within ;
Sith Sinne subdues all humane Flesh beside :
Then, there, O there ! let me both liue, and die,
Sith Life, by Death, there liues immortally !

The Diuell, and the World (two Worlds of Strife,
With whom my Flesh conspires) my Soule assaile :
Who, to destroy her selfe giues them a knife ;
And so with them conspires, her selfe to spoile :
Then, if thou flesh her not with *Christ*, she dies ;
For, shee in my Flesh, liues none otherwise.

But, shall I make long Furrowes on his Backe ?
Or stil make Him but soape my Sinnes to scowre ?
Shall He supply the Pow'r my soule doth lacke ?
Yet shall shee still be idle with his pow're ?
O no (Lord) no, that's not the way to winne,
But, th' onely way to liue, and die in sinne.

Then helpe me, Lord, to help his helping might ;
And, giue me of thy goods, to grace his Grace :
Let not my sloth but clogge your actiue Sp'rit ;
Although it doe the Same, in Loue, embrace :
.. For, sith in Action, Vertue doth consist,
Helpe me to worke together, with my *Christ*.

Had I all Faith, and Mountaines could remoue,
And though I gaue my Body to the Fire ;
All this were nothing, if I had not Loue ;
Then, liuely Faith, meere Loue doth Life inspire :
Sith then, without Loue, Faith doth nought but die,
" Giue me that Faith that liues by Charitie.

Had I, of Men, or Cherubins the Tongues,
Knew I all Secrets, or all Prophecie ;
Fed I the poore, with all to me belongs,
All these, without Loue, do but, liuing, die :
And, sith on Loue depends the Royall Law,
O let my faith (Lord) worke in Loue, and awe.

Christ is a Rocke of Refuge but to those
That fight thy Battailles ; then needs must I fight
Against both Thy, and My still-fighting Foes,
And, euer flie to Him, in want of might :
Let me rest on this Rocke ; but yet, so rest,
As, by my sloath, He may not be opprest.

I long (sweet God) to see thy vnseene Face ;
Then put me in this Rocks most holy Rifts ;
That I, with *Moses*,¹ there may see thy Grace,
Sith It cannot be seene, but through these Clifts :
But if I be vnmeet thy Face to ken,
" Shew me thy back-parts ; kind Lord ! say, *Amen*.

*God forbid that I should glorie, sauing in the Crosse of
our Lord Iesus Christ : by whom the World is cruci-
fied to me, and I to the World.*

JOHN DAVIES of Hereford.

¹ Exo. 33. 23.



SONETS.

I

THE after sinne, the more grieve, shewes a Saint ;
The after sinne, the lesse grieve, notes a Fiend :
But oft with grieve to sinne, the soule doth taint ;
And oft to sinne with ioy, the soule doth rend.
To sinne on Hope, is sinne most full of Feare ;
To sinne of malice, is the Diuels sinne :
One is, that *Christ* may greater burden beare ;
The other, that his Death might still beginne.
To sinne of frailtie, is a sinne but weake ;
To sinne in strength, the stronger makes the blame :
The first, the Reed *Christ* bare, hath powre to breake ;
The last, his thornie-Crowne can scarce vnframe :
But, finally, to sinne maliciously,
Reed, Crowne, nor Crosse, hath pow'r to crucifie !

2

ALTHOUGH we doe not all the Good we loue,
But still, in loue, desire to doe the same ;
Nor leaue the sinnes we hate, but hating moue
Our Soule and Bodies Powres, their Powres to tame ;
The Good we doe, God takes as done aright ;
That we desire to doe, He takes as done :
The sinne we shunne, He will with Grace requite ;
And not impute the sinne we seeke to shunne.
But, good Desires produce no worser Deeds ;
For, God doth both together (lightly) giue :
Because he knowes a righteous Man must needs
" By Faith, that workes by Loue, for euer liue :
; Then, to doe nought, but onely in Desire,
Is Loue that burnes, but burnes like painted Fire.

3

A Righteous man still feareth all his Deeds,
 Lest done for feare, or in hypocrisie :
 Hypocrisie (as with the Corne doe Weeds)
 Still growes vp with Faith, Hope, and Charitie.
 But it bewraies they are no Hypocrites,
 That most of all Hypocrisie doe feare :
 For, who are worst of all in their owne sights,
 In Gods deere sight doe best of all appeare.
 To feare that we nor loue nor feare aright,
 Is no lesse perfect *feare*, than rightest *loue* :
 And to suspect our steps in greatest light,
 Doth argue God our Hearts and steps doth moue.
 But right to run, and feare no whit at all,
 Presageth we are neere a fearefull fall.

4

C Ome, follow me, as I do follow Christ,
 Is the persuasiu'st speech the Priest can vse ;
 This Coniuration Fiends can scarce resist ;
 For, shame will quite confound them that refuse.
 When Pastors shew what should be done in Deed,
 Their Flocke will follow them, though nought they say ;
 Sith they the hungry soules and bodies feed ;
 And teach the rightest Truth, the readiest way.
 Thus, worthy Priests get Reuerence, Loue, and Feare,
 While wordy Ones scorne, hate, and shame doe finde :
 For, Winds of Spight their highest sailes doe teare,
 Who make themselves nought else but subtile Winde :
 For, though a Foote-ball mounts oft by the same,
 Yet is It spurnd, and made the Peoples game.

5

I T's not so blessed to receiue as giue :
 Yet Men abounding in all Blessings take
 Reliefe from All, yer they will Some relieue,
 Sith they see Riches here, Men blessed make.
 Then this Worlds blest in Shew, but curst in Deed :
 Christs BODY in the Earth growes lesse and lesse :
 Whose Members, that should one another feed,
 Let one another pine through wretchednesse.
 Yet, seed is not the soyles wherein Its sow'n,
 But his that sow'd It : so, the Almes we sowe
 Is not so much the Beggars, as our owne ;
 Sith It in Them for our Soules gaine doth grow :
 Then, of all Soyles that yeeld most Interest,
 "The Belly of the Beggar is the best.

6

P Raier, if it be compleat, is of pow'r
 To ouer-rule almightie Pow'r and Grace :

For, It can their Omnipotence procure
 To doe what not ? (if good) in any Case.

But as Queene *Hester* came before her King,
 Two Maids attending, to support her port,
 Leaning on one, the other carying
 Her Princely Traine, in most maiesticke sort.

So, Praier must attended be with Two,
 Fasting, and Almsdeeds, coming to her King ;
 Then, what Shee will haue done, that will He doe ;
 Though Shee His Kingdome crane, or any Thing :
 But when She comes not thus, the Act of Sinne
 Is readier than Temptation to begin !

7

I N th' Act of sinne the guilt of Conscience
 Doth spoile our sport, sith our Soules (fainting)
 bleed :

For, that Worme feeds vpon our inward sense,
 More than sinnes Manna outward sense doth feed.

But he on whom Gods glorious face doth shine,
 The more his Griefes, the more his Ioyes abound :
 For, who are drunke with diuine Pleasures Wine,
 Can feel no Torments which the senses wound.

Then, 'ts a Torment nere to be tormented
 In Vertues cause ; nor, for Sinnes fowle default :
 And, no worse Tempting, than nere to be tempted ;
 For, we must peace attaine by Sinnes assault :

Then blessed is the Crosse that brings the Crowne,
 And glorious is the Shame that gaines Renowne.

8

V ertue consists in Action ; which consists
 In doing That which Vertue doth command ;
 But this iniurious World the same resists,
 Whose Actions are perform'd by Vices Band.

Then, hardly can the Willing, weake in Act,
 Shew forth the vertue of their actiue Will ;
 But that the World their vertue will coast
 To act the Part of Vice with greater skill.

Then, let the Willing-weake the World forgoe,
 And act the parts of Vertue, where, alone,
 God, and his Angels, may their Actions know ;
 So shall they be belou'd, prais'd and knowne :

"For, cleere is muddy water standing still,
 "But being stirr'd, it looke like Puddle will !

And, hide me in the wildest Waste or Wood,
 Yet Fame will find me out if I be good.

FINIS.

LONDON

Printed by *John Windet* for *Nathaniel*
Butter, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-
 yard, by *Saint Austins Gate*.

1609.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

P. 4, EPISTLE-DEDICATORY TO ALICE, COUNTESS OF DERBY . . . and to her three right noble daughters. . . . See Memorial-Introduction on Davies' relations to the Derby family: also Index of Names, *s.n.*, for annotations. Col. 1, l. 17, '*Touch*' = touch-stone: l. 22, '*fleetes*' = flits or goes quickly: col. 2, l. 29, '*Beadsman*' = suppliant,—one who prayed with the rosary or beads.

P. 4, TO THE AUTHOUR: EDWARD HERBERT KNIGHT. Certainly a misprint for Sir Edward Herbert, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the renowned eldest brother of the saintly George Herbert. His '*Occasional Verses*' were collected and published in 1665. See the Fuller Worthies' Library edition of the complete works of George Herbert and the Aldine edition of his Poems, for full notices of Lord Cherbury.

P. 5, MICHAEL DRAYTON. It is pleasant to find the illustrious Drayton thus giving 'good words' to his lowlier contemporary. Col. 1, l. 5, '*Stawles*' = stalls (book): l. 7, '*stales*' = cheapens, or qu.—renders 'stale' or flat?

P. 5, N. DEEBLE. See Index of Names, *s.n.*, for notice of him.

P. 5, TO ALL PASSIONATE POETS: col. 2, l. 3, '*whoorles*' = whirls.

P. 6, col. 1, l. 2, '*momentanie*' = momentaneous, which is much the same as 'momentarie.' George Herbert has it, *e.g.*, 'momentanie bloom' (17. Repentance: Aldine edition, p. 68, and relative note): l. 4, '*compile*' = put together,—a favourite word in Breton: l. 8, '*acquaintance*'—qu. a misprint for 'acquittance'? l. 12, '*all and some*' = the whole and parts: col. 2, l. 4 (from bottom), '*height*' = hight, named: see Pliny, N. H., *s.n.*

P. 7, col. 2, l. 34, '*Afront*' = in front of: l. 9 (from bottom) '*deprauate*' = deprave, depreciate: l. 3 (*ibid.*), '*broyle*' = brawl.

P. 8, col. 1, l. 2, '*spall*' = spaul, to spit,—somewhat tautological: l. 12, '*seame*' = phlegm: l. 18, '*whist*' = hushed: see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

P. 9, col. 1, l. 27, '*fleeter*' = flitter: l. 45, '*abroach*.' 'Broach' is to tap; 'abroach' is here an adverb, *i.e.* on tap. Hence 'to set abroach' is to set running. So George Herbert (as before, p. 55)—

'taste that juice which, on the crosse, a pike
Did set again abroach.'

Col. 2, l. 4 (from bottom), '*fee*' = pay.

P. 10, col. 1, l. 16 (from bottom), '*coapesmate*' = friend, companion, associate: col. 2, l. 17, '*In few*' =

summarily: l. 27, '*roguish Whip*' = whip used for lashing rogues.

P. 11, col. 1, l. 6, '*Flesh-tawing*' = flesh-whipping (as school-boys with 'taws'): col. 2, l. 17, '*geason*' = rare, wonderful.

P. 12, col. 1, l. 6 (from bottom), '*drcyrie*' = dreary, saddening: l. 2 (from bottom), '*maw*' = mawl, strike: col. 2, l. 12, '*Deianire*' = Deianeira? l. 6 (from bottom), '*broach*.' See p. 9, col. 1, l. 45: l. 3 (*ibid.*), '*Kex*' = frail as a dry hemlock stalk: l. 2 (*ibid.*), '*Arceid*' = prophecy or reveal.

P. 13, col. 1, l. 3, '*dole*' = dolour, grief (*frequenter*), sometimes spelled 'doule': l. 21, '*Exuperance*' = exuberance, albeit 'exuperate' is to 'overbalance': l. 22, '*excript*' = exscript, written extract: l. 25, '*Band*' = bond: l. 32, '*Paneret*' = storehouse? l. 38, '*keep touch*' = fulfil agreement: l. 45, '*dispuluerate*': see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*, on this coinage of Davies: last line, '*tent*' = search piercingly: col. 2, l. 2, '*subiacent*' = lying under: l. 5, '*fight*' = pitched or placed: l. 20, '*Formositie*' = beauty: l. 33, '*convulnerate*' = wound all round: l. 39, '*Ierkes*' = blows, strokes.

P. 14, col. 1, l. 7, '*rue*' = compassionate: ll. 15 and 16, '*gruching*' and '*gruch*' = grudge: l. 4 (from bottom), '*grudge*.' qu.—grugge, to grumble or complain? col. 2, l. 14 (from bottom), '*diuerberate*' = reverberate: last line, '*elinguat*.' see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*, for this other coinage of Davies.

P. 15, col. 1, l. 7, '*doome*' = condemnation, judgment: l. 13, '*Vmbrace*'—qu. = umbrage (in stress of rhyme), *i.e.* shadow? l. 18, '*importable*' = intolerable, unbearable: l. 36, '*illiquifact*' = liquify? l. 45, '*sanguinolent*' = bloody: col. 2, l. 6, '*yer*' = ere, as *frequenter* in Davies: l. 17 (from bottom), '*pennipotent*': see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.* as before: l. 15 (*ibid.*), '*equipotent*' = equipollent or equivalent: l. 14 (*ibid.*), '*detrude*' = thrust down: l. 8, '*deiect*' = cast down: l. 2 (*ibid.*), '*Mammothrepts*' = spoiled children (Greek μαμμόθρεπτος).

P. 16, col. 1, l. 29, '*fone*' = foes: l. 37, '*mestine*': see Glossarial-Index *s.v.* as before: l. 9 (from bottom), '*daglutinates*' = unglues: l. 7 (*ibid.*), '*exulcerates*' = makes ulcerous: l. 3 (*ibid.*), '*confrigerates*' = freezes: last line, '*conglutinates*' = glues together: col. 2, l. 1, '*Mortesse*' = mortice, *i.e.* cavity cut in a piece of wood to receive a corresponding piece called a *tenon*,—an architectural term: l. 5, '*Cataplastrums*'—the exemplar before us has a contemporary M.S. correction into 'Cataplasmats': see Glossarial-Index *s.v.* as before: l. 9,

'long-straught' = long-stretched and distracted ('dis-
traught'): l. 5 (from bottom), 'moves' = making (wry)
faces.

P. 17, col. 1, l. 17, 'grenning' = grinning: l. 36,
'trauels' = travails: col. 2, l. 1, 'disease' = distress,
put out-of-ease: l. 6 (from bottom), 'grenne': see
'grenning' col. 1, l. 17.

P. 18, col. 1, l. 16, 'immures' = surrounds (as with
a wall): l. 32, 'inserenes' = takes serenity away: col.
2, l. 2, 'translucent': see Glossarial-Index for other
occurrences of this fine word: l. 18, 'sutie' = suitable,
becoming.

P. 19, col. 2, l. 21, 'deneere' = denarius, Roman piece
of money: l. 27, 'Jacobs-staffe': cf. George Herbert,
thus:

'Walk'd with a staffe to heav'n. . . .'

(5. The Agonie, as before p. 55.)

The following treatise furnishes abundant illustration
of this old instrument: 'The Description and Vse of the
Sector, Crosse, Staffe, and other Instruments, with a
Canon of artificiall Sines and Tangents . . . by Edm.
Gunter 1636 4^o. There is a sub-allusion to the Patriarch's
'staff' in Davies: l. 18 (from bottom), 'Tutament':
see Glossarial-Index, s.v., as before: l. 14 (*ibid.*) 'Crouch'
= crutch: l. 11 (*ibid.*), 'metl'd' = made of metal (brass).

P. 20, col. 1, l. 2, 'confracted' = fractured, broken to
pieces: l. 4, 'disloked' = dislocated: l. 11, 'egelidate':
see Glossarial-Index, s.v., as before: l. 33, 'nesh' =
tender, delicate: l. 39, 'Subtactacle': see Glossarial-
Index, s.v.

P. 21, col. 2, l. 21, 'Longius'—an ecclesiastical
mythical name: l. 24, 'amaine' = pientifully, forcefully.

P. 22, col. 2, l. 18, (from bottom) 'Let' = hindrance,
obstacle.

P. 23, col. 1, l. 2 (from bottom)—misprinted 'Faith-
lesse': col. 2, l. 8, 'course' = coarse: l. 26, 'bate' =
debate: l. 9 (from bottom), 'Tent' = use the 'tent' or
the roll used to search a wound.

P. 24, col. 1, l. 31, 'Heast' = hest: col. 2, l. 30,
'Cadauer' = corpse.

P. 25, col. 1, l. 11 (from bottom), 'disseis'd'—legal
term = deprived of possession: col. 2, l. 8 (from bottom),
'skarrified' = scarified, incisions or wounds made
cruelly: l. 7 (*ibid.*), 'vilipended' = despised.

P. 26, col. 1, l. 5, 'sigulate': see Glossarial-Index, s.v.,
as before: l. 6, 'Belsire' = grandfather: l. 12, 'result'
= rise: *ibid.*, 'incinderment' = ashes (in grave): l. 34,
'quicke' = living: l. 35, 'adumbred' = adumbrated: l.
36, 'translucce': see Glossarial-Index under 'translucent':
col. 2, l. 1, 'Minions' = the 12 Apostles—darlings—
since deteriorated: l. 2, 'Minionize' = make darlings of.

P. 27, col. 1, l. 8, 'Obiit': see Glossarial-Index, under
'Obit': l. 12 (from bottom), 'millifold' = thousandfold,
manifold: col. 2, l. 12 (from bottom), 'rough-casted':
see Glossarial-Index, s.v.

P. 28, col. 1, l. 7, 'Synaxie' = assembly—formerly
applied to the celebration of the Lord's Supper: l. 9,
'Ensindon' = surround with a 'sindon' or folds of linen:
l. 3 (from bottom), 'amounts' = mounts up: col. 2, l. 3,
'Esebon' = Heshbon: l. 23, 'indepranate' = not corrupt:
see Glossarial-Index, s.v., l. 25, 'coninguate' = con-
tamine: l. 40, 'by-parted' = twice-divided: l. 47, 'die'
= dye: l. 48, 'tincture' = colour: but see Glossarial-
Index, s.v.—G.





Humours Heau'n on Earth,

etc.

1609.



NOTE.

‘Humours Heau’n on Earth’ is extremely rare. I know of only two copies, viz., our exemplar from the British Museum, and another in Edinburgh University. Small 8vo, 130 leaves. See Memorial-Introduction for the circumstances celebrated in this very striking book.—G.



Humours Heau'n on Earth:

With

*The Ciuile Warres of Death
and Fortune.*

As also

The Triumph of Death :

Or,

*The Picture of the Plague, according to
the Life ; as it was in Anno
Domini 1603.*

By Iohn Dauies of Hereford.

*O ! 'tis a sacred kinde of Excellence,
That hides a rich truth in a Tales pretence.*



Printed at London by A. I.

1609.

To the right Noble

ALGERNON LORD PERCY, *sonne and heire apparant to the right
Honorable Henry Earle of Northumberland.*

Thrice Noble, and more hopeful Pupil, I
(Who learns thy Hand to shew thy Hearts conceits)

Would make thy heart, before it Vice doth trie,
To know her Lures, to shunne her slie deceits
But, in the prime but of thy Pupillage
Before the ioyants of *Judgement* can be knit,
(Although for Wit thou mai'st be Wisdomes Page)
Vice throwes her Lures about thy reach of Wit,
But yet when Time shall throwly close thy Mould,
Wherein all rare Conceits still cast shall bee,
Then shalt thou (with cleere eies) darke lines behold,
That leade thee to all knowledge fit for thee.
And, sith that Childhood more in Tales delights
Then saddest Truths; He tell thee merry Tales,
Of Lords and Ladies with their merry Knights,
Their merry Blisses, and their sory Bales;
The outside of these Tales are painted o're
With colours rich, to please thine eage sence;
But, lin'd with naked Truth (yet richly poore)
More fit for thy more rich *Intelligence*,
When thou canst crake this Nut, within the Shell
Thou shalt a Kernell finde will please thy Taste;
The Pallate of thy Wit will like it well,
When thou shal swallow it, for ioy, in haste.

Then make this Nut a whirligigge the while,
To make thee merry (if thou canst be so)
To see the turning of our Sports to toile,
Wherein observe how pleasures come and go:
For, as a whirligigge doth turn so fast,
That sharpest sights the fruit do scarce perceine:
So can no Pallate fruits of Pleasure taste
When they are come, so soone they take their leave!
Reade little Lord, this Riddle learne to reede;
So, first appose; then, tell it to thy Peeres:
So they shall hold thee (both in name and Deed)
A perfect *Piercy* that in darknesse cleeres
A *Piercy*, or a piercing eye doth shew
Both Wit and Courage: and if thou wilt learne
By morall Tales sinnes mortall to eschew,
Thou shalt be wise, and endlesse glorie earne:
That so thou mai'st, thy meanest Tutor praies;
So Percies fame shall pierce the Eie of Daies:
Then, by those Raies my Pen (inflam'd) shall runne
Beyond the Moone, to make thy Moone a Sunne.

Meanwhile, and euer, I rest prest
to honour thee with my poore
vttermost,

JOHN DAVIES.

The last Booke (being a Picture according to the Life) dedicated

To the no lesse high in Birth,
then honorable in Disposition
(right noble in either) the Lady
Dorothie, and Ladie

Lucy Percies.

Great little Ladies, greatly might you blame
My little care of doing as I ought,
Should I neglect to set your noble Name,
First of those Principalls whose hands I taught.
Yet, the more high your Birth and Places are,
The more ye ought to mind the blast of Breath:
As *Philips* Page did shew his masters care,
When most he flourisht, most to thinke on death!
Then, with most blisse, when you transported be,

Looke on this Picture; so perceiue ye shall,
We fall like Leaues, in Autumne from the Tree,
When Heau'n puffs at Excesse in generall;
But from all woes excesse I wish ye may
(Through Heau'n on Earth) to heau'n the easiest way!

Your Ladiships vnworthie Tutor

JOHN DAVIES.

To my beloued Master

Iohn Dauies.

When I thy Reasons weigh, and meat thy Rimes,
I find they haue such happy weight and measure,

As make thy Lines extend to After-times,
To leade them to a Masse of Wisdomes Treasure.
With weighty Matter so thou load'st thy Lines,
As to dimme sights they oft seeme darke as Hell ;
But those cleere eies that see their deepe designs,

Do loy to see much Matter coucht so well !
But these thy Numbers most familiar bee,
Because strange Matter plainly they recount :
For which Men shall familiar be with thee
That know thee not ; and, make thy fame to mount.
I know no Tongues-man more doth grace his Tong
With more materiall Lines, as streight as strong !,
ED : SHARPELL.

To mine entirely beloued

Master Iohn Dauies

of Hereford.

In all thy Writings thou hast such a Vaine,
As but thy selfe thy selfe canst counterset ;
Which, lying farre beyond the vulgar straine,
Is harder well to open, then to get.
Few idle words thou hast to answer for
In all thy works ; but thou dost merite much
(Nay supererogate) who dost abhorre
Superfluous words, though thine be over-rich !

Both Words and Matter do so well agree,
To glorifie themselves in either kinde,
That we must needs renowne both them, and thee,
Who neerely sought (for vs) the fame to finde :
Thy Numbers flow from such a Minds exoesse.
As all seeme Raptures, in all happinesse ;

Ro : Cox.

To the Reader in praise

of the Author.

In every Tale which scarfed Truth containes,
We must that Truth vnmaske to see her face :
Else see we but the halfe the Tale retaines ;
Then such (how e're well told) lose halfe their grace.

But these are Tales, which (though their Truth be maskt)
Tickle the itching 'st Eares with witching Touches ;
And so such Eares to listen still are taskt,
By subttill clawing, that such Eares bewitches.

Canst thou but Riddles reade, and not areede ?
These Riddles high (well read) stoope to thy reason :
That though they salt not Wit, yet Will they feede
With Wittes pure Salt, that Wits fresh-Sweetes doth
season :
The Fiction is for gladdest Will as fit,
As is the Morall for the saddest Wit.

ANTH : GREYS.



Humours Heauen on Earth.

(1)

Vpon a time (thus olde wiues Tales begin,
Then listen Lordings to an old wifes Tale)
There were three men, that were, and were not kin¹
(Reede me this Riddle) at the Wine or Ale,
Did striue who most should grace the deerest Sin,
For which the daintiest Soules are set to sale :
For Soules that are most delicate for Sense,
Gainst stings of honied sinnes haue least defence.

(2)

The first (for first Ile tell you eithers name
To shew their natures) hight *Poliphagus*²
A greasie guttes, of most vnweldie frame,
The second named was *Epithymus*³
Light as a feather, apt to lightest game :
The third and last, hight *Hyselophronus*⁴
That still lookt on himselfe, as if he saw
That which the Gods did love, and Men did awe.

(3)

Nor is it vtterly impertinent
Unto the Matter subiect, to describe
The Weedes they ware, which were as different
As was their Names, their Natures, and their Tribe ;
The habit sheweth how the heart is bent :
For, still the Heart the Habit doth prescribe :
And no external signes can more bewray
The inwardest Affects then garments may.

(4)

Poliphagus a sute of Satten ware,
Made wide and side ; and yet his sides did swell,
So that his Truffe did couer scarce the bare,
And so his Panch (an homely Tale to tell)
Was filled with filth, that eu'ry stich did stare
Of that which casd it, and of grease did smell :
Which so re-glosst the Sattens gloose, that it
Was varnisht like their vailes that turne the Spit.

¹ Kinne as they were of the seuen deadly sinnes, no Kinne as they were different sinnes.

² The Glutton.

³ The Leacher.

⁴ The proud vaine and ambitious man.

⁵ A description of the Glutton habite.

(5)

His Buttons, and the Holes that held them fast,
His brest made stil to striue which best could hold
But yet that breast made one another brast,
And so it selfe did swell as burst it would ;
Who was some two elles compasse in the waste,
And had not seene his knees since two daies old : <
No Points he vs'd ; whose bumme and Belly burst,
Held up his Sloppes, as strait as they were trusst.

(6)

A paire of button'd Buskins casd his Legges,
Which were all Calfe from Hams unto the Heele ;
And after him (like clogges) the same he dregges :
His Shoes were lin'd, that he no cold might feele ;
The Soales whereof thick Corke asunder gegs,
Made broad (without Indents) lest he might reele :
And ouer all, he ware a slabberd Gowne,
Which cloakt his Buttockes, hugely ouergrowne.

(7)

Thus haue we casd the Slouen, saue the Head ;
And wittingly we do the same forbear ;
Because his Shoulders stooode in his Heads stead,
Which hardly did aboue their pitch appeare :
The lumpe of flesh was all so ouer-fed,
As he no man, but some *Behemoth* were :
For they whose ioy is all in drinke and meate,
Thogh mean they be, they needs must be too great.

(8)

⁵*Epithymus* (the wanton) on his Crowne,
A Crowne of Roses ware lasciuiously ;
A falling Band Cut-worke (richly sowne)
Did his broad Shoulders quite ore-canopy :
A waste-coate wrought with floures (as they had growne)
In colour'd silke, lay open to the eie :
And, as his Bosome was vnbuttoned quite,
So were his Points, vntrusst for ends too light.

(9)

His Doublet was Carnation, cut with greene
Rich Taffataes quite through with ample Cuttes ;

⁶ A description of the Wantons Apparrell.

That so his Wast-coate might ech where be seene,
When lusty Dames should eie this lusty Guttes :
And many Fauours hung the Guttes betweene,
And many more, more light, in them he shuttes !
So that a vacant place was hardly found
About this Fancy, so well-fauour'd round.

(10)

His Hose was French, and did his doublet sute,
For Stuffe and Colour, to which sow'd there were
Silke-stockings, which sate strait his thighs about,
To make his leg and thigh more quaint appeere :
Their colour was, as was the upper Sute,
Saue that the quirkes with gold and gawdie geere
Were so embosst, that as the Gallant goes,
The glosse did light his fete to saue his toes.

(11)

His Shooes were like to Sandalls, for they were
So caru'd about with many a curious Cut,
That through the same the stockings did appeere,
And in the Lachets were such Ribbands put,
As shadow'd all the foote from Sunne well neere,
Though, in Rose-forme, the ribband up was shut :
And to make vp aright this Woman-Man,
He at his face still fenced with a fan.

(12)

¹ But *Hyselephronus* unlike to him,
Was richly clad, but much more graue it was ;
For, he could not endure such colours trim,
Yet vs'd trimme colours to bring drifts to passe :
A Backe too bright, doth argue Braines too dim :
For, no such Asse as is the Golden Asse :
But he tha^t State to catch, doth know the knacke,
Hides all his haughtie thoughts in humble blacke.

(13)

His Hat was Beauer of a middle sise,
The Band, silke-Sipers foure fold wreath'd about :
A shallow Cambricke Ruffe, with Sets precise,
Clos'd with a button'd string, that still hung out ;
Wherewith he plai'd, while he did Plottes deuise ;
To gull the Multitude, and rule the Rout :
His Sute was Satten, pinckt, and laced thicke,
As fit, as faire, without each peeuish tricke.

(14)

His Cloke cloth-rash with veluet throughly lin'd,
(As plaine as Plainnesse) without welt, or garde,
To seeme, thereby, to be as plaine in Mind ;
For he to seeme good, still had good regarde :
His rapier hilts wer blackt, which brightly shin'd,
A veluet Scabbard did that weapon warde :
The Hangers and the Girdle richly wrought,
With Silke of ²poorest colour, deerely bought.

(15)

His stockings (suitable vnto the same)
Were of blacke silke, and crosse-wise gartered :

¹ The proud ambitious mans apparel described.
² Blacke.

The knot whereof a Roses forme did framc,
Which neare the ham the sable leaues did spred :
His Shoes were veluet, which his foote became.
Thus was he clad, from foote vnto the Head,
Who still was still, as one of iudgement staied,
Before he heard, and poiz'd, what others saide.

(16)

While first (puft panch) *Poliphagus* bespake,
(But panted as he spake for want of winde ;)
And at each word his fat for feare did quake,
Lest that windswant that fat should melt, or bind,
O that (quoth he) then reach'd to perbrake)
Mans Necke were like a ¹Cranes, then should we find
More pleasure in our meat and drink, because
T'would longer passe, with pleasure to our mawes.

(17)

Eating and Drinking sweetly eates vp Time
That eates vp all ; then feeding most of all
We ought to loue, for, we are made of ²Slime ;
Then should we feed (lest we to Slime should fall)
That so our flesh, by fat, to fat should climbe ;
Fat Capons, Turkies, Fezants we may call
The ³Ladders to Perfection, and t' ascend
By such Degrees, is mans perfections end.

(18)

Deere ⁴Taste (quoth he) the life of all my ioy
Can they be blest that say thou bredst our curse,
When thou dost sweeten all our liues annoy,
That else were Hell it selfe, or rather worse ?
For my part, I esteeme that ⁵Tale a Toy ;
And think that Taste alone doth Nature nurse :
If thou be Natures Nurse, then say I dare,
Thou nursest That that makes vs what we are.

(19)

Who are by Nature Demi-gods at least ;
Gramercies Taste, that mak'st vs so to be :
Man, but for thee, were farre worse then a beast ;
And, beasts were worse then nothing, but for thee :
For, man and beasts do toile but for the taste ;
Then if our taste should fail vs, curst were we :
Sith both are borne to labor but for ⁶foode ;
That rather would offend then doe vs good.

(20)

The mouth, and Maw are Pleasures blisfull Bowres,
Where she lies dallying with her loue Delight :
The Maw (*Charidis* which Delight deuoures)
Takes frō the mouth what giu's the members might :
Is That an Idol which such good procures ?
Or should it not be ⁷seru'd by Natures right,

¹ The wish of *Philoxenus* a philosopher. ² Genes: 3. 15.

³ The Scale of Glutony, for the panch to climbe by.

⁴ Taste, the sense wherein Men-beasts do most delight.

⁵ Gene: 3. 6.

⁶ All the labour of man is for the mouth &c. Ecclesiast. 6. 7.

⁷ Adored.

That keeps fraile Nature in her vitall heate,
That else would pine for want of tasting meate?

(21)

holay?
O taste, and see how sweet the Lord : but while
Do I enforce what ² forcelesse I esteeme.
Yet, sith it's held for written-Veritie,
He sucke sweete frome that weede, and holy seeme :
The sou'raign'st sense, enthron'd is in the Eie ;
Yet Taste, this Truth (if truth) doth better deeme :
For, taste, and see, first taste, and after see,
Implies that Taste, of Sight hath sou'raigntie.

(22)

O tis the Well from whence the Senses drawe
Their *suumum bonum* ; sweet'st, thogh short, delite :
The right hie way to Mirth, lies to the Mawe ;
That way to Mirth that cheares the flesh, and ³sprite ;
That warms the blood, and frozen harts doth thaw,
In spight of Nature, foiling Natures spight :
Then, who distasts those sweet Lauds of the Taste,
His taste is senselesse, and his Wittes are waste.

(23)

Aske Proofs, how all the Veines do flow with ioy
When as the Mouth takes in confectioned Sweetes ;
Or when the Pallate doth her powres employ
To meet sweet Wines, which she with ⁴smacks regreets :
Though Hell itselfe with all the Senses meets ?
Give strong drink to the damn'd, and they'll sustaine,
In Paines despight, with ease, the spight of Paine.

(24)

What Care can once but touch a merry hart,
That's merry made with precious blood of grapes ?
And, who can choose but play a frolicke part,
That by strong Sacke, frō Sorrows Sacke escapes :
Smart, them annoyes that feeles, or thinke on smart,
But not those that with Wine are Pleasures rapes :
For, while they gape to let in, ⁵out to run,
They feeles, and think on nought but Healths begun.

(25)

Thus did this gormandizing Epicure
⁶Insist in praise of That which Taste commends :
And, (for winde lab'ring) labour'd past his powre
To make Mans gorge his god, for godlesse ends :
When loe, *Epithymus* (to make it sure)
In part approu'd his reasons ; yet he bends
His pow'r to proue the wrenching practice part,
To yeeld the ioy that most affects the hart.

¹ Psal: 34. 8.

² Epicures beleue not the soules immortal tie, and so no Scripture.

³ Good food comforts the hart and cheers the sprite.

⁴ Which the tongue makes against the Pallate.

⁵ They that drinke much, must every way enacuate much.

⁶ When we most lose of that we gladly heare and speake.

(26)

These Girles (quoth he ¹) so they be faire, and yong,
Are they alone that most do ravish Sense ;
For which, no lesse then for our foode we long ;
The Touch, being furthest from th' Intelligence,
With much more ²libertie, and ioy among,
Doth play her part to proue her excellence :
It tickles all our veins with lustful pleasure
Which the mean while, hath neither mean nor mesure.

(27)

What Heart's so cold that is not set on fire,
With a trans-lucent beaming sunne-bright face ?
But, of that face to haue the hearts desire,
The Heart cannot desire a greater grace :
Who couets not bright Beauties golden wire,
His ³Sprite is abject, and his thoughts are base :
Sith those wires winde about the turning thought,
And tie it to rich pleasures, dearely bought.

(28)

Who meets with flesh that melts with tendernesse,
And melts not in Desires ay-burning flames ?
Whose kisses, steep in Sucket, Heav'n do presse
From ⁴lips diuine, too worthy for such names ;
Can any Eies looke into Beauties Presse,
And in her trimmest trinkets make no games ?
No humane Eies (I weene) if christaline,
But ioy to see themselves in Eies diuine.

(29)

To see a Body more than Lilly-white,
With asur'd veines imbrodred here and there,
To see this blissfull Body ⁵naked quite,
And to behold Loues Hold some other where ;
What Thing, with ioy, can more entrice the sight,
Sith to the sight Loues Heauen doth appeare ?
Then adde to this, a ⁶Looke that saith approach,
It wil the Vessell of all sweetnesse broch.

(30)

O ! to embrace her that embraceth all
That Beauty can embrace, is to infold
In mortall Armes, Armes supernaturall :
O pow'r both ⁷Gods and Men (insnar'd) to hold,
And make them, as they please, to rise, or fall,
Serving Loues Soueraigne as Vassals should :
For, Gods, and men do most obsequiously,
By nature, serue diuine Formositie.

¹ Epithymus.

² Touching being furthest remoued from the Vnderstanding of all the senses, makes it the more brutish.

³ Heroike spirites soonest enthralled with love.

⁴ Wanton Louers most profane.

⁵ This Object makes the Soule most abject.

⁶ A glauncing aluring looke.

⁷ No passion more violent in the Soule of Man or Beast.

(31)

¹ He that orethrew what ere his strength withstood
And vnderpropt the weight of Heauens frame,
Loue, made to spinne in weake vmanly moode :
And ² He, for wisdom, that had greatest fame,
Loue so, with Lust, inflam'd his coldest blood,
That He a ³ thousand had to quench the same :
For, no Age, Wisdom, Pow'r, or Policie,
Haue pow'r t'impugne diuine Formositie !

(32)

Aske *Mars* the sterne and stubberne god of warre,
How much frail Beuty made him (crouching) bow :
Nay aske (if men may aske) the Thunderer
The high'st of gods, by lordly Loue brought low,
Why he did make his mansion in a Starre,
Yet fell from heau'n an earthy Dame to know :
But that both Gods and Men, most lowlily,
By nature, serue diuine Formositie !

(33)

Giue me a Wench that hath the skill and wit,
To let me (loue-sicke) bloud in Lustes right vaine ;
And can with pleasure, ease me in the fit,
Yet ease me so that Loue may still complaine
Of ⁴ heate, that is for Lusts life onely fit,
Which to the life of Loue yeelds pleasant paine ;
That can so humour me, and what I feele,
That she may hurt me still, my hurt to heale.

(34)

Such a Crafts-mistris, in the Arte of Loue,
Doth crowne the Touch with an imperiall ⁵ kisse :
For, she makes Touching tast ioy farre aboue
The reach of Arte to tell men what it is :
For feelinglie, she can both staie, and moue
About the Center of Loues boundlesse blisse.
Then boundlesse is the Touches excellence
That, by a Lasse, can so beheau'n the sense.

(35)

Thus did this Orator of Lechery
Dilate the short sweete of his liues delight ;
Which *Hyselephronus* did not ⁶ deny
(As though quite opposit) but bent his might,
To proue high'st blisse was borne of Maiesty ;
Begot by *Potency*, right or vnright :
The greatest ioy to Greatnesse appertaines,
For ioy doth reign (quoth he) in that which reigns.

(36)

A roiall Robe, a Scepter, Mound and Crowne
Are the true signals of the truest ioy :

¹ Hercules.

² Salomon.

³ 700 wives and 300 concubines.

⁴ Danse.

⁵ With Loue tricks to make Lust insatiable.

⁶ A lasciuious kisse bewitching wantons, knowne best to such.
⁷ The wicked conspire in euill though they vary in circumstances.

They neede not feare the threat of Sorrows frown
That ¹ can confound, all causers of any :
The hand of Maiesty puts vp, and downe
The meanes of mirth, and those that mirth destroy ;
Hee's a rare Clarke that Regnum can declayne ;
And Meus, Mea, Meum ad in fine.

(37)

What Hart is not enlarg'd, with ioy, as much
As it can hold, when pow'r is more enlarg'd
Then Earth can hold ; on the same none such,
When all by him, and he by none, is charg'd ?
No not so much as with the smallest ² touch,
Touching his life, lest such be life-discharg'd :
It is the greatest glorie of Mans state,
When Man, like God doth raigne in spite of Hate.

(38)

To eate and drinke, and do the acts of lust,
Is common vnto Beasts, as well as Men ;
What praise get they that do what ³ needs they must
But such as shames the praised now and then ?
For, so many men be praised for deeds vnjust,
Sith Men, by Nature, wrong their Bretheren :
But, to correct ⁴ Men, with directing Rods,
Is proper vnto none but Demi gods.

(39)

The Spheare of Greatnes (like the highest sphere,
That turnes the neather with resistlesse sway)
Is the high'st step to his Throne without Peere :
And, to the Sunne that makes eternall day ;
Where Blisse abounds an euerlasting yeare,
For which the most deuout doe inly ⁵ pray :
Then, Greatnes is the great'st good vnder heau'n,
Which vnto none but Gods on Earth is giu'n.

(40)

O ! how it rapt the Ele of Maiesty,
To see all downe-cast vnderneath her feete ;
That may if please her, march vpon the Hie,
Till she with none, but with the Lowly meete :
Then ⁶ Wisdomes reach doth tend to Emperie ;
And none but fooles neglect it as vnmeete :
It is the highest note that Arte can reach,
To rule the voice when Sou'raigntie doth preach.

¹ Soueraigne aucthority can silence all, vnder heauen, that
insinuates against her inordinate pleasures.

² What man shal say to the Soueraigne, What doest thou ?
without incurring his ire, which is the precurser of Death.
Prou. x6. 14. Where the word of the King is, there is power,
and who shall saie to him, What doest thou ? Eccles. 8. 4.

³ That which men and Beasts by the prococation of Nature
onely.

⁴ To rule men well is proper to God and men onely.

⁵ Few or none so mortified, but can be contented to liue,
rather ruling then ruled.

⁶ Humane wisdom.

(41)

And what a glorie is't to mortall Man,
That when he bends his high-erected front,
Death in the ¹foldes doth play the Artezian,
And kill, but with a looke, the highest Count :
Yet, with a word (like Him that all things can)
To create others, making them to mount :
Then, who hath pow'r all men to marre or make,
Must be a God, that life doth giue, and take.

(42)

A Scepter's *Circes* Rod ; which Men and Beasts
Doth easlie tame, how wilde so ere they bee :
For, Birds that in the Stars doe build their neasts,
Farre, farre aboue all Birds, of prey doe flee :
To which pitch if they mount, they scorch their crests ;
For, heat so high is in ²extreame degree :
Highnesse is sacred, and the sacred Hie,
With their pow'rs wing aboue all perills flie !

(43)

O ! tis a blissfull glitt'ring glorious state,
Able to make Mortalitie diuine ;
Which, with ³inspection, binds the hands of Fate,
And, like the Sunne, among the Stars doth shine,
Till Nature doth the Flesh inanimate ;
And in the mouthes of Men mens fames enshrine :
Then, if in Earth be any diuine thing,
It's more then God, if it be not a King.

(44)

Poliphagus, though he his Intralls seru'd,
As if they were his Fancies Soueraignes,
Or rather Gods, by which he was preseru'd,
Yet hee allowance to their fancie faines ;
That so ⁴fraternitie might be conseru'd,
Which concord, in conceit, together chaines ;
And, thus immod'rately doth moderate
The difference of the doubtfull Questions state.

(45)

All our Desires (quoth he) may well concurre,
Because they ayme at earthly pleasure all ;
For, Pompe which thou prefer'st, is as a Spurre,
To make flesh runne to pleasures corporall :
For, flesh, in meane estate, doth ⁵meanly sturre,
As wanting meanes to make it sensuall :
But, where ⁶Aboundance is, there doth abound
All pleasures, which or sense, or wit hath found.

(46)

Then, sith our appetites may well conspire
T' effect the pleasure most affecting sense,

¹ The lookes of soueraigne maiestie doth either kill, or quicken.

² The indignation of a prince is most mortall.

³ *Ars dominabitur Astris* Wise Kings much more.

⁴ The concord of the Euill condemns the discord of the Good.

⁵ As wanting meanes to effect fleshly desires.

⁶ Prosperity and Impiety do kisse each other.

There is no cause to differ in Desire ;
Sith ¹vnion may attone that difference,
Which like a sweet Compound, may be entire,
Entire to make sweete pleasures confluence :
They are the sweetest accents of the voice,
When different Parts accord, sense to reioice.

(47)

Therefore lets frolicke it ; Care kills a Cat ;
Else lies the Prouerbe, which ²Truth only makes ;
Thought is a Canker feeding on our fat ;
And makes our bones ore-laden, lean as Rakes :
What bones so senslesse be, to like of that ;
Sith Bones, when bare they be, asunder shakes ;
O tis most holsome and the Creame of ³Wit,
To breede good blood, good foode still feeding it.

(48)

Pleasure doth end, when ended is Lifes' ⁴date :
Then sith that is so certainly vnure,
We hate our selues if we doe pleasure hate,
Which makes our liues ⁵immortally endure
For, Mirth the liuelest lumpes doth animate,
And, to old age doth Eagles youth procure :
If such a Cause then yeeldes such sweete effects,
Sowre is the Cause that such a Cause reiects.

(49)

We nothing want, if we want not a will,
To giue full satisfaction to our sense :
And if all Wants be wanting to our ill,
The fault ⁶is ours, if ours be such offence :
We may, if so wee lust, our lusts fulfill :
Then what remaines, but banish abstinence,
And, with full Sailes of Pow'r, passe those Seas,
Where Pleasure flowes, to Heau'ns of lustfull ease.

(50)

Let leane-fac'd leaden sprited Saturnists,
(Who, madde with melancholy, mirth detest)
Prate what they list to bring all in the List
Of Moderation ; who cannot digest
The honied Sweetes that feede true Iouialists :
We hauing ⁷sense, to proue what pleaseth best,
Will not, lest Sorrow stabbe, giue Sense the lie ;
For, they but faine to liue, that faine would die.

(51)

And, were we Furies of infernall kinde,
By kinde, we then should pleasure take in paine :

¹ Varietie of delight maks Pleasure more intire.

² All Prouerbs are grounded vpon Truth.

³ All the labor of man is for his mouth. Eccles. 6. 7.

⁴ So saith the Epicure.

⁵ A merry hart makes a mans yeares as many as his hairs.

⁶ It is glorious to doe all we should, not all wee can.

⁷ It is senslesse to be too sensuall.

But being men, and men of perfect minde,
By nature we from all annoy ¹refrains :
Who doth not so, as mad-men, men should binde
Till they be dead, or in their wittes againe :
For they are Fiends (not men) the foes of Ioy,
That please their Soules in all that sense annoy.

(52)

Tell me not of a Stoicke (senselesse Stocke)
That makes an Idoll of I wot not what ;
Is't vertue in a man to be a ²Blocke ?
And beare vnmo'd what life doth ruinate ?
These are the wisemen, that wisemen do mocke ;
Whose senselesse folly all men wonder at ;
It's vertue in a man of sense, say I,
To liue as liuing, and not liuing die.

(53)

Are they not murd'ers of themselves, that will
Thinke life away, and not thinke how to liue ?
As good they hang'd themselves, as do more ill ;
For lesse, much lesse, for do kinde Nature grieue,
Who quickly die, then who are dying still ;
Both which to life, like violence do giue :
Then let the stak't through, when dead they are,
That run themselves through with the sword of ³care.

(54)

I value Vertue at too high a price,
Then to be bought and sold for worthlesse Thought ;
That Vertue is not halfe so good as Vice,
That brings a man, before his time to nought :
Such Vertue then can none but ⁴Babes entice,
That seek things hurtful, which should not be sought :
In Vertues Schoole no Babes can learne, but those
That know the good fro bad and Ioyes from woes.

(55)

For, Nature were a stepdame if she should
Produce her Darlings but to thought and care :
But, she is kinde, as her kinde children hold,
Producing them for things that blisful are ;
Who, being many, are ⁵more manifold ;
For, rare Ioyes are ordain'd for Creatures rare :
Then let them be orewhelm'd with all annoy,
That may, and will not, swimme in Seas of Ioy.

(56)

The other twaine, with many pleasing ⁶smiles,
Whiles he was speaking, his speech seem'd to praise,
(Who seem'd to glorie in himselfe the whiles)
And now, by word, well-word they what he saies ;

¹ If Gods pleasure may be fulfilled without our paine we may say, Let this Cup passe, if not, Thy will be done.

² To be passionlesse is to be linelesse.

³ Worldly sorrow causeth death. s Cor. 7. 10.

⁴ Without Iudgement.

⁵ More pleasures than people to vse them.

⁶ To applaude with looks a kind of flattery.

And, all agree, by whatsoever ¹guiles,
In all delights, to beguile nights and daies :
So, thus resolu'd they fully execute,
All that wherein they are so resolute.

(57)

But now, as wak'ned from a tedious sleepe,
¹Logus, chiefe guide of ²Psyche, their chiefe guide
(While they were plunged in all pleasures deepe)
Thus gan their sensuall-senselesse Soules to chide :
Whither, O whither runne ye, ye lost sheepe,
Nor weying in what danger ye abide ?
The Blinde eates many a flie ; and so do you,
That chew sweet poyson, which ye should eschue.

(58)

But ere wee further prosecute her speech,
We will describe thier Garments (as we may)
For as we said the Coate and Cut do teach
Sight to discerne what mood the mind doth sway :
¹Logus was clad, as could no State impeach,
Sith she was cloth'd with mean, though cleane aray :
For, she with Garments farre more fit, then faire,
But sauegard sought from Passions of the Aire.

(59)

But *Psyche* (who she guided) like a Queene
Was richly deckt, with ornaments diuine :
Who liu'd so closely that she scarce was scene,
Yet through her Pallace did her glory shine,
As if at least she had a Goddessse beene ;
Whose virtues were apparant to the Eine :
Her Ornaments were Wit, Will, Memory,
Which richly roab'd her with Regality.

(60)

Vpon her sacred Head she ware a Crowne
(Like that of *Ariadne*) all of Starres
To light her feete in darke waies, and vnknowne,
And keepe the safest way in Passions warres ;
Those Starres were royall vertues of her owne
(Which some call Cardinall) her gard in Iarres :
Who was deckt inly with Pow'r, Grace, and Arte,
Being wholy in the whole, and in each Part.

(61)

Her Vnderstandings Pow'r that Pow'r did line,
Which Heau'n and Earth religiously adore ;
And in her Will she ware Grace most diuine,
But in her Memory she Artes did store ;
That made the whole most gloriously to shine,
But most diuinely did those three decore !
Affects and Fantasies her Seruants were,
Which were all cloakt with good, how ill soere.

(62)

Hir princely train, which was of works wel wrought,
Was borne by Iudgement her chiefe Officer :

¹ They that are sold to carnall pleasures, will sell their soules to maintaine them. ² The Soul.

Then, Contemplation held her, as she ought,
By the right Arme, so that she could not steere
Frō those right waies, whereon before she thoght :
And double-Diligence before did cleere :
The outward Senses her Purueiours were,
To whom the Common-sense was Treasurer.

(63)

Thus were these two attended and araid,
Which I haue thus described by the way ;
And now to prosecute what *Logus* said
From thence where I before did make him stay ;
Quoth hee, what meane ye thus to be betraid
By sinfull Sense, which seekes but your decay ?
You are to seeke to know her Fallacies,
But know them not by seeking in this wise.

(64)

How neere to temporall and eternall death
You are (God wot) ye wot not, ne yet care ;
Not weying how worlds ¹ weale wastes with your breath,
And that your breaths within your nostrills are,
Which to the Aire you must of force bequeath,
Perhaps forthwith, at least ere ye beware :
If temp'rall death attack ye in this plight,
Your temp'rall daies will turne t'eternall night :

(65)

To yong and old Death is indifferent,
The Court and Cottage he frequents alike :
Yet, of the twaine, the Courts doth more frequent :
And loues those, that do ² mind him least, to strike :
He wounds the lustfull, vaine, and insolent
With their owne weapons, quickly to the quicke :
For, euer he doth enuy lifes delight,
And makes the same most subject to his might.

(66)

How can vaine pleasures please men hauing sense
To feele the sweet and sowre of sinne, and grace ?
For, if they feele the ³ sting of Conscience,
All pleasures of the flesh will giue it place :
That grieues the Will, that grieues th' Intelligence,
Which take no pleasure in their owne disgrace :
But still the lusts of fraile flesh to fulfill,
Is to disgrace Intelligence, and Will.

(67)

The obiect of the Will is perfect Good ;
Which, the Intelligence to her presents ;
That neuer yet was found in roiall food,
In dainty Dames, or regall governments ;

¹ Worldes weale vncertaine in our life, but determines vterly in our death.

² Death is most familiar with those that are most strange to him.

³ The sting of Conscience kills our lieliest pleasures of the flesh.

By ⁴ Understanding these are vnderstood
To yeeld but short, and counterfet Contents :
If so they do, how madde are they the while,
That giue their pretious Soules for things so vile ?

(68)

The ⁵ wisest yet that euer breath'd this Aire
(Of sinfull race) who in his wisdomes might
Made prooue of all that was sweet, great, or faire,
Yea of all pleasures which the sense delight,) ⁶
Said of them all (like Wisdoms truest Heire)
They were than skumme of ⁷ Vanitie more light :
If such great Wisedome found them to be such,
They are much more then fools that loue them much.

(69)

Aske eu'ry sense what pleasure they doe proue
In all their objects : they must needs replie,
(Sith conscience knows it) nought to gaine our loue ;
For we loue nought but what we ⁸ good do trie :
But, Prooue these pleasures doe, in fine, reprove ;
Sith they no sooner liue, but sooner die :
For Triall knowing them to be but vaine,
Kills their delight ere we it entertaine.

(70)

And, Crownes are Hines, where stinging cares do
swarme ;
Pomp's but the White whereat fell Enny shoots :
Which are as trees, whence growes their owners harm ;
Harms are the fruit ; crowns, flours, and kingdoms,
roots ;
The Arme of flesh, is but a feeble Arme ;
And, in such strong Extreames it little bootes :
He knowes not yet the Nature of a Crowne,
That knows not none may call the same his ⁹ owne.

(71)

What bootes a purple Robe, when purple blood
Doth issue from the wofull wearers hart :
And, of such issue there's more likelihood
Then issue of his loines to take his part ;
For, oft such issue doth him little good,
Who conquer ¹⁰ Nature, by the aide of Arte :
They learne by Arte weake Nature to command,
When Crowns betwixt the Sire and Son doe stand.

(72)

Sou'raignes, are subject to extreame ¹¹ despight.
For, lo, a Dog, sometimes, supplide their place :

¹ Daily prooue telles our vnderstandings, that all worldly pleasures are as short, as vaine and vnsure.

² Salomon.

³ Eccles. 1. 2.

⁴ Good is the object of loue.

⁵ Our Crowne saith the Soueraigne.

⁶ The loue of a Crowne oft makes the son to hate the father.

⁷ Robert Courtesme, Edward the second, Richard the second, Edward the fifth, Rich the third, Henry the sixt.

A King of *Norway*, conquering in fight
The King of *Sweethland*, for the more disgrace,
Did make a Dog their King, to shew his spight,
And made them neere ¹him, that were neere as bace :
Then are they worse then dogges that, damne their
soules
To catch a kingdom, that a dog controules.

(73)

What ioy can be accompanied with feare,
Sith that companion doth all ioy ²confound ?
But terrene ioyes about with them do beare
An hell of ³feare, wherein true Hell is found :
For, where's vnasuretie, feare must needs be there ;
And all's vnure that surgeth from the ground
Of this vast Sea of extreame miserie ;
True Antitype of pure felicitie.

(74)

Besides, no pompe (how euer glorious)
No ioy or pleasure, if sublunarie,
But brings sacietie soone with their vse,
As they best know that haue best meanes to trie ;
And none haue right ioy but the ⁴righteous ;
For, ne'r doth saciate their felicitie,
Which doth content Desire, and Feare exclude,
Which is the summe of true Beatitude.

(75)

Then, if my power ore your Soueraigne,
If my words (rules of Reason) can perswade,
Vaine pleasures fly ; through which ye fly to paine :
Which still haue marr'd, but neuer any made :
Containe your selues, and you shall ioy containe ;
If you be good, then ⁵glorious is your trade :
For, nought is great on Earth, but that great hart,
That scornes all ioyes by Nature bred, or Art.

(76)

Rouse vp your selues, shake off this sloth of sprite ;
Put on the mind that men of mind becomes :
Away with all ⁶effeminate delight
That none but worse then women ouercomes :
Shew your selues men of strength in Frailties spite ;
For, graceles ioyes possesse but graceles groomes :
O, tis ⁷Dominion in the high'st degree
When men to Reasons rules obedient bee.

(77)

Hereat their Conscience touchèd to the quicke,
Beganne, halfe fainting, inwardly to bleede ;

¹ His Councillours.

² Feare betraileth the comforts and succours which Reason offereth.

³ True ioy contents the desire, and excludes feare which worldly ioy doth not.

⁴ The ioy of the Soule is incident to good and ghostly liuers onely.

⁵ Glory attends vpon God and his onely.

⁶ Vaine pleasures doe effeminate the minde.

⁷ To obey reason is to rule kingly.

No pricke more mortal than the Conscience pricke,
It makes our faith to faint, and kills our Creede :
Yet, frozen in their dregges, therein they sticke,
Without all feeling that which must succede :
And, with hard harts, (though said for their behoofs)
They *Logus* thus reprooue, for his reproofes.

(78)

What wight art thou (presumptuous that thou art)
That com'st to Council, yer thou callèd bee ?
By what power dost thou this ? by what desert
Think'st thou we all should be controld by thee ?
We know no pow'r thou hast, nor wit, ¹nor Art
To take the guidance of our actions free ;
Being a meere stranger to us and to our state,
Yet dost from either more than derogate.

(79)

Thou would'st bee taught (that thus presum'st to
teach)
To know good maners, persons, time, and place ;
These circumstances they should know that preach,
Or else they may disgrace their Sermons grace ;
And those that liue by preaching do ²beseech,
Not sharply checke, which tendeth to disgrace :
Then think we o're our passions haue great powre,
That giue thee sweet aduice for checke so sowre.

(80)

You may be gon, we need no councillours,
That breathe out worse then wormwood with their words ;
We are twice seau'n and our owne gouernors,
Your proffred seruice no good ³sent affords :
We are the highest Powres Competitors,
And fight for pleasure with our sense and swords :
We are resolu'd to satisfie desire
With all the comforts that it can require.

(81)

Doth Love (quoth *Logus*) with our selues begin ?
It seems not so, for with your selues it ends :
Foes to your selues, sith you are solde to sinne ;
Yet will not ⁴see whereto that purchase tends :
To lose your Soules, and all the world to win,
Is the worst fortune, that fell Fortune sends :
O be indulgent to your Soules, for whie,
⁵Life died it selfe, that so they might not die.

(82)

I am that *Logus*, which your Soueraigne
(Great sou'raigne *Psyche*) gaue you for your ⁶guide
Which you would ne'r vouchsafe to entertaine,
Though, ⁷vnimploied, I still with you abide :

¹ Reason is thought to be most vnreasonable by the sensuall.

² Philem: 9.

³ *Mors vitiosa pulchra.*

⁴ Not to see our sinne, is to liue and die in sinne.

⁵ Christ Lord of life.

⁶ Reason, the eie of the soule.

⁷ Humane creatures are reasonable, though many liue brutishly.

I pray you then (for your eternall gaine)
That now at last I may with you reside,
To doe you seruice, which if you will vse,
He make your life and death most glorious.

(83)

Let not my plainnesse with you, make yee plaine
Of my sterne Course ; for, sith I am the Sterne
That rules the Mind, I must her so restraine
(When Passions rise), that she, by me, may learne
The way to weale, which she seekes to attaine,
Which she, by my ¹direction shall discern :
Now, if the Sterne resist repugnant windes,
The Bark, to which she's bound, to her she bindes.

(84)

Yee oft haue heard, that Sores quite mortified,
(If euer they be cured as they ought)
Must haue sharpe Corrasiuues thereto appli'd,
Else one sore part may bring the whole to nought :
Then leaue your Gluttony, your Lust, and ²Pride,
Be sober, chaste, and meeke, in deed, and thought :
This must you doe ; and I must needes say this,
Except I should both say and doe amisse.

(85)

Should I, your Guide, winke when ye go astray ?
Or see you runne in by-paths of offence ?
Else draw ye further on, out of the way,
And by all waies soothe vp your erring sense ?
So should I, like a traitor, you betray ;
Which would, in time, your Soules to ³hate incense :
O then let me haue leaue your Soules to loue,
Which least I do, when least I you reproue.

(86)

Repentance oft (too oft) comes too too late
(Though better late then neuer to repent)
But ne'r too soone can Grace it animate ;
For, Men, beyond their birth, are euill bent
So, yer they sinne, they are in sinfull state ;
For, sinne in their conception's ⁴resident :
Then sith yer men Be (whole) is Is (in part)
Repentance should take Being yep the Hart.

(87)

Time past is gone, in it can none repent,
If in that Time they did the same neglect :
The Time to come (although incontinent)
Is as vnure, as is that rare ⁵effect :
Therefore the ⁶present Time for it is lent,
Which strait is gone, then doe it not reiect :

¹ Humane reason assisted by diuine grace, true guide to perfect felicity.

² 3 sins most familiar with mens nature.

³ We hate our euill Councillors, when we are plagued for following them.

⁴ All men are conceived in sinne.

⁵ Repentance.

⁶ The present time is sure to repent in, which is no sooner thought on, but gone for euer.

Sith so small time may all your time ingrosse,
The losse of it may be your vtter losse.

(88)

But, what auails an Angells tongue to moue
A fiend to goodnesse, that by kind is ill ?
From which he is resolu'd ne'r to remoue ;
No more can ¹Reason their desires fulfill,
(Though with all reason he doth seeke their loue)
For, they desire to liue corruptly still ;
And thus with bitter taunts they do requite
His loue, that euer loues to guide them right.

(89)

What ere thou art (quothe they) we know thee not ;
Nor will we know thee, sith we know thou art
Repugnant to vs ; and, thou seem'st a Sot,
To seeke to gaine loue by contentions Art :
Thou neuer knew'st, or else thou hast forgot,
That manners ²like, do still like loue impart :
Therefore farewell, except thou worse wilt fare,
We are resolu'd, in what resolu'd we are.

(90)

So they to excesse fell excessively ;
Sinning, with ³grife, that they could sin no more :
Now, they enlarge their Bounds of libertie,
Although it were but too too loose before :
Like Water they ⁴lappe vp iniquitie,
Which, through them, ouerflows both Sea and Shore :
A cauterizèd Conscience being checkt,
Becomes farre worse, in Cause, and in Effect.

(91)

Logus thus cast from their societie,
Waxt passing pensiuè (as one desolate)
Because his Councell was no more set by.
And, with their mother ⁵*Phasis* fell at bate ;
As being assur'd in her the fault did ly,
That they from him so much did derogate :
Yet, knew one ⁶*Praxis Phasis*, follower,
Had made them worse, then she them made, by far.

(92)

⁷ But by the way we should not do amisse,
To shew how Ladie *Phasis* was araid,
(Sith shee the mother of each matter is)
Yer we do prosecute what *Logus* said :
For, so her nature may be knowne by this,
As outward, inward Things haue oft bewraid :
For, though it seeme the Tale, by force, to part,
Its recompencèd with Descriptions Art.

(93)

Vpon her Head she ware a Crowne of Corne,
Like that of *Ceres* ; sauing that the same

¹ They are enemies to reason that desire to liue sensually.

² The lay sits with the lay. *Ecc'l'us.* 17. 9.

³ A true mark of reprobation. ⁴ *Iob* 15. 16.

⁵ Nature. ⁶ Custome. ⁷ *Phasis* her habit described.

Was mixt (like *Achelous* his plenteous Horne)
With fruits of eu'ry kinde, which her became ;
Her Haire by her was still disheul'd worne,
Who naked was, yet her hand hid her shame :
Or if a Vaile she ware, it was but when
She was to come among licentious men.

(94)

About her Necke she ware a Carcanet
Of eu'ry Iemme as it created was :
About her Wrists, in Bracelet-wise, were set
The ores of Gold and Silver, Lead, and Brasse :
Thus haue we made this Ladies Counterfet,
Who being bare, as barely must it passe :
And now returne we eft to *Logus* speech,
Who thus to *Phusis* chidingly did preach.

(95)

Phusis (quoth he) I speake with grieve of hart,
I needs must chide, sith your fault it procures ;
Because you haue not plaid a mothers part
Touching the breeding of these Sonnes of yours :
I know you haue, by nature, so much Art,
As might make them obey their Gouvernours :
And, that you doe not, it is your disgrace,
That kill your Children with a kinde¹ embrace.

(96)

You may, perhaps, suppose your selfe you cleere
By saying² *Praxis* hath abus'd you much ;
In alt'ring of their natures, which were deere,
For that from you they all receiued such ;
Which could not be, if you not faultie were,
For, you might haue restrain'd them with a touch :
If then you had corrected³ *Praxis* lore
They would haue bin farre better then before.

(97)

Little do Mothers know what hurt they do,
By their indulgence, to their saucie Sonnes ;
They make them wanton and rebellious too ;
For, let loose Nature, it to⁴ loosenesse runnes ;
Till Soule and Body it doth quite vndoe ;
For Custome ill, good nature ouer-runnes :
But, if the Mother be as Mothers ought,
She wil by Vse amend what Vse hath wrought.

(98)

Phusis, not being vs'd such checkes to take,
Beganne to kinde with disdainfull ire ;
And, like a⁵ doating mother, shē doth make
A stiffe defence, for her sonnes lewd desire :

¹ As it is saide of the Ape. ² Custome is another nature.

³ Custome is overcome by Custome, if nature be willing.

⁴ Natures loosenes must be restrained by Reasons steadfastnes.

⁵ Over kinde mothers make vnkind Children. Though fire be good, yet fire in flax is not good : so though pleasure be good, yet in youth it is not good.

Alas (quoth she) should they all ioyes forsake,
Which both their years, and natures do require !
Or should they wear their days in wastful thought
To bring themselves, and me with them, to nought ?

(99)

You are no friend of theirs, if so you would ;
And if not theirs, then mine you cannot be :
For, me and them in one Loues Band doth hold ;
Whom factiously you seeke to disagree :
I take their part but as a Mother should,
That her deere Childrens¹ good, desires to see :
For, it a tender Mother doth become,
As life, to loue the Children of her wombe.

(100)

And, are they not of flesh and blood compos'd ?
Then can such mixture be aught else but fraile ?
Or would you haue them otherwise dispos'd
Then *Adams* heires, that hold but by the Taile ?
And flesh and² blood to strength are still oppos'd ;
Yet³ strength, in weaknes, gainst it doth preuaile :
Sith so it is, my Sonnes may be excus'd,
That haue in weaknes powrefull pleasures vs'd.

(101)

Now well I see (quoth *Logus*) thy fond loue
Makes thee⁴ vnapt to iudge what's requisite ;
But, how if their loose liues the monster moue
(Monstrous *Gekenna*) to deuoure them quite ?
For, he loues such to eate, as such do proue ;
May you not thanke your selfe for such despite ?
If Babes do burne them in a Candles flame,
Are they, or those that giue it them, too blame ?

(102)

These heauy words suncke deepe in *Phusis* minde,
Who (as astonied) at the same did muse ;
Breath'd short, in⁵ passion, as if wanting winde,
Yet at the last, his Spirite she vp did rowse,
And askt of *Logus*, in the kindest kinde,
What practise she to saue her Sonnes might vse :
I hate, as Hell, that Monster, and I would
My Sons (quoth she) from him, by force, with-hold.

(103)

Now *Logus*, glad her nature had such grace,
Said, for mine owne part, I will but aduise,
Not deale with them ; sith they did me⁶ disgrace
Therefore I counsell, that in any wise
You hie to Lady⁷ *Aletheias* Place,
And there inuoke her aide, with carefull Cries ;
Who is indu'd with power, will, and skill,
To tell them of their misse, and mend their ill.

¹ A good pretence for a fault makes the fault the fouler.

² Founts of Frailtie.

³ Strength of pleasures.

⁴ Affection transports iudgement into partialitie.

⁵ Reason is very preuaile with the attentiu.

⁶ When Reason is reiected, men are left to all brutishnesse.

⁷ Truth.

(104)

Entreate her, who will soone intreated bee,
(For, she doth loue to satisfie Good-will)
To go vnto thy Sonnes of each degree,
And tell them of this Monster, made to ¹ spill
All those that liue secure in Pleasures glee,
And greedily their hungry lusts fulfill ;
I will (said *Phusis*;) but where doth she dwell?
Thou know'st (deare *Logus*) but I cannot tell.

(105)

She wouted was (said he) to neighbour mee ;
But since that ² *Frans* and *Dolus* (wicked Twinnes)
The World produc'd, I do her seildome see ;
For, she from my sights reach so silly rinnes,
As though to her I were an enemy,
Or made prodigious through my subiects sinnes ;
Who prosecute her with extreame despight,
That now she euen loathes to see the light.

(106)

Shall I (quoth *Phusis*) on the Earth her finde?
Hardly (quoth *Logus*) being chas'd from thence.
In th' Aire, or Water then, or in the Winde ;
Or else within the Fires Circumference,
Is she? (quoth she) said *Logus*, these by kinde
Are mutable, and full of difference ;
Which she cannot abide, for she is ³ one,
And rather will, then with such, liue alone.

(107)

Is she to Heau'n return'd (quoth she) againe?
That's like (said *Logus*) but th'art ne'r the neere :
For, without ⁴ her, thou canst not Heau'n attaine ;
For, all by her must come, that must come there.
Alas (said she) how shall I her obtaine,
Sith I must haue her selfe her selfe to cleere?
For, as without the Sunne, none sees the Sunne
So, without her, none wots where she doth wonne.

(108)

This once (quoth *Logus*) I will thee direct
The best I can, but cannot as I could ;
I oft haue heard, and finde true by effect,
That she is seene about the Mansion old
Of father ⁵ *Chronus*, which he did erect
For him, and her, (his daughter deere) to hold ;
Or ⁶ *Thanatus*, his Man, who riddes away
That which his Master bringeth to decay.

(109)

Which Man, and Masters ⁷ habites we might paint
Though we but Chalke, and Coles, and Ashes had :

¹ Hell is made for torment. Esa. 30. 33.

² Deceit and Guile excluded Truth from the Earth.

³ Truth is one, but Error is manifold.

⁴ As without the Sun none can see the Sun, so without Truth none can come at the Author of Truth.

⁵ Time. ⁶ Death.

⁷ The description of *Chronus* and *Thanatus*.

For, *Chronus* clad is like a mortall Saint
In skinnes of Beasts, to shew how life doth fade ;
(Which of their age did seem to make complaint)
Girt with an Halter, or with Girth as bad :
Vpon whose Head, in stead of Hat, there stooode
An Houre-glasse, as an Embleme of his moode.

(110)

His Haire was white as was the driven Snow,
And from his Head it seem'd to hang, by drifts
Turn'd vp againe ; eu'n as the same doth show
When it doth hang, so driven vpon Cliffs :
His Beard, beneath his girdle-stand did grow,
Which, platted, in his bosome oft he shifts :
Whose right hand did a Sithe, still mouing weld,
And in his left, an Horologe he held.

(111)

His Man hight *Thanatus*, bare to the bones,
Was more then naked from the toppe to toe :
All hairlesse, toothlesse, cielesse : stocks, or stones,
Are all as quicke, though he much more can doe :
And all he said, *I was as you are, once* ;
Which was in sullen silence spoken to :
Vpon a Spade he leanes, as if he did
By his day-labour liue, call'd *Wincke*, all hid.

(112)

To these did *Logus Phusis* wish to wend
Which were to her the ¹ loathsomst wights alieue
And hardly thought that *Logus* was her friend,
(Although she could not otherwise beleene
Sith her and hers she sought still to defend)
That would to her such wofull counsell giue :
And with the water swelling in her eies,
She thus to *Logus* mournfully replies.

(113)

Alas (quoth she) and to them must I goe?
To their most hatefull houses must I hie,
That are the greatest workers of my woe,
And faine would haue me vtterly to die?
What ² words can please a prowd insulting foe,
That holds in soorne his foes humilitie?
Then, what hope haue I with them to preuaile,
Who, though I kneele to them, will me assaile?

(114)

What shall I say? alas, what shall I do?
To winne their fauour, that will not be wonne?
To go to them, I shall my selfe vndo ;
For, though I kisse their feete, they'l me ore-runne :
If not, they'l paine and compell me to ;
³ Both which, if I do go, I cannot shunne :
I am amas'd, I know not what to say,
If go, I die ; if no, my Sonnes decay.

¹ Nature cannot abide Death nor Time running thereto.

² A well tunde tongue cannot please an eare utterly out of tune.

³ The choice is miserable where the best is misery.

(115)

What shall I do? deere *Logus*, tell me ¹ what?
O happy were I, if this feare were past:
There is no cause (quoth *Logus*) to feare that
That no wight liuing can auoide at last:
The Stag, the Rauen, and the nine-liu'd Cat
Must know those houses; then be not agast,
But go on boldly with erected Front,
Where you shall see her liue in high account.

(116)

If at the first you cannot see her face,
Their Porter ² *Nosus* will you soone direct
Vnto her priuy chamber, where her grace
Will talke with you, in secret, in effect:
But see you bribe the Portor of the place
With ³ *Calor naturalis*, most select:
So you may passe securely through each Gate,
That leades to this obscured Ladies State.

(117)

⁴ This *Nosus* was a true Anatomie
(Though *Thanatus* be truly call'd the same)
Of mortall grieffe, or curelesse maladie,
Whose Head was hamp'red (which him ill became)
With homely clowts (tide as vnhanomly)
And with a Staffe he went as he were lame:
A Gowne (with Potions stain'd) he, girded, ware,
Who panted as he went, and went with care.

(118)

Fourre paire of Stockings did his *Legs* comprize,
And yet his *Shancks* (God wot) but little were,
Although the vpper Stockings were of Frize,
Thicke Frize, or Rugge, or else of warmer geare:
Whose Slippers were with Cotton lin'd likewise;
And yet of taking cold he still did feare:
Who lookt as he had not an houre to liue,
And eu'ry steppe he trode, his Soule did grieue.

(119)

His Face was of the Colour of that clowt
That did his head inuolue, saue that his Face
Did look more white: his *Eies* both seem'd out,
For, they were sunck, and shrunke out of their place:
His Nose was sharper then an Adders snowt;
His Tong, and Teeth were furr'd, in lothsome case;
His Lips were chapp'd, his Beard was drield ore,
And euer breath'd as he should breathe no more.

(120)

And therewithall he was so waiward still
That none might please him, but he fault wold find
With the best words and deeds of meere good-will;
His bodies paines so peruerse made his mind:

¹ In case of distresse we willingly imbrace the aduice of Reason.

² Sicknesse.

³ Naturall heate sustaines the vital powers in sicknesse.

⁴ Sicknesse described.

His wozen wher'd when his breath it did fill,
As, through the straitest passage doth the wind:
And when he spake, his tong was furr'd so thicke,
That oft his words within the same did sticke.

(121)

Yet ne'rthelesse, to these must *Phusis* hie,
For, *Logus* held her to't by strong perswasion,
Which thus she prest; Go, or thy Sonnes must die:
Thou needes must do it, there is no euasion;
Herein their life, or death alone doth lie:
Then, of their perill if thou haue compassion,
Thou must to These, that they may be secure,
Then liuely go: for, Loue can Hell endure.

(122)

Phusis, though while-ere somewhat weakn'd,
(By reason of these vncouth Accidents)
Yet thus, by *Logus*, being ¹ comforted,
To his direction and aduice assents:
And now (all heart) she holdeth high the Head,
Scorning her wonted dread, and dririments?
And, in her loue to her Sonnes, thither goes,
Their case to *Aletheia* to disclose.

(123)

A wearie iorney had she, and a foule,
But what paine is't a Mothers ² loue will shunne?
Who almost will forsake her dearest Soule,
Yer once forsake her deere-bought deerer Sonne:
By *Logus* helpe, she doth her feares controule;
And to these houses goes not, but doth runne:
And as she hies, she more and more doth learne,
This Ladies Lodging rightly to discerne.

(124)

When to the House of ³ *Chronus* neere she drew,
(Which was a Caue in Rocke of Flint cut out)
It, to the sense more horride was in shew;
For, it with Mosse, was inlaid all about,
And ore the Gate, Harts-tongue, and Brambles grew
As on the Toppe, did Okes, old, stiffe, and stout:
Which rocks rogh sides huge mossie Beeches bare,
As if the Flint the weathers threats did feare.

(125)

This Antique ⁴ Top, where these trees did not shade
A kind of Mosse ore-sprad, as hard, as hore;
Which ne'rthelesse, did softly seeme to vade,
And grew farre shorter then it was before;
Ore which strange vermin pretty Paths had made,
Which there did still increase in needlesse store:
For, in those Places where men least frequent,
There vilest vermine are most resident.

¹ Reason begets in vs resolution to die coragiously.

² True loue deemes no paine intollerable endured for the beloued.

³ The description of the house of Time.

⁴ The vpper Crust of a Rocke vnfrequented.

(126)

About the groundsills of this hideous house
(Without) grew Nettles, ¹ Hemlocks, and the like ;
Mongst whom were Snakes and vermin venomous ;
Which vnawares the vnwarie foote do strike :
Within the Caue was nought for Natures vse,
Saue water, which ther leakt through many a creek :
Where nought was seene but Darknes, nought was
heard,
But holow Echoes, making Noise afeard.

(127)

Neere to this vncouth Caue is scituate
(As t'were a vault digg'd vnderneath the same)
The House of ² *Thanatus*, which all do hate ;
For, none came euer thence that thither came :
Then *Chronus* house its much more desolate ;
More deadly too, in nature, and in name :
For flesh doth faint, when but b' imagination
She ³ sees this fearefull vgly Habitation.

(128)

The Roofe whereof, with Sculles is seelèd quite ;
Whereon (in frets) hang shin-bones here and there :
The walls are hung with Mantles of the night ;
Which, all with vermine vile, imbrod' red were :
If it, through any Chinke, receiuèd light,
Twas ⁴ soone stopt vp with feet which it did beare :
It pauèd was with Ioynts and Knuckle bones,
Set in no order, but like scatt' red stones.

(129)

The Gate whereof is made of mans iust size,
Which yet receiues all ⁵ men that euer were ;
Vpon whose Pauement all flesh rotting lies ;
And, to the sense most ⁶ odious doth appeare :
For, here lie Armes, and there lie Legs, and Thies ;
Here rotten Teeth, and ragged Iaw-bones there ;
Within whose pores, the wormes do keep their hold
Vntill they all conuert to perfect mould.

(130)

No one here keepes this grim Lord company,
But sullen Silence, dust, and nastie mud ;
And, yet he seekes all mens societie,
For, still he feedeth on their flesh and bloud :
Hard at the Gate do mournfull ⁷ mourners crie,
And teare their haire too, like the Fury-brood :

¹ Noisome Plants produced from Mans more noisome offence.

² Death's house described.

³ The Graue is irkesome to flesh & blood.

⁴ If Graues open by reason of the earths hollownesse they
soone are closed againe with feete that treade on them.

⁵ The Graue and Destruction can neuer be full. Prou. 27.
20.

⁶ Nothing more noisome to the Nose and Eie then a rotten
Carcasse.

⁷ Friends of those that are in burying.

Which yet is neuer heard that house within,
For, *Thanatus* is ¹ deafe, and heares no din.

(131)

Rotten Corruption here doth reuell keepe ;
Where Worms (her Minions) out of mesure dance :
For, all about they trace, they turne, and creepe,
And merry make with Fleshes fowle mischance ;
Who all the while lies drown'd in puddle deepe,
As full of Soile, as full of Sufferance :
Where Irksomnesse sits on a dustie Throne,
As if he were Lord of that ² Earth alone.

(132)

For, Beauty comes no sooner to the Gate
Of this true earthly Hell, but she doth looke
As if she were in worse then damnd state ;
And all her Graces had her quite forsooke :
The Lures of Loue, here turne to Hoods of Hate ;
Hate that no Loue (though *Loue* it selfe) can brook :
For, ³ *Loue* it selfe, which once three days lay there,
Fled from the same as if it hatefull were.

(133)

Here ⁴ *Zijm* and *Jim* do loue alone to be,
(Grimme Desolations sterne Consociates)
The vale of Visions this doth seeme to me,
Where Sense may see what Sense quite ruins :
Whose Organs here, lie in varietie
Of transformation : which Sense deadly hates :
Where lie all Objects which the sight annoy,
Yet tis the ⁵ entrance to all griefe, or ioy.

(134)

Here Sense (saith Sense) lies in a Lethargie ;
Whose powres are quite suppress with Earth and Stones.
Here ⁶ Rest of Labour hath the victorie,
And, Sorrows here surcease their sighs and grones ;
Where lasting sleepe beguilles Calamitie :
For, Flesh feesles not, if rotten to the bones ;
This is the Lake, which Men most loathe, and yet
It is the *Lethe* where they griefe forget.

(135)

Downe a darke staire (the passage to the house)
On eu'ry step sits all the impes of Feare ;
Confronted with *Chymaraes* hideous,
Which maks all men to hate their comming there ;
Saue such as daily do that ⁷ passage vse.
And with feete-mortifide those steps do weare :
To them it seemes not strange, how euer strange,
Those Monsters do their vgly fashions change.

¹ No sense enjoyed in the Graue.

² The Earthly Carcasse.

³ Christ the Lord of Loue.

⁴ Isa. 34. 14.

⁵ Death is the beginning of ioy, or misery.

⁶ The graue is the rest of the restless.

⁷ The mortified in conseruation most familiar with Death.

(136)

The Elements, whereof all Flesh is made,
Do, with their ¹ Children, the foure Humors, lie
Confused there, in Deaths confused Shade,
That no Eie can the one from the other spie ;
But His that saw them ere they Being had,
On whom alone, they all do still rely :
This is the Picture of Not-beings Pit,
Where it doth seeme (but doth but seeme) to sit.

(137)

Sometimes, for pride, or praise, or both, some do
Bestow a stately ² Couer on this house ;
For, worldly pompe doth presse them thereunto,
To make the glorified more glorious ;
But *Chronus* spite that Couer doth ³ vndoe,
Which cannot brooke the pompe of *Thanatus* :
It is but vaine the dead to honour then,
With other honour then with Tongue, or Pen.

(138)

Hard at the doore of this confused den
Sit rau'nous Rauens, watching for their pray ;
Which doore if *Chronus* opes, they enter then,
And with the Relickes, there, they prey, or play :
This Roomes description, no Pen well can pen
But such as markes the measure of ⁴ Decay :
O ! tis a Heau'n to heare Hell well set forth,
And Heau'n, if ill describ'd seemes nothing worth.

(139)

The Rowme is little, this description great ;
And yet too little, for so great a Rowme,
Where all mankinde haue, and doe finde a Seate,
Vntill they haue recei'd their later doome :
Let ⁵ *Aletheia* then make it compleate ;
Sith all descriptions true, come from her wombe :
Suffizeth me to shew but eu'n a glaunce
Of *Thanatus* his Houses countenance.

(140)

The Porter of this Place (as erst was sed)
Is ⁶ hundred-headed *Nosus* ; much more sterne
Then Hells grim Porter, with his three fold head ;
The sight of whom made *Phusis* hart to yerne ;
But *Logus* said, she, by him, should be ⁷ led
The Lady *Aletheia* to discern :
In hope whereof she did the better brooke
The horror of his most detested looke.

(141)

Now, by this time, she was within his touch,
Who, to him trembling came submissiue ;

¹ The Humors are the Children of the Elements.
² Tombe or Pyramed.
³ Time ruines all monuments how euer subetantiall.
⁴ In a Graue lies the Anatomy of Ruine.
⁵ Truth. True descriptions are able to quicken things dead.
⁶ Sicknesse is manifold : for we are borne one way, and die an hundred waies.
⁷ Nature is led by Reason to the Knowledge of Truth.

And ¹ gaue him of her *Calor* (though not much)
That she might be the better vs'd thereby :
Nosus whom though diseases made to grutch,
Yet, through that *Calor* lookt more cheerefully :
And gently, with familiar aspect,
He opes the Gate, and strait did her direct.

(142)

For, he denieth passage vnto none
That makes ² much of him, or doth loue him well ;
But, had he well the Ladie *Phusis* knowne,
Perhaps he would haue bin to her more fell :
For, when she gaue him *Calor*, she did grone,
To think how soone he would the same ³ expell :
And, *Phusis* by no meanes can well endure,
That *Nosus* should her any ⁴ good procure.

(143)

But he to her is most officious,
He tenders her his guidance, and what not ?
But yet the ⁵ oddes twixt her and *Thanatus*,
(Although by Him t'was more then quite forgot)
Made Her entreate this Porter curteous,
To call that Ladie forth, whom *Chronus*, got :
And gaue him some more *Calor* in a Box,
Which gaue him strength to ope the Ladies Locks.

(144)

Herewith he went to *Aletheias* Bed,
Who ouer head and eares lay couer'd quite ;
And being naked, yet thus ⁶ couer'd,
He could not haue, of her, an open sight :
But, he aloofe his errand vtter'd ;
Wherewith she rose, yet came within the night :
For, she being naked Darkenes seeks to hide her ;
For, men without a mist haue seld espide her.

(145)

But, out she ⁷ (mask'd) comes to *Phusis* late,
Who knew her not, because she came conceal'd :
But, ask'd who she was, who did relate,
Both who, and what, and strait her selfe reueal'd :
It me behoues (quoth she) to hide my State,
For, most men haue with me like Monsters deal'd :
Who, like to deuills, authors of vntruth,
Would force erroneous sense into my mouth.

(146)

I goe thus mask'd (quoth she) sith men like fiends,
Of my destruction make no conscience :

¹ Gifts get fauour, but not with Death, or Sicknesse : sauing that Sicknes is the better borne by the gift of naturall heate.
² Who tenders sicknesse shall haue his company.
³ Sicknesse extinguisheth our vitall flame.
⁴ Nature cannot endure to be bettered by Sicknesse.
⁵ An inbred hate twixt Nature and Death.
⁶ Truth is hid with cloudes of mysteries that shew is hard to bee found.
⁷ Truth being masked we must vse the more diligence to discover her.

Statesmen seeke for me, but for subtil ends ;
Some Churchmen would haue me Non residence,
But where their pleasure, or their ¹ profit tends :
And, fond Philosophers peruert my sense :
Strong thieues, and Lawyers, wound my tender hart,
The one by force, the other by their art.

(148)

The Merchant and the slie Artificer
Will, for a penny profit, stifle me
With Falshoods cloake. The biting Vsurer
Doth vse me better, though but cruelly ;
And, hath a will to vse mee worse by farre,
So he a farthing might the better bee :
But, of all men, that seeme me most to paine,
Vpon poore ² Poets I can the least complaine.

(149)

For, though they hide me from the vulgar view,
With robes (as they suppose) that sumptuous be,
Yet giue they me my right, with more then due ;
As they best know, that haue best eies to see :
They are my friendly foes, false-louers true ;
Which hate, in shew, but do, indeed, loue me :
Whom I wil one day feed with more than praise,
Which Manna makes them look ³ leane now a days.

(150)

All those that Offices, by coine, come by,
(To come by coine, by buying Offices)
In Church or Common-weale, do me defie,
For interrupting their by-passages :
No, not so much as Somners but can spie
The way to wound me on aduantages ;
In summe, all sorts are resolute herein,
To loose me quite, so they thereby may winne.

(151)

Haue I not reason then, conceal'd to go,
To shunne these Helhounds, hauing me in chase ;
Who study, by all meanes, to worke my woe,
And with their craft transforme my constant face ?
I were vnlike my selfe, and mine owne foe,
If I went like my selfe in such a case :
By nature, I the Ignorant do hate ;
Then should I loathe, if I knew not my State.

(152)

But, wherefore *Phasis* art thou come to me ?
Who told thee where I lay ? how found'st me out ?
Thine eies are dimme, too ⁴ dimme me well to see ;
Then thogh thou see me, thou therof maist ⁵ doubt.

¹ Many of them measure truth by their present worldly profite.

² Poets which all men taxe for lying, doe least lie of any, the morall of their fictions considered.

³ Their soules abhorre that light foode, for feeding, it doth but famish.

⁴ Natures eies are dimd by Adams transgression.

⁵ Whether I be my selfe, or no, because every like is not the same.

Quoth *Phasis*, that full well I did foresee,
By *Logus*, therefore brought I this about ;
Who told me truly who, and where thou weart,
Whose sayings, touching thee, I kon'd by heart.

(153)

And I am come to thee for thine aduice,
Touching my children, who (as I am told
By my friend *Logus*) are in loue with Vice ;
Or rather to that strumpet they are sold :
Who, with faire ¹ words doth sweetly them intice
To thinke, and say, and do, but as she would :
Who, as its knowne to all that knoweth ought,
(In fine) doth bring her Louers all to nought.

(154)

They being bound to *Thanatus* his house,
Are bound likewise (ah woe is me) from thence
On the left hand, to the land tenebrous,
Whereas *Gehenna* holdes his residence ;
Which Monster, being more rauenous,
Will quite deuoure their Bodies, Soules, and Sense :
The manner of whose house, no tongue can tell,
But such as can describe the lowest Hell.

(155)

Heere, by the way, we will awhile digresse
To prosecute the rest of *Phasis* plaint,
When as we haue describ'd this little lesse
Then more then hell, which colours cannot paint :
For what so blacke as depth of all distresse,
Where vtter darknesse raignes without restraint :
Then sith we colours want, as all do see,
Our two light shadowes must excusèd bee.

(156)

There lie two waies from *Thanatus* his house,
(That still are two, sith they still disagree)
One on the right hand lies, scarce now in vse,
The other on the left vs'd commonly :
That, on the left, is full of all abuse,
And leades vnto a world of misery ;
Wherein *Gehennas* Hold is scituate
Which without ² Patterne, thus wee figurate.

(157)

³ A ruinous Rowme, whose bottom's most profound ;
A Pit infernall full of endlesse dole ;
⁴ A lothsome Lake where choaking damps abound ;
A dungeon deepe, a dreadfull darkesome hole,
Wher noight but howlings, shriks, and grons do sound,
And human flesh still makes a quenchlesse Cole :
The common Burse, where none but Bugs repaire,
An Harbor full of horror and despaire.

¹ Vices perwasions are most forcible with the Sons of Nature.

² Hell is much more horrible then can enter into the thought or vnderstanding.

³ An ample description of Hell.

⁴ Renel. so. 3.

(158)

Whose light is dark, which darke is ¹ palpable ;
Whose pleasur's ² paine, which pain no pen can tell :
Whose life is ³ death, which death is damnable :
Whose peace is ⁴ strife, which strife is discords well :
Whose ease is ⁵ toile, which toile vnthinkable :
Where most obedience, learnes most to ⁶ rebell :
Where all ⁷ confusion raignes in endlesse date,
In a tumultuous State-disord'ring State.

(159)

Where ⁸ toads, and vipers, snakes, and vermine vile,
(Whose hissings make an hellish harmony)
With slimie gleere, the place do cleane defile,
Swimming in Suddes of all sordiditie,
While one on others backe themselves they pile
To touch the top of toplesse misery :
Where heate, and coldnes, are in their extreames,
And frozen harts do floate in sulphred streames.

(160)

The wals are hung with Cobwebs, which containe
Soule-catching hellhounds, clad in Spiders shape ;
The Roofe, of burning Brasse, which droppes like raine ;
From which no one below could ere escape :
The pauement's ful of groundlesse gulfes of paine,
Which thogh they stil deuoure, they stil do ⁹ gape ;
Whose glowing Mawes cannot ¹⁰ concoct the meate
Which there lies boiling in an hell of heate.

(161)

Here, weeping warbleth notes that anguish show ;
And ¹¹ gnashing Teeth tunes Iigges vntuning ioy ;
Here, Seas of ¹² boiling Lead their Bounds oreflow,
To make a boundlesse deluge of annoy :
The Sands whereof the Soules orewhelm'd with woe ;
Which thogh deströid, yet death cannot destroy :
For, endlesse ¹³ lords of death still life do giue
To those that in that death there still do liue.

(162)

From whose wide open Throats great flames they cast ;
Which thunder forth with sense-confounding noise ;
The din whereof makes Horrors heart agast,
Which in that den no other blisse enioyes :
Such Gall of Gall affords no better tast,
Which stil doth feed, with that which stil annoyes :
Such boistrous Bugs can yeeld no other glee,
But mirth is mone whereas such Monsters be.

¹ Matth : 8. 12, and 25. 30. Iob 10. 21. 22. ² Isai : 30. 33.
³ Reue : 20. 14. ⁴ Reue : 16. 11.
⁵ Marke : 9. 44. 48. Isa : 66. 24. ⁶ Reue : 16. 11.
⁷ Reuel. 6. 8. ⁸ Reue. 16. 13.

⁹ Hell and the Graue are insatiable.

¹⁰ The damned still are dying, and neuer dead.

¹¹ Math. 24. 31.

¹² And men boiled in great heate, and blasphemed the name
of God which hath power ouer these plagues, and they repented
not to giue him glory. Reuel. 16. 9.

¹³ Demills.

(163)

Whose foul blasphemous mouths are fraught with spite,
That boils with heate of baneful poison there ;
Which spite they ¹ spit against the Cause of Light.
Such is the enuy which to It they beare :
And from their glowing eies fle sparkles bright,
As they no eies but *Vulcans* Forges were :
The sight whereof the sight doth so annoy,
As thogh that sight that sense wold quite destroy.

(164)

Imagine now you see (as there is scene)
Millions of Legions of this foule mouth'd crue,
With fangs more huge than Elephants, more keene
Then Crocadiles chiefe grinders, to pursue
Soules diuing in those ² deepes to be vnscene ;
Which, ouergorg'd, them vp againe do spue :
When these dogs watch to take them in the rise,
With teeth to teare, and feare them with their cries.

(165)

Here may you see a Goblin, grisly grim,
(With hooke and line) stand fishing for a Soule ;
Which, in those boiling ³ Seas, do sinking swim ;
Baiting their hooks with Salamanders foule :
Which, being hang'd he hales it to the brim,
And, all the while, as hunger-band, doth howle :
Which fingred, forthwith, in the diuells name,
In go the fangs, that inch-meale teare the same.

(166)

Then others watch (as Spiders for a Flie)
In obscure Nookes, to catch a flying Ghost ;
That to those nookes to hide it selfe, doth fle ;
Which caught, they binde it, lest it should be lost,
And, to their webs of woe, with ioy they hie ;
Where the poore Soule is still in torment tost :
In whom they all their deadly poison ⁴ poure
Which more then kills them, sith they it endure.

(167)

Now, sullen Silence raignes as all were dead,
Then, sodainely a world of Clamor rings ;
Whereby the much more horror still is bred ;
For, sodaine feare with it most horror brings.
No heart so heauie as the hart of Lead ;
Yet sodaine feare doth start it when it Stings.
The Lightnings flash doth ⁵ feare more than the flame,
That stil is scene, and stil is scene the same.

(168)

Heere, in a Chimney, all of burning Bricks,
Sith Grimmesse, and a red-hote Spilt doth turne ;
Whereon a humane Creature ⁶ melting, stickes ;
Whose grease doth make the fire the more to burn ;

¹ Reuel : 16. 9. ² Reuel : 20. 3. ³ Reuel : 20. 10.

⁴ So fares the Flie with the Spider.

⁵ The light of Lightning is much more horrible then comfortable.

⁶ Reuel. 17. 16.

Which Turne-spit, oft, his filthy fingers lickes,
And, with this liquor, doth his lippes adorne;
Basting the roast with what more torment giues,
Whiles the poore Creature dies, because he liues.

(169)

But, that which is most horrid to be heard,
But much more hatefull to be felt, or seene;
These Cookes oft gash their¹ flesh, to interlard
The same with sulphure, with woe waxen leane:
Lest the soft marrow the hard bone should guard,
From feeling woes incomparable keene:
So bone, and marrow, sinew, nerue, and vaine
Do there endure paines, farre exceeding paine!

(170)

²In other Coasts of this infernall Realme;
(Confusions Land, *Gehennas* lording place
True Antitype of new *Ierusalem*)
It freezeth flesh, which pines in staruing case;
Where, some do, naked, sticked amidst a streame
To yce congeal'd; whom cold winds freeze apace:
Yet draw they breath, more cold then coldest frost,
To freeze their intralls, and congeale their ghost.

(171)

If any spit (for rheums cold places breede)
Its blowne, in Ice-cicle, into their face:
For, those keene winds do forthwith do the deede,
And³ haile, of drops, make in a moments space:
On ycie morsells there the mouth must feede,
Sith mouths to ycie morsells turne apace:
Here is cold comfort where is nought but cold,
That all congeales, on which it taketh hold.

(172)

Here some (but new arriu'd) while blood is warme,
Attempt, by motion so to keep the same;
But strait they cannot stirre, nor Leg, nor Arme;
For, in the offer, they freeze stiffe, and lame:
Yet hold they vitall heate (the more their harme)
For Ice, like Oile, doth feede their vitall flame:
If such a foe to life, as such a cold
Keepes life in being, life hath hatefull hold.

(173)

Who are so madde with paine that they do crie,
Oh what is this we feele! we feele, O what!
Is't limbes of Flesh that brooke this agony?
All they haue rag'd with paine; but this, to that
Is like the Ocean to a fountaine drie:
This flesh, nerues, ioynts, once Racks did lacerate,
Yet that with this compar'd, was heau'n to Hell:
O what is this we feele? Sense die, or tell.

¹ Flesh of the tormented.

² A prudent man seeth the plague, and hideth himselfe: but
a foole goeth on still, and is punished. Prou. 22. 3. *Frigida*
Gehenna.

³ Reuel. 16. 22.

(174)

It's but a moment since we hither came,
Yet feele what paine Eternity inflicts;
And though eternally we feele the same,
Yet vs with what we ne'r felt it afflicts:
Proteus-like still paines new fashons frame;
And one another euer interdicts:
Is this the Soule we thought with flesh should die,
Which feeles these mortall plagues immortally?

(175)

Here, some with hands fast frozen to their mouth,
Do seeke to thaw them with their warmest breath;
But lo, the¹ frost that breath so fast pursuth,
That it doth freeze in coming from beneath:
So, hand and mouth thereby the faster growth;
Yet liue they still, though frozen quite to death:
For, like to Alabaster Tombs they stand,
Frozen to death, yet liue at Deaths command.

(176)

Here, boistrous Bugbeares do at foot-ball play
With a still-tost and tumbled groning Ghost,
So catch them heat; which done, they dance the Hay
About it (breathlesse) being ouer-tost;
So, with transmuted formes, it to dismay
With feare that may afflict the seeing most:
While that poore Soule lies panting like an Hare,
Among foule hounds that seeke the same to share.

(177)

Now *Matacheyns* they daunce with visage grim,
And at ech change they change their horrid shapes:
And at ech turne, they torture life and limb
Of this tormented Soule, that, gasping gapes,
As if the Ghost were yeelding at the brim
Of deepe Not-beings Pit; which yet it scapes:
At point of death to liue immortally,
Is still to liue, and liuing, still to die!

(178)

Now comes a chased Ghost that flies, for life,
Before a foule-mouth'd crie of hellish hounds;
And being caught, twixt them is deadly strife,
Which of them all shall giue it deadliest wounds:
Each of whose teeth is like a Hangmans knife,
Which torments, if not utterly confounds:
O! thinke then what an hell of feare that hart
Must hold, that such infernall Hounds do start.

(179)

Here winds, that whistle while they freezing are,
(As if they merry were for freezing so)
Bring, with their working, pitchy clouds of Care,
Wherewith they are involu'd that thither go;

¹ Reuel. 16. 22.

Rewarde her as she hath rewarded you, and giue her double,
according to her workes: and in the Cuppe which shee hath
filled to you, fill her the double. Reuel: 17. 6.

Those biting frosts do, there make all things bare,
Which make the same a naked world of woe :
Where nought but nipping frosts are felt and scene,
Ne'r-vading griefes do flourish euer greene.

(180)

¹ Here stands a Fowler, fowle, with Nets of Wire,
To take a flight of Soules that staruing flee ;
Late fled from where they neuer can retire ;
So, when in that fast-holding Net they bee,
² He dragges them to the frost, or to the fire,
Where either are in the extreame'st degree :
This is the welcome which they first receaue,
That of their life mis-spent haue tane their leaue.

(181)

This flight thus caught, the Legions of the North,
Fill all those Regions with their hellish boules :
And, with their vglieft formes, come roaring forth
To share among them those feare-shaken Soules :
The ³ worthiest takes the Soule of smallest worth
To execute thereon the greatest doles.
Quake flesh to heare what fraile flesh heere doth feele,
For endlesse plagues turne here still like a ⁴ wheele.

(182)

Here may you see, for anguish, some to tear
Their ⁵ flesh from bones, they bones and flesh to gnaw
That so they may no more those torments beare,
Which make them burst, with choler, in their Maw :
Some grate their ⁶ teeth, as teeth they grinding were,
To cut the flesh which they before did saw :
And all, and some, are so with tortures tir'd,
That they seeme quietst, when they most are fir'd.

(183)

Here Bugs bestirre them, with a bellowing rore,
As at a Scamble we see Boyes to sturre,
Who for Soules scramble on a glowing flore ;
Biting and scratching, like the Cat and Curre ;
Whiles with their Talons they their prey do gore,
And thogh they striue, they do ⁷ therein concur :
Within whose gripes the Soule, in silence grones,
For feare of feeling thousand hells at once.

(184)

Here in a corner sits an vgly Forme
That on the matter of a liuing Corse
Finds matter of much mirth ; which is t'informe
Himselfe of all the sinews, and their force ;
Who with a knife the flesh doth all deforme,
To pull out nerues and sinews in their course :

¹ Deliver thy selfe as a Doe from the hand of the hunter, and as a Bird from the hand of the Fowler. Prou. 6. 5.

² They shall passe from the waters of the snow to ouer much heate. Iob.

³ The greater the diuelt the worse.

⁴ Psal. 83. 13.

⁵ And they gnawed their tongues for sorrow. Reu. 16. 10.

⁶ Math. 24. 51.

⁷ In tormenting.

Which like strings, broken, hanging at a Lute ;
So hang these nerues the Body all about.

(185)

Here may you see some others driuing nailes
Vnder the nailes of endlesse sorrowes slaues ;
Some others, threshing them (like flax) with flailles ;
Then moow them vp, in groundlesse ¹ gulfs by thraues :
Some playing on their hart-strings with their nailes ;
Some others, broaching them on ragged staues ;
And all and some more busie farre then Bees,
To gather hony from the gall of these.

(186)

If Paine her vtmost pow'r awhile forbear,
(As seld she doth ; for, there she's still in force)
It is suppl'd with feare, surmounting feare,
For loe, in Azur'd flames, with voices hoarse,
Farre off approaching grisly Formes appeare,
Which feare far off ; and neare at hand, much worse :
For, Fantasie with paine is more orecome,
When it is comming, then when it is come.

(187)

And all about in darknesse, ² thicke as darke ;
Are scene to shine (like Glowworms) vgly cles ;
Which (like a Partridge sprong) ech soule do mark ;
So that to scape no Soules pow'r can deuise :
For should they mount, (as doth the nimble Lark)
A gastly Griphon doth them strait surprise :
Or should they sincke into Pits bottomlesse,
There shuld they meet the like with like distresse.

(188)

In mortall life (though mortall be mens woes)
Three things their vtmost rage do qualifie ;
That's Comfort, Hope, and Rest ; but, none of those
Come neare this place of paines ³ extremity :
Mens Rackers, here, being tir'd, do let them loose ;
But, they are Sprites that men, there crucifie ;
Who can endure all labour, without paine,
While they do Sprites (that is for ere) remaine.

(189)

But, if mens plaguers here immortall were
And were of pow'r vntir'd, to plague them still,
Yet would they them, yer long, to nothing ⁴ weare ;
Or them with lacerating torments kill ;
But all, so plagu'd, are made immortall there,
Who thogh they stil are spoil'd yet noght can spill :
Then thogh Time wears that on Time doth depend
Yet they weare not, for Time doth them attend.

¹ Reuel. 20. 3.

² Matth. 8. 12.

³ The paines of the damned are without end, meane or measure.

⁴ Nothing in this world that is violent is permanent.

(190)

Yea, thogh their Plaguers and themselues were ¹ such
Yet in this life, the Instruments of paine
To nought would waste, with vsing long, and much
But, that same fire ² Lake doth still remaine,
Which though it quite confounds, but with a tuch,
Yet, it confounds but to torment againe :
And lest the fire should out, prepar'd there is,
A Sea of ³ Sulphure, which still feedeth this.

(191)

These present paines the Wit do (pining) waste ;
But those to come the Will do matire most :
The Memory is plagu'd with pleasures ⁴ past,
And Vnderstanding with the pleasures ⁵ lost :
Which on the Soule the Soule of ⁶ Sorrowes cast ;
For endles Ioyes to lose, crosse-wounds our Ghost :
To haue bin well, doth but encrease our curse
But, to lose endlesse, being well, is worse,

(192)

Then what remains to ease the wounded ⁷ spright,
When *Hope*, that keeps it ⁸ whole becomes *Dispaire* :
For, in that dungeon of eternall night
That most doth ruine, that should most repaire :
For Immortalitie right good, by right,
The Soule and Bodies powres doth most impaire :
Then hauing but one ⁹ good thing naturall,
Yet that made worse than Ill, how ill is All,

(193)

There, raignes what not ? (that is not to be told
With tong nor ¹⁰ pen) that sense afflicts with grieffe ;
There is Perditions home, Damnnations Hold ;
Which giues death life, and death, giues life reliefe :
It is the vtmost reach of Hot and Cold,
And of Dispaire the habitation chiefe :
In summe, it is the summe of all distresse,
Which subdiuided makes it nothing lesse.

(194)

These are *Gehennas* Comforts ; these are they
That still associate those that thither go :
This is the place of that fell Monsters stay ;
The place where paine is infinite in woe :
The way thereto is ¹¹ plaine, broad, greene, and gay,
All strew'd with floures, to tice men thither so :
All which to *Phasis* erst by *Logus*, told,
On *Aletheia* made her fasten hold.

¹ Immortall.² Reuel : 19. 20.³ Isay 30. 33.⁴ In this world.⁵ In heauen.⁶ The more our losse, the more is our grieffe.⁷ The spirit of a man will sustaine his infirmity, but a wounded spirit, who can beare it ? Pro : 18. 14.⁸ Were not for Hope, Heart would breake.⁹ Immortalitie naturally is good.¹⁰ The paine of the damned are as great as the wisdom of the Creator could deuise, which is infinite and vntterable.¹¹ The way to Hell is heavenly in shew.

(195)

Now to returne to *Phasis*, and her plaint,
Quoth she (and her embraced all the while)
Deere *Aletheia*, help me for I faint ;
To thinke my Sonnes are neere this monster vile ;
Who, with his tuske, will teare, and all to taint
Their tender flesh, which filthy Lusts defile :
Which to preuent, I faine would learne of thee,
For, thou best know'st what's best for them, and mee.

(196)

And, for I know thou canst aright perswade,
For all thy words are held in ¹ reuerence ;
I thee beseech from Vice them to dissuade,
And from this land ; sith none ² returns from thence :
O bid them leaue their idle wandring Trade,
And tell them of this inconuenience :
Go, Lady go, the way thou canst not misse,
To all their homes, and tel them home of this.

(197)

I would (quoth *Aletheia*) gladly goe
But that, I feare, they will entreate me ill
For *Logus* sake (neare ³ kin to me, they know)
But thy desire I will herein fulfill :
For I will go, though I my selfe forgoe
To bar their course, and breake them of their will :
For, life is wonne, though lost, in those Assaies
Wherein the loser gaines immortal praise.

(198)

Go gracious Ladie, ⁴ glory be thy guide
(Quoth Lady *Phasis*, to this hardy Dame)
And I meane while, will at this Gate abide,
With my friend ⁵ *Narus*, Porter to the Same.
So, on this iourney *Aletheia* hi'd,
For, she, though wounded oft, was neuer lame.
In all her Actions shee's most vpright still,
For, shee will neuer halt, how euer ill.

(199)

This while sate *Phasis* at this narrow dore,
Talking with *Logus*, who came to ⁶ her there ;
Because she did as he her will'd before ;
Who told him all her hope, and all her feare ;
How *Aletheia* did her case deplore,
And went to schoole her Children eu'ry where :
For, Hearts are eas'd when Tonges vnfold at large,
The griefes, or Ioyes, which do them ouercharge.

¹ All the Earth calleth for Truth, and the Heauen bleaseth it, and all things are shaken, and tremble, neither is there any viust thing in it. 1 Esdr. 4. 36.² In Hell is no redemption.³ Truth and Reason neare of kinne.⁴ Truth is the strength, and kingdom and the power, and maiestie of all ages. 1 Esdr. 4. 40.⁵ Nature is greatly griued till her Sonnes be reformed.⁶ Reason doth cheere the heauinesse of our nature in case of distresse.

(200)

Logus her course, herein did much commend ;
And cheer'd her as she could, with heu'nly words :
Praid her, with ¹ patience to expect the end ;
And comfort eu'ry way to her affords,
Strengthening her hope that now her sons might mend ;
Sith *Aletheia*²'s sayings would (like swords)
Subdue all ranke rebellion of the sense ;
For, pow'refull words winne more then violence.

(201)

They had not thus sate reas'ning there awhile,
But *Aletheia* they farre off might see
Flying to them-wards ouer stoppe and Stile,
Of looking backe, as those that chasèd bee ;
Then wel they knew hope did their hopes beguile,
Which they, til they had tri'd, could not ³ foresee :
For, that which is contingent who doth kno,
Are onely wise, and none but ⁴ ONE is so.

(202)

But comming neere them (almost breathlesse quite)
She, panting, told them (windlesse as she could)
How she had bin (by vertue of her might)
About the whole world, and, with courage bold,
(For which, she said, she was in painefull plight)
All *Phusis* children of their ⁵ errors told :
To whom (quoth she) in diuerse formes I came,
Yet kept my ⁶ nature, though I chang'd my name.

(203)

Some tooke me for grosse Errors, some for mad ;
Some, superstitious ; some, hereticall :
Some, for Deceit ; and some, for Vice, as bad :
Presumptuous some ; some hypocriticall :
But the ⁷ most part, most malice to me had ;
For they, at first sight, draue me to the wall :
Some seem'd to take my part with Tooth and Nalle,
That did (indeed) me most of all assaile.

(204)

The Curious rent my Maske to see my face ;
The Prowd, orelookt, nay, troade me vnderfecte,
The Learned, grac'd themselues with my disgrace,
Th' vnlearn'd (graueld) filld my mouth with ⁸ Greet ;
Which made me faine, to speake as one in chase,
So, all I met withall, with me did meete ;
Truth gets but hate, but Adulation loue :
That this is truth, vnto my paine I proue.

¹ Patience a daughter of the Heauens, the best companion of a forlorne fortune.

² Contingent accidents are hid from the eie of Reason.

³ God.

⁴ Reprehension vnwelcome to all resolute in euill.

⁵ Truth is like herselfe in vnlike subiects.

⁶ This guileful world is mortall enemy to Truth.

⁷ Made Truth to speak most for the maintenaunce of earthly matters &c.

(205)

So, when I saw the perill I was in,
Away I fled, thus ¹ wounded as you see ;
I held it base to keepe vnscar'd my skin,
Sith mine aduenture might bring ease to thee :
But *Phusis*, this I did thy loue to win,
Whom I do loue, how ere thou louest me :
No dearer loue can Loue bewray then this,
'To venture that, for Loue, that dearest is.

(206)

Ah, woe is me (quoth *Phusis*) that thou shouldst
For my poore Loue (which thou dost well deserue)
Venture that Iewell, which thou dearest holdst,
Yet that rare ² hazard not my turne to serue :
Thy will I see, in that I see thou wouldst
Venture thy life my sonnes liues to preserue :
And that thou should for that be wounded so,
And they the worse for that, the worse my woe.

(207)

Can neither Cauents of Mortalltie,
(Which flow from thy mouth with almightie force)
Nor my perswasions, more then motherly,
Giue them some feeling of their senselesse course ?
Are their ³ Soules scarèd with impiety,
That they for it, therein, feele no remorse ?
Then what shall I a woefull mother do,
But wish I *Were* not, and my children too ?

(208)

But what, I pray, did Princes say to thee,
When thou did'st mind them, that they once must die ?
They said, and therewith stabb'd at me (quoth she)
I, like a deuill, in my Throate did lie :
These, of all others, most I sought to ⁴ flee ;
And yet I ⁵ honor roiall Maiestie :
Without my hand sustaine, Thrones reeling stand ;
For all staid Thrones are staid by my hand.

(209)

And how (quoth *Phusis*) doe the Iudges liue ?
Many of them (replied she) doom'd me death,
Because I would not as did others giue
Them golden ⁶ Scabberds, Iustice sword to sheath.
How Lawyers ? They by others losses thrive,
And oft (quoth she) on all sides sell their breath,

¹ The wine is wicked, the King is wicked, women are wicked, and all the children of men are wicked, and al their wicked workes are such, and there is no truth in them, but they perish in their iniquitie, But Truth doth abide, and is strong for euer and liueth and reigneth for euer and euer. 1 Esdr. 4. 37, 38.

² Truth is in extreame perill of deprauation among the vn-cleane.

³ The Soule that hath no feeling of sin is dead in sin.

⁴ They that lacke least worldly things most lacke friends that will tell them the trueth.

⁵ Veritie and Iustice supports the Thrones of Princes.

⁶ Euer since *Astrea* forooke th' earth whosoer offers Iustice a golden Scabberd she will sheathe her sword therein.

Physitions how? They reason doubtfully
Till Fees they finger past recouery.

(210)

Poore Poets how? while they quoth she do fill
The world with Fables, feed themselves with hopes
More fabulous: so hold they but at will
Their teame of life, of some great¹ Lord that opes
His mouth, more then his Purse, their Eares to fill
More then their Mawes; which greedie Famine grops:
Whose biting stomachs still do stomach it,
The while they starue for want of wealth and wit.

(211)

Ah these deere Harts I pittie in my hart,
Who liue by sweet² Lines, which do end their life;
For to liue long, they hang themselves by Arte;
Or kill themselves with sharp Inuentions knife:
Sith they, to liue, thus die, without desart,
Long may they liue where glorie is more rife:
For greater glory no flesh can attaine,
Thē die for glorie, so to liue againe.

(212)

And doe my sonnes (quoth *Phusis*) fare but thus?
O then aduise me (Lady) what to doe:
Who said, sith they no better are for vs,
Thou must³ *Astrea* (my deere Sister) wooe
To rule them with the Rod of *Summunius*,
Before themselves they utterly vndoe:
And wooe thy selfe to take it patiently,
For, better thou shouldst beare, then they shuld die.

(213)

For, if she rule them not when wilde they bee,
She will orerule them being truly tam'd:
If in their life, she doe not them oresee,
She, in their death, will see thay shalbe damn'd:
Thogh she be blind, she with mine⁴ Eies doth see,
And I doe see how life and death are fram'd:
And thus, the best aduice that I can giue,
Is them to mortifie, that they may liue.

(214)

Which hauing said, she *Logus* with her tooke
(To dresse her wounds) and hi'd her to her Bed;
So *Phusis*, being of them both forsooke,
Sate at the doore of *Thanatus*, neere dead,
And fell asleepe till *Logus* her awooke,
Who came againe to her as if he fled:

¹ That life is worse then death that depends on a misters pleasure.

² Immortall lines in Poesie, are worse then mortall lines that end our misery: for the first make vs labour for our trauell, the last make vs labor for heauen, if wee die well.

³ Iustice.

⁴ Iustice sees with Truths eies.

Whom when she saw her hart receiued cheare
And in her face the same did soone¹ appeare.

(215)

Logus aduis'd her strait to take aduice
Of *Thanatus*, and *Chronus*, what to do:
Which to performe, she seem'd somewhat nice,
Because she thought they sought her to² vndoo:
Yet, her loue to her Sonnes did her entice,
Her enemies, in this behalfe, to woo:
And thus resolu'd, she boldly rush'd in
Those Gates, which erst to her had fearefull bin.

(216)

Whose slippery thresholds had neere made her fall
Into the Lake of *Lethe*, hard at hand;
But *Logus* held her vp; yet therewithall
She grew so fearefull, that she scarce could stand;
But held by *Logus*, and a³ lomy Wall:
Then *Logus* her besought (that might command)
That she no more that passage should attempt,
For, tis no good the Fates too much to tempt.

(217)

But I (quoth she) will *Chronus* call outright:
Who forthwith came, on her sweet sounding call;
Holpe by two wings, one⁴ blacke, the other white:
And in his hande a Sithe, to cut downe All:
Who seem'd behind but low, and⁵ poore in plight;
But yet before most pretious, trimme and tall:
Thus came he forth, and to these Ladies said,
Who calls? and spake with motion most⁶ vnstaid.

(218)

T'was I, quoth *Logus*, know'st thou not my voice?
Or wilt not, sith thou wilt become vnkinde?
The time hath⁷ bin when It did thee reioice;
Though now (it seemes) to thee it seemes but wind:
Will be vnconstant, so to change thy Choice?
And shall I⁸ making thee, thee fickle find?
But, if I shall, of this thou shalt be sure
Thou shalt the lesser while, for that⁹ endure.

(219)

Thus *Logus* *Chronus* did reprove, because
He would not know that voice which wel he knew;
But, *Chronus* he himselfe, from them, withdrawes;
As one that fear'd worse chiding to ensue:

¹ The countenance bewraies how the heart is affected.

² Time and Death enemies to Nature.

³ Body of clay.

⁴ Day and night are the wings of Time.

⁵ When men die, their yeres seeme but so many daies and before they dy all their dayes so many yeres: The time future seems long but that past, extream short.

⁶ Time's ever in motion.

⁷ Before mans fall.

⁸ Time, made by God, the fountaine of Reason.

⁹ Iniquitie shall shorten times continuance.

But, *Logus* bade him stay, or shew a cause,
Which ¹ shews to *Logus* are all onely due ;
Without whose help, old *Chronus* doth but dote,
And cannot sing or say, right Word, or Note.

(220)

On this Injunction, *Chronus* mute did stand ;
Yet stood as one that still on ² Thornes had stood ;
While *Logus* seem'd his seruice to command.
And gaue his Tongue ³ powre to be vnderstood :
Quoth he, let *Phusis* haue thy helping hand,
To make, if so thou canst, her children good :
For, they that hurt must heale, or make amends,
Then (hurting them) on thee their help depends.

(221)

Here *Phusis*, hearing how he thus was chid,
Was at the point, at him, likewise to ⁴ raile,
But *Logus* bade her (in her Eare) take heede :
For, faire words wold with *Chronus* most preuaile :
Wherewith her headstrong Will she bridle did,
For *Logus* loue, and for her sonnes auaille :
But yet she said, he did great hauocke make
Of her deere children, in that *Lethe* Lake.

(222)

In which respect she meekly him besought
(By way of satisfaction) that he would
Preuent her Children going all to nought ;
And with ⁵ Examples, them from that withhold :
For I their Mother (quoth she) still haue sought
To make them liue as toward children should :
And if they perish, it shall be their blame,
For, Ile leaue nought vnsought, to let the same.

(223)

I will, quoth *Chronus* ; and away he flew ;
And, in one instant, made (the world throughout)
Babes, youths : youths, Men : Men, Old : Old, Babes
anew !

Phusis, mean while, with *Logus* talkt, about
The hope she had that *Chronus* would subdue
Her Sonnes to *Logus* rule ; which he did doubt :
For no man of a rationall discourse
Can thinke thei'l mend that still waxe worse and worse.

(224)

While thus they talkt, they on the sodaine saw
Chronus, vpon his wings, returning fast ;
Which in her smoothest hope did make a flaw ;
For, so he fled as he had beene agast :
What newes quoth she as he neere them did draw,
Fearing, ere she had spoke, he would be past :
What do my Children ? *Chronus* say, Oh what ?
Speake, speake, O speake, I ⁶ long to heare of that.

¹ Reasons are yielded by Reasons.

² Still mouing.

³ The office of Reason.

⁴ Our Nature is apt to insult vpon the least incouragement.

⁵ A forcible meane to reduce euill to good.

⁶ Euery moment seemes an Age to one that longs to heare that which his soule desires to know.

(225)

They are (quoth he) I know not what to say,
Following their pleasures ; and, do thinke of nought
But how they may shift me with ease away ;
Yet I thereby the sooner them haue caught :
O what a world it is to see them play
(Like Apes) with each vaine ¹ toy too ² deere bought :
He is no man that cannot do ; what not ?
That wise men neuer knew, or haue forgot.

(226)

Ay me therefore (quoth she) but didst not thou
With thy Sithe menace them, to manage them ?
Didst thou not tell them thou their Backs wouldst bow,
And that this mortall life is but a ³ dreame ?
Oh ! couldst thou not, with all this, cast them low
To mount them more to high Ierusalem ?
What haue they Sense, and cannot vse the Same,
That haue no kinde of sense of sinne and shame ?

(227)

When night was come (quoth he) I told ech one
The day was past : and when the Sabbath came,
I said a weeke was fully past, and gone :
A month expir'd, I ⁴ told them of the same :
And when the Sun his compleate course had run,
I said a yeare was past, and spent, with shame :
But, they that take delight to runne awrie,
Learne so to runne by *Sols* ⁵ course in the Skie.

(228)

In Childhood, I did teach ; in Youth, did threat :
In Manhood, I reprooued : and in Age
With their own bones, their bones I sore did beat :
And in Decrepitenesse, I worse did rage ;
For, I did euen quench their vitall heat :
And to the gripes of death did them engage.
Yet for all this, they worse and worse became,
Still spoiling me, till them I ⁶ ouercame.

(229)

What life then do my Yonglings liue (quoth she ?)
The life said he of wanton skipping Roes ;
What the yongmen ? Of Goates, in Lecherie :
And what men grown ? Of Cocks prowd, prone to bloes :
What aged men ? Of wolues that greedy be :
And what old Age ? Of crafty Foxes those :
But, most of all, do most of all transgresse,
And ⁷ all, and some offend, some more, some lesse

¹ Foolishnesse is ioy to him that is destitute of vnderstanding
&c. Prou. 15. 21.

² Vanitie holdeth nothing too deere, for things nere so worth-
lesse that may any way tend to her pleasure.

³ Iob 7. 6.

⁴ No warning will preuaile with the wilfull.

⁵ The Sunne runnes an oblique course in the heauens which
measures time, and in time men learne to do amisse.

⁶ Men lewdly liuing make a spoile of time, till Time Spoile
them.

⁷ The vices familiar with our natures in the seuerall ages of
our life. There is none that doth good, no not one. Psal. 17.

(230)

Ah out alas (cride she) what then remains
To me, or them, but miserable woe?
But, I will trie if yet my care and paines,
Can moue them their wrong courses to forgoe:
Logus and ¹ *Chronus* to you it pertaines
To take my part herein, as friends should doe:
Not I (quoth *Logus*) for against their will
I can saue none, that long themselves to Spill.

(231)

So *Logus* left them, and away he hide
To seeke *Astrea* (who, the earth had ² left)
That she of *Phusis* sonnes might take the guide;
While *Phusis* ranne about (of *Logus* left)
And on her sonnes, with tragicke voice, she cri'd
Pitty, O pitty, me, she cri'd eft:
Griefe wanting vent, the Heart (tormented) breaks,
And Paines not sad, while she at pleasure speakes.

(232)

Whereat *Poliphagus* (whose hearing was
All for the Belly) said, me thinke I heare
(Yet Eares the Belly ³ wants, but let them passe)
The voice of *Phusis*, our kind mother deare:
The other two said, How comes this to passe
That she is come? wherewith she did appeare,
And to them said, Deere Sonnes, how do ye fare?
Exceeding well quoth they and frolicke are.

(233)

But do ye not consider (Sonnes) quoth she
How neere ye are to be deuor'd quite
By that *Gekenna*, which I loathe to see,
(Damn'd hellish monster, headsmen of Delight)
Except you change your course, and warle bee
To shunne him and his hardly ⁴ shunn'd spight?
For, that spits's hardly shun'd that hath both force
And will, to make her Object worse and worse.

(234)

Alas (quoth they) we liue, as liue we should,
Prolonging ⁵ Life with lifes immunities;
Except the ouerthrow thereof you would,
Do not ⁶ perswade vs to liue otherwise:
What though our Soules to pleasure quite are sold,
Are they not sold thereby to ⁷ Paradise?
The Sale is good, as Reasons law maintaines,
When both the Buyer and the Seller gaines.

¹ In time, by reason, and experience wee reforme our maners,
if we be not vtterly void of grace.

² Leaning her last footsteps among the men which now are
least acquainted with her or her steps, viz., Husbandmen.

³ *Venter auribus caret.* No gracelesse wretch is so vn-
naturall but knowes the voice, and law of nature because it is
written in all mens hearts.

⁴ Sathan winnoweth vs like wheate. Luke 21. 31.

⁵ They liue ill that thinke to liue for euer.

⁶ It is an abomination to fooles to depart from euill. Prou.
13. 19.

⁷ To haue heauen in this life is to hold hell in the other.

(235)

Phusis (too fond, as too kinde Mothers are)
Seeing them well (for well they seeme to be
That liue, how euer ill, without all care)
Was ¹ pleas'd with what she did both heare and see;
Who said, that *Logus* sed, they ill did fare,
And were in more then mortall leoperdy:
But sith she saw they were in perfect plight,
She would (she said) partake of their delight.

(236)

Indeed (quoth they) that solemne ² Sage we saw;
Who (algates) would haue drawne vs from our sports:
But, whilst he drew vs, we made him withdraw
Himselfe from vs, with many mortall ³ hurts:
He would (forsooth) haue had vs keepe his Law;
And done our Suite and Seruice to his Courts:
Then, sith he would needs Lord it ouer vs,
We as free men haue serued his Lordship thus.

(237)

Would that (quoth she) ye had forborne, because
Many obey him that do rule aright;
For Equitie doth limit all his Lawes,
And they are held for mad, that with him fight:
Hereat, as loath t' offend, she made a pawse:
For, in their Fronts she saw the face of ⁴ night:
When men looke blacke, then if you peace desire,
Looke white, for Blacknesse is the child of fire.

(238)

Here, with a smiling and indulgent looke,
(To change their sowre look with looks more then sweet)
She told them *Aletkeia* vnderooke
To shew them what was for their safetie meet:
For, her (quoth they) we neuer yet forsooke,
Because we neuer yet with her did ⁵ meet:
Yet haue we heard that she is too precise,
To liue with vs in Pleasures Paradise.

(239)

But doubtlesse (quoth she) *Chronus* was with you;
What said he to you? what was his aduice?
He to and fro (quoth they) about vs flew,
Yet to stay with vs seem'd more then nice:
He ⁶ coldly sought our lusts heate to subdue,
But yer we wist, we lost him with a trice:

¹ We measure our frinds well-doing altogether be the line of
worldly prosperitie.

² A scorner looses not him that rebukes him, neither will he
goe to the wise. Pro. 15. 12.

³ Reason is euer impugned and impeached by carnall Liber-
tines.

⁴ This makes so many miseries by reason of flatterers in the
world, for every one counts to please for feare of frownes.

⁵ Vicious liuers are strangers, or rather enemies to Truth
and her doctrine.

⁶ These are the last and therefore the worst times, which
rather seeks to reforme by windy, then explanatory doctrine,
which perswades coldly.

Yet, yer he went, with him wee merry made,
And made him most familiar with our Trade.

(240)

Wherefore we pray you, when you goe away,
Leaue him with vs ; For, we do well ¹agree :
I will (quoth she) and left him at their play,
And *Chronus* sent to beare them company :
With whom they reuelld out the night, and day ;
Though He from them still sought away to flee :
For *Chronus* weareth not his wings for nought,
Sith he doth farre out flie the swiftest Thought.

(241)

While they thus gamesomely with *Chronus* toy'd
(Deceiuing him with Fancies fallacies)
They heard a voice (which sorely them annoy'd)
That sommon'd them to leaue their luxuries ;
Herewith by *Thanatus*, they were ²destroy'd ;
To satisfie *Gehennaes* gurmardize :
At whose approach, old *Chronus* fled away,
For he could neuer yet, with neither stay.

(242)

Chronus thus leauing them to be deuour'd
By fell *Gehenna* (their foe capitall)
(Of whom, by ³*Thanatus*, he was assur'd)
He fled to *Phusis*, and so, told her all :
Who was within the Earth's womb then immur'd,
Prouiding foode for hir Broode great and small ;
Assuring her He school'd them as they ought,
Till *Thanatus* had them past schooling brought.

(243)

Phusis herewith tormented in the Soule,
Ranne (as distracted) where sicke Fancie pleas'd ;
Till, at the last, she heard her Sonnes to howle,
As those that were most damnably diseases'd :
Exclaiming on their liues, and ⁴follies fowle
That pleas'd the Sense withall that now displeas'd :
But such compunction neuer comes but where
The penitent doth desperate appeare.

¹ All times apter to Vice then Vertue.

² They that liue without thinking of their end, doe commonly die ere they think of death.

³ The first death, to the wicked, is the entrance into the second.

⁴ Repentance may be too late, but neuer too soone.

(244)

So, when she had well wai'd their agonies,
Which they endured in that Monsters lawes,
And hauing view'd the like extremities,
Proceeding from the like or worsor cause,
Of cruell ¹Kings that of Blood make but Size
To glew together their most bloudy Lawes :
Of corrupt Iudges, and Priests negligent,
The three that ²raise or ruine Gouernment.

(245)

The working woes of th' idle-curious ;
Of the Rich-conetous ; and the Poore-prowde ;
Rebellious Subjects ; Courtiers vicious ;
Lasciuious Dames : damn'd Bawdes ; the curs'd Crowde :
Erroneous Teachers ; Poets ³Libellous :
Cau'ling Philosophers, (by fooles allow'd)
Of craftie Merchants ; lying Aduocates :
And swearing Sea-men ; roving Runnagates.

(246)

In few, when she had seene the many woes
Of all that in *Gehennaes* Hold abide,
She was, by ⁴*Phobus* (who attended those)
Brought to the place where she did erst reside ;
Where she did many Praiers sweete compose
Vnto *Astrea* (whom the Heau'ns did hide)
That she would daigne to teach, and to correct
The rest of her wilde Children of each Sect.

(247)

So, at these holy Praiers her I leaue,
(Sith they are neuer ⁵left that so do pray ;)
Now, Poets say (that all in all perceiue)
Is this a Fiction ? or a true Essay ?
If both, then both are ready to deceaue
Those that wold picke this Locke with a ⁶kay :
But, be it what it will, it is the same
That is in earnest true, how ere in game.

Bene cogitata si excidunt, non occidunt.

Mimi. Publani.

¹ Tyrants.

² If good, they raise, if bad they ruine it.

³ A great torment, in the life to come, is due to those that can, and will take such immortall reuenge for any mortall iniurie.

⁴ Feare.

⁵ None are forsaken of God that cleaue to him by humble and hearty praise.

⁶ The Kay of Intelligence.



THE SECOND TALE

Containing

The Ciuile Warres of Death and Fortune.

(1)

THere was a Time (as I haue heard it sed
By those that did, at least, in Print it finde)
A certaine Marriage was solemnized
Betweene a mortall Paire, of noble kinde ;
And, for the loue of those whom Loue doth wed,
Immortall Gods the ¹ company refin'd
With their pure presence ; who the Feast to grace
Did reuell (as did all the rest) a space.

(2)

Among the rest of that immortall Crue,
Danc'd Death and Fortune, whose Masks were so like,
That none, that danc'd, the one from other knew ;
So, in their choice of them they were to seeke :
For some that sought for Fortune ² Deth out-drew ;
And some that sought for Deth did Fortune strike :
Time was their Minstrell, who did euer play,
As well when they did dance, as they did stay.

(3)

Fortune delighted most to dance with those
That best could flatter, and the time obserue ;
But Death still lou'd to foote it with his foes,
Or else with such as he saw best ³ deserue :
When Fortune danc'd, she turnes, she comes, and goes,
And kept no time, thogh Time hir turns did serue :
But, when death danc'd, he did those Mesures tread,
Whose times were long, and short, and tunes were dead.

¹ The Sonne of Gods first miracle hee wrought at the marriage
Ioh : 2., honouring the feast with his personall presence.

² The wisest men are oft thus mistaken for not being able to
foresee perfectly future events.

³ The best men Death soonest rakes away, because this wicked
world is vnworthie of them.

(4)

So Fortune vs'd Lauoltaes still to dance
That rise, and ¹ fall, as Time doth either play :
And Death the Measure of least dalliance,
That's Passing-measure, and so strait away :
Or else the shaking of the Sheets perchance
Which he would dance, vntired, night and day :
Wherein he put them downe, so that he did
Driue them from dancing vnto ² Winck-all-hid.

(5)

The dancing done, while yet their bloods were hot,
Fortune and Death began on tearmes to stand ;
Which, for their dancing, had most glorie got,
And who their actions did best command :
From which dispute (with choller ouer shot)
They fell to ³ vrge their powres by Sea and Land ;
The while the Gods stooode most attentiuely,
To heare their more contentious *Colloqui*.

(6)

When loe Deth (Lord of all that breathe this aire)
Thus gan t' inforce his powre, beyond compare ;
I know (saith he) their honors they impaire
That striue with those that their ⁴ inferiors are :
Yet Foulnesse is not made a whit more faire
By being compar'd with Beauty, much more rare ;
But, Foulnesse takes the greater soile thereby,
And moles are foiles to set forth Beauties die.

¹ Fortune is euer in that motion like a waue moued with the
wind.

² A sport so called.

³ The contentious take small occasion to contend.

⁴ Yet mightie men of our present times thinke otherwise, as
appeareth by their actions. Oppression.

(7)

Wert thou not blind (bold Baiard) thou woldst see,
A mighty diffrence twixt thy might and mine ;
Sith among those that most almighty bee,
I do admit no power more diuine :
For Empire large, who can compare with mee,
Sith Earth and Aire the same cannot confine :
Nay, in Earth, Water, yea, in Aire, and ¹ Fire
(That's all in all) I rule as I desire.

(8)

What breathes, or hath a vegetatiue Soule,
But paies me Tribute as vnto their King ?
Nay, doe I not the hoast of ² starres controule ?
Then Heau'n and Earth I to obedience bring :
And Kings, as Beggars, are in my Checke-rolle ;
Nay, Kings more oft then Beggars do I sting :
As farre as any thing hath ³ motion, I
Play *Rex* ; for, all that liue, do liue to die.

(9)

And therefore testifie this modestie
(For error to defend is impudence)
In graunting that which thou canst not deny,
And to be true, thou know'st in conscience :
Thou sure woldst blush, if thou hadst but one ⁴ eie,
To stand on tearmes with mine omnipotence :
But sith thine Eies are blind, and Iudgement too,
Thou canst not blush at that thou canst not doo.

(10)

Thy reasons seeme (quoth Fortune) strong to such,
As do but slightly weigh them ; but to mee,
(That seeth more than thou, as least as much,
For, thou wantst ⁵ Eyes, as well as I, to see)
They are to[o] base, to brooke my Trialls Touch
For, Tyranny is no true Soueraigntie :
And, Empire large, consists not of large Partes,
But in the free subiection of whole Harts.

(11)

Can any King be happy, or secure
That drawing bodies, cleane with-draw the harts ?
Or is it like that Kingdome should endure,
That is by Hate, diuided into Parts ⁶ ?
And Hate a cruell Prince must needes procure,
That seekes his weale by all his Subiects smarts :
The Will is free, and will not be constrain'd,
How ere, for it, the body may be pain'd.

(12)

As vniversall as the Vnuerse
Extends (I graunt) thy grand authoritie :

¹ All elementall Bodies subject to death.

² Which shall haue an end.

³ Al that hath motion is subject to dissolution.

⁴ The Eie is saide to cause our Blushing, &c.

⁵ Iustice, Fortune, and Death are cielesse sith they haue no respect of persons.

⁶ A Kingdom diuided, is at point to be dissolved.

And that thy Takers (more then most peruerse)
Sickness, Mischance, Disgrace, and Destinie,
Thy tribute take from Man, Beast (tame or fierce)
To fill thy still-consuming Treasure :
But their vntimely ¹ taking, with high hand
Makes thy rule odious on Sea and Land.

(13)

Such Officers, in each cras'd common-weale ;
(That vnder colour of their Offices,
Do, with the Sou'raignes fauour badly deale)
Great Mischiefs ² cause, and Inconueniences ;
Which though they touch the Subiects, Kings do feele
Who often smart for suffering that disease :
When Princes tend their priuate, and neglect
The common good, they cause this sore effect.

(14)

But ballance on the other side, my might
In th' vpright Scholes of True Indifferencie,
And thou shalt find I haue their heart and spright
Freely obaying mine authoritie :
For thou compellest, but I do inuite,
I Fauors ³ giue, whose vse thou dost deny :
I do promote all those that rise to mee,
But thou subuertest those that fall to thee.

(15)

Then, though that vniuersall be thy powre,
Thinke not, therefore, Loue must to thee be such :
For wit and Courage may high place procure,
But ⁴ Loue and Bountie ampler power by much :
Then of my currant Cause I am so sure,
That I dare rubbe it hard on Trialls Touch :
And, for my part, to end this Ciuile Warre,
Ile put it to iudicious *Iupiter*.

(16)

Although I iustly may (quoth Death) deny
To put a question, without question,
Vnto the Iudgement of selfe-Equity,
(For so I hold iust ⁵ *Iupiter* alone)
Yet (not affecting Singularity)
Ile make him Iudge in this Contention :
Now Fortune, proue thy powre, as I will mine
And then let *Iupiter* iudge both in fine.

(17)

So, when they were (to play this masters Prize)
Entred this round worlds spatious Theater ;
Fortune adorn'd her selfe with Dignities,
With Gold, and ⁶ Iems, which made All follow her :

¹ Vntimely as well as vnreasonable taxings withdraw the loues of the Subiects.

² Princes often become odious to their subiects thorow the fault of those whom they put in trust to gouerne vnder them.

³ The readiest way to winne hearts.

⁴ Loue and Bounty the best Bailes to catch men.

⁵ *Capitane beneuolentiam*.

⁶ Men are honored and followed in this world, onely for their fortunes.

These did she fall, to make her followers tise,
To gather which, they did them selues bestirre :
Keisars and Kings, that vs herd her the way,
Oft caught much more then they could ¹ beare away.

(18)

Here might you see (like Beggars at a dole)
Some throng'd to death, in scrambling for her almes ;
He oft sped best, that was the veriest ² foole :
Some tooke vp Coine, some Crownes, and others Palms
For which kinde Fortune Liuing large did cast
While ³ othersome, for them, found precious Balms :
Some found odde ends to make their States intire,
And all found some thing that they did desire.

(19)

But, that which was most notable to see,
Was the poore Priest, who still came lagging last,
As if (God wot) he car'd not rich to bee,
To whom kinde Fortune Liuing large did cast
(As t'were to guerdon his humilitie)
Which, in the name of God, he still held fast :
And still look'd ⁴ downe to find more if he might,
For, well he found, he found well by that sleight.

(20)

Philosophers (that gold did still neglect)
Lookt only but (wise fooles) to find their ⁵ Stone ;
Which toy, in truth, was nothing, in effect,
But to get all the world to them alone :
For with that stone they would pure gold proiect
Worth all the ⁶ world by computation :
But whiles they sought a Stone so rich and faire,
They perfect Gold but turn'd t' imperfect aire.

(21)

Thus at the heeles of Fortune all attend
Whom well shee feeld for attending so ;
On th' other side, Death to and fro did wend
To seeke one that with him would gladly go :
But, none he ⁷ found ; which made him those to end
He ouertooke, in going to and fro :
For those which are vnwilling Death to meete,
He is most willing soonest them to greete.

(22)

Nor could those Officers that him foreranne
(Sickenesse, Mischance, Disgrace and Destinie)
Affect, with his affection, any Man ;
For, none they found that willingly would die
Sith all, before, with ⁸ fauours, Fortune wan,
And, such desir'd to liue eternally :

¹ They got Territories which they could not holde.

² Fortune fauours fooles.

³ Chirurgions.

⁴ The way to thrue in that function. ⁵ Elixir.

⁶ A little ther of multiplies infinitely, as Alchymists affirme.

⁷ Life is sweet.

⁸ O Death, how bitter is thy remembrance to a man that hath pleasure in his riches. Ecclus. 41. 1.

For, it is death to thinke on Death with such
That Fortune makes too merry with too much.

(23)

Throgh Campes, & Hosts, he trauel'd with a trice,
(For, soldiers needs must meet deth by their trade)
At last he came where some were throwing dice,
Who first a Breach should enter newly made ;
Lord how some chaf'd (through Glories auarice)
For missing that which they wold not haue ¹ had :
And, he that wan, to lose his life did striue,
Yet so, as faine he would haue sapt aliue.

(24)

Among the rouing Crew, at Sea, he sought
For one that willing was to go with him,
Who, thogh they valu'd all their liues at nought,
And oft for trifles ventred life and limme,
Yet when their woorthlesse bloods were to bee bought
They sold them deerely, and in blood did swim
From bloody death, as long as they could moue :
For thogh they fear'd not death, yet liue did loue.

(25)

Through the Turkes Gallies, 'mong the Slaues he went
To seeke some desp'rat slaue that long'd to die ;
But loe, not one to die would yeeld consent,
For, all, through ² hope, still lookt for libertie :
Hope doth the hart enlarge that Griefe forespent ;
And Faith keepes Hope and Life in charitie.
Dispaire can neuer seize that hopefull hart,
That can, through ³ Faith endure an hell of smart.

(26)

At last he to a Monasterie came,
(Where mortified life is most profess'd)
And sought for one to meete him in the same ;
But, all therein from sodaine ⁴ death them blest :
And prai'd to Iesus so their liues to frame
That sodainely Death might not them arrest :
A *Pater noster*, Aue, and a Creede,
They thought right wel bestow'd, so wel to speed.

(27)

Thence went he to an holie Ancrets Cell,
Who seem'd to be quite buried there aliue ;
He Death embrac'd, but yet the feare of Hell
Made him with Death, for liue (in loue) to ⁵ striue :
He knew himselfe (old Fox) perhappes, too well
Strait to presume that God would him forgiue :
So, was most willing, and vnwilling too,
To do as present Death would haue him doo.

¹ *Fronse nulla fides.* [sic.]

² Hope of future good in this life, maks men feare death as an intollerable euill.

³ 1 Iohn 5. 4.

⁴ None so mortified but feares death in point of dying.

⁵ The feare of small or particular iudgement makes Death vnwelcome.

(28)

In fine, Death doubting in his Cause to faile,
Intreated Sicknesse such an one to finde,
That wold not flinch, thogh Deth did him assaile,
And scorn'd the fauors of that goddesse ¹ blinde :
So, Sicknesse went, through many a lothsome faile,
And found, at last, one mortified in minde :
Who thogh he were but poore, yet held it vaine,
To follow Fortune that did him disdainne.

(29)

On whom seis'd Sicknesse, with resistlesse force,
And pull'd him downe so low, he could not stand ;
To whom Death came, to make his corps a Corse,
Yet as his friend first shak'd him by the hand ;
And by ² perswasions, would him faine enforce
With willing minde, to be at his command :
Which if he would, Death promis'd faithfully,
He should die sleeping, or most easily.

(30)

This forlorne wretch thank't death for his good wil,
But, yet desir'd one happy howre to liue,
Which ended, he would Deaths desire fulfill,
Who from him with a Purge, did Sicknesse driue,
³ Which shortly did one of his Kinred kill,
From whence, as heire he did some wealth receiue :
And being well in state of health, and wealth,
He followed Fortune more then Death, by stealth.

(31)

Now, hee betooke him to a Furriers Trade,
And hauing Stock, hee multiplide his Store ;
Then Death did mind him of the match he made,
But, him hee answer'd as hee did before :
Quoth he, O marre me not ere I am made,
But let me get (kind Death) a ⁴ little more :
Contente (quoth Death) thou shalt haue thy desire,
So I may haue thereby what I require.

(32)

Sables and Ermines Death for him did kill,
And made his wealth thereby, by heapes, increase ;
Who hauing now (death thought) the world at will,
He asked him if now he would de cease :
Who yet desired life, of Death, to fill
His coffers to the top, then would he ⁵ cease.
Death yet seem'd pleas'd, and brought all those to
nought,
Th' reuersions of whose States he erst had bought.

¹ Fortune.

² Deaths eloquence is harsh to the eare of flesh and blood.

³ That which cures one may kill another.

⁴ Couetousnes is like Dropaie, the more it drinks the more it may.

⁵ The more interest wee haue in this world, the more loath we are to leaue it.

(33)

Then when he had a world of wealth obtain'd
Death came againe for his consent to die ;
But now he told Death, his mind more was pain'd
With thought, and ¹ care, then erst in pouertie :
Therefore he prai'd his death might be refrain'd
Till he had gotten some Nobilitie :
And then he would go willingly with Death,
And (nobly) yeelde to him his dearest breath.

(34)

Death yet agreed (sith his good will he sought,)
And gaue him leaue to compasse his intent ;
Who, of a noble-man, decayed, bought
Both Land and ² Lordship, Honor, House, and Rent ;
Then Hee turn'd Courtier, and with Courtiers wrought
(By Deaths assistance, and with mony lent)
That he in time, became a mightie King ;
And al his Projects to effect did bring.

(35)

Then Death (not doubting of his will to die)
Vnto him came, to know his will therein ;
But, he did Death intreate (most earnestly)
That sith to him he had so gracious bin,
He yet might gaine imperiall ³ Dignitie
Before his Death, which soone he hop'd to win :
And then he would most willingly resigne
His life to Death, although a life diuine.

(36)

Death, hoping, that the greater he was made,
The greater glorie he, by him, should gaine,
(Which might the vmpire *Jupiter* perswade
That Death in powre, was Fortunes Soueraigne)
Made neighbour Kings each other to inuade,
To whom this King a Neuter did remaine ;
Who when they had by wars themselues consum'd,
He all their States, as Emperour, assum'd.

(37)

Now being *Cesar*, Death came strait to him
As most assured of his company :
But to the Emperour he seem'd more grim
Then erst he did, which made him loath to die ;
Come on (quoth Deth, and therwith held a limme)
No oddes there must be now, twixt you and I :
To ⁴ *Ioue* Ile bring you, then with good will go
To him, and me, and see you tell him so.

(38)

Alas (sald hee) I am but newly come
To honors height, and wilt thou throw me downe

¹ When life is at the best, then Death is better.

² A custome among the Germanes.

³ Which had, makes Death the more irksome.

⁴ Men in fortunate estate had rather go with life to the Diuel then by death to God.

Ere I be warme or settled in my Roome,
And so my Brows scarce ¹ feele th' imperiall crown ;
O suffer me to liue, to tell the summe
Of the Contentments, from my Grandure grown ;
For better had it bin still Low to lie
Then, being at the Highest, straite to die.

(39)

Either (quoth Death) come willingly with me
Or thou shalt die a death thou most dost ² feare :
Hee hearing this, from Death did seeke to flee,
And cried on Fortune to assist him there :
Peace villaine then (quoth Death) I coniure thee,
Or lower speake, that Fortune may not heare :
Yet Fortune (which he follow'd) was at hand,
And laught for ioy to heare him Death withstand.

(40)

But by this Time, the Time prefix by *Ioue*
Expir'd was : and Fortune with her brought
A world of people, following Her in loue,
Who, willingly for Fortune long had sought :
These, as she mov'd, with hir still did moue,
Because she rais'd them higher then she ought :
In which respect she had more ³ followers
Then *Sol* (that lights Heav'n's lamps) had waiting Stars.

(41)

Lord ! how some (sweating) dropt in foll'wing her,
To whom shee dropt that which bedropt them more ;
For, they were laden so, they scarce could stirre,
Who vnder-went the same with labour ⁴ sore :
And othersome, themselues did so bestirre,
That they in each mans Boat would haue an Ore ;
But, seeking to gripe more then well they could,
Were forc'd to ⁵ lose that which they had in hold.

(42)

Among the rest, there was a Vsurer,
(Whose Backe his Belly did, for debt, arrest)
Who being fearefull of iust ⁶ *Iupiter*,
Made nice to goe with Fortune and the rest ;
Sith well he knew, He was a Thunderer,
In, and from whom, he had no interest :
For he did neuer deale with such, perhaps,
That gaue for intrest nought but Thunder claps.

(43)

The Souldier came, and gaue them much offence
That stood betweene his Breast, and Fortunes Back :
So, Souldiers haue backe-fortune euer since,
For they, for others good, go still to ⁷ wracke ;

¹ Its a double death to die when we haue attained the highest happiness of life.

² Death yeeldeth double terrour.

³ Where the Carcases are the Eagles resort. Matth. 28.

⁴ Gaine takes away the thought of paine.

⁵ All cooet, all lose.

⁶ Lest hee would plague him for plaguing others with racking.

⁷ Wrackt for those that will rather racks then any way relin them.

And for their wracks haue wrackful recompence ;
For, they are sackt, if they chance not to sacke :
And if they doe, the Publique Purse must haue
That which must keepe them as a Publique Slaue.

(44)

They, with right Swords, do ballance kingdomes rights ;
(A glorious office they perform the while)
The woorths of ¹ Kings appeares by those their weights ;
Which proue them to be valorous, or vile :
Yet they gaine nought but blows, in bloody fights,
So, ² store they get without, or fraude or guile ;
The while the gown-man keeps vnscurr'd his skin,
And with his Pen (in peace) the world doth win.

(45)

O thou true *Ioue*, bow downe thine vpright Eare,
To heare thy lowest Seruants Orisons,
Which, in the loue which he to them doth beare,
He makes for them (that wracke still ouer-runnes)
Incline the hearts of Princes farre and neare,
As *Marses* Minions to loue *Marses* ³ sonnes :
And make this little land yeeld great increase,
To stay their stomackes great, in warre and peace.

(46)

A Souldiers sword, from sheath, here Fortune took,
To Knight all those that her had followd well :
Now euery man did for a Knighthood looke,
That scarce had found an house wherein to dwell :
Yet some did much their betters ouer-looke,
And thrust in for it, while there lookes did swell :
So, Fortune seeing them to looke so big,
Possest them ⁴ knights without a Truffe or Twig.

(47)

Sois Cheualier ; Arise sir Knight, (quoth she)
Then vp he springs, for feare lest Fortune would
Recall hir word for his debilitie ;
Now Knight he is, for nought but being bold ;
For Fortune fauours Squires of lowe ⁵ degree,
If they be more audacious then they should :
Now Honor hath He, get Grace where He can,
Yet Fortune gaue him grace to keepe a man.

(48)

Some layd on all which they, by Fortune, got
Vpon their backs, that brauely sought to beare
The Sword vpon their shoulders, yet could not ;
For, it fell in the sheathe ere it fell there :
Fell lucke it was that so they were forgot ;
Yet they forgot themselues, as did appeare.
But when they saw they mist of what they sought,
Thei bar'd their backs, to line their guts, for nought.

¹ The soldiers sword cuts out the Portions of Kings.

² Of blowes.

³ Souldiers.

⁴ Audacem fortuna iuuat.

⁵ A Squire of low Degree is a Squire of no Degree.

⁶ Not remembring who, or what they were.

(49)

Which *Jupiter* himselfe did laugh to see ;
For, these so much were mou'd with this disgrace,
That they were at the point of Death to flee,
And Fortune leaue, for such their fortune bace :
Yet followed her (most malecontentedly)
Because they followed her vnto that place :
To cast away long seruice on a spleene,
Is not to foresee, but to be oreseene.

(50)

O ! twas a world to see what shift was made
To hold vp Greatnes with a little stay ;
T'were sinne to say some vs'd the Cheaters trade,
To borrow with a purpose ¹ ne'r to pay,
And get all, howsoe'r, that might be had :
No, no, they did not so, I dare well say,
But this I say, perhaps, they liu'd by wit,
And so to liue, some great Ones thinke it fit.

(51)

Now, in these knightly times ye might haue seene
(If you, for pleasure, had but tane the paine)
Each one ye met withall, a Knight in greene ;
And so the world b'ing old, grew greene againe,
As if the same but in the Blade had beene ;
For, each one did his ² Hanger on, sustaine :
Now, Time stood still, to sport himselfe in Male ;
For, all was Greene, and at that state did stay.

(52)

Some shuffled for some Office : some to gaine
Some Monopole, which then could not be got :
For, Fortune did those Monopoles restraine,
Because she thought t'was to hir Rule a Blot
To pleasure One by all her Subjects paine,
Thogh oft they made them seem, as they were ³ not :
Some cried for warre, and othersome for peace,
But Fortune, thogh they cried, still held hir peace.

(53)

Now, some for Coine their Offices did sell,
As if they had bin cloid with Fortunes grace ;
And those that bought them, others did compell
To ⁴ pay for them, when they were in their Place :
And some, in seeking somewhat, did rebell ;
But Fortune broght them soone to wretched case :
Some strong, sent long men to *Ierusalem*,
Out of the way, to make a way for them.

(54)

Now, for Truths Matters, there was much adoe ;
Some this, some that, som none of both wold haue :
And yet all three did (restlesse) Fortune woe,
To yeeld to neither, that did either craue

¹ A venial Sin at most as these times esteeme it.

² A Hanger-blade in a greene scabbard.

³ Changed their Countenance with artificiall complexions.

⁴ That which is deerely bought, must be deerely sold.

In worlds behalfe, or fleshes fixt thereto ;
But all, in ¹ shew, did seeke but Trueth to saue :
For all seem'd to sollicitie *Sions* cause,
Which they would haue confirmed by the Lawes.

(55)

Some sed they lied that only Truth did teach,
Some enuied them that liu'd by teaching so :
And at their liues, and liuings sought to reach,
² Which they forgaue, but would not so forgo :
Some's Tongues defended Truth, which they did preach,
Whose actions gaue hir many a bittter ³ blo :
Some liu'd as dying, while they sought to liue
And some died liuing : yet did most relieue.

(56)

Some, Liers call'd Carnall-libertie,
The glorious Libertie of Truths deere Sonnes ;
And ⁴ her they vrg'd to prooue that veritie ;
But, Truths betraid, by such vntrustie Ones,
That Sacrilege doe gild with Sanctitie ;
Yet, for that, looke for high promotions :
O tis a world of mischief when Pretence
Doth shrowd a world of Inconuenience.

(57)

When Truths sonnes play the Politicians,
Heau'n help thee Truth, in Earth thy case is hard :
Truth's hardly matcht with Machiauelians,
That her wil wound so they themselues may ward :
For, pious Politicians are blacke ⁵ swans ;
And, blest are Realmes that they do (ruling) gard :
But whereas Statesmen meere Earth meditate,
There Heauenly matters squar'd are by the State.

(58)

Some others followed her, by following others ;
Vpon great men these greatly did ⁶ depend,
All those, for likenes, might haue bin my brothers,
Who then began to liue, when life did end :
Or if before, they were blest in their mothers ;
For, those they tended that themselues did tend :
It is absurd that Lords should tend their men,
Yet some Lords (Gods fooles) do it now and then.

(59)

Some of these Seruants were so fortunate,
That they came forwards, while their Lords went backe :
For, Loue begining with our selues, we hate,
Our selues, if we by Seruice goe to wracke :

¹ All is not golde that glisters.

² The iniurious offer.

³ They had Jacobs voice and Esaus hands.

⁴ Truth.

⁵ For their raritie.

⁶ Such dependencie is as ful of difficulty as vncertaintie :
Enuyings among the seruants cause of the first mutabilitie of
those great mens mindes occasioneth the last.

⁷ In their own not in their Lords right : for many get money
in their Lords seruice to buy their Lords lands to do them
seruice.

Their Lords they loued for their owne estate ;
And loued to haue that which their lords did lack :
O they are carefull Seruants that will keepe
Their lords estate, while they, with Pleasure sleep.

(60)

And some of this sort thriu'd, not by their Lords
Yet by their Lords ; for, by their leaue, they sell
Their fauours, nay their honors, deeds, and words,
And care not who do ill, so they do well :
Whose Clarkeship so much Art to them affords,
That for an Inch, alow'd they tooke an ¹ Ell :
So meere Cliffs made they of their Lords to clime
To some high note, by keeping Tune, and Time.

(61)

These Climers in each Clime are high'st of all
In their ² conceit, for, they conceiue they can
The round world bandy like a Racket-Ball ;
And made a meere foole of the wisest Man :
They ween the world without them were so small,
As Ladies well might weld in with their Fan ;
O there's no measure in the pride of such,
That from too little rise to reach too much :

(62)

Some others thought they Fortune gracious found,
Genus and ³ *Species* throwing in their way ;
Which they tooke vp, and them together bound,
To stay with them to be to them a stay :
But in the binding do them so confound,
That they prou'd fooles in ⁴ *specie* to betray
Genus and *Species* to such bitter Bands,
For which they lost both honor, goods, and lands.

(63)

Lord, how some cloisterd vp themselves like Friars,
To find out ⁵ These, whom thus they did betray ;
And lay in ambush for them many yeares,
Watching, by Candle-light, oft night and day ;
Spending much money of their friends, or theirs,
And all God wot but to abuse their ⁶ pray :
O *Genus*, *Genus*, *Species*, *Species*, yee
Be most accursed, that thus still cours'd be !

(64)

Some ⁷ others lookt for *Euclids* Elements,
Wherof they thought, the whole world did consist ;

¹ London measure.

² Who are wise in their owne eies there is more hope of a
foole then of such. Prou. 26. 1. 25.

³ Meere Schollers.

⁴ Men lerned, without ingement, whome the Prouerbe, The
greatest Clarkes are not the wisest men, concerneth.

⁵ *Genus* and *Species*.

⁶ Misuse that little learning they catch.

⁷ Mathematicians.

Which found, they found therein such sweet contents,
That *Euclide* carried them which way he ¹ list
They lookt for nothing lesse then Regiments,
But held themselves in *Euclide* onely blist :
Who blest them so, that if for lands they sought,
They got no land, but measur'd land for ² nought.

(65)

Others there were, that sought to find a ³ Spell,
And needs would rise to Fortune by a Friend ;
Whom they would raise, for that intent from hell ;
These tended fiends too much, ⁴ good Fate to tend :
Who whiles they soght the gods themselves t'excel,
They die, like damnd Beggars, in the end :
So, they that needs would rise through diuels aide
Downe to the diuell were, at last conuail'd.

(66)

Some others lookt for Spirits ; not Sprites of hell,
But spirits of ⁵ sack, and liquors of that kinde ;
Wherwith they thought (if once they could excell)
They could the hands of Fortune loose or binde :
This made them (like poore Crickets) stil to dwell,
In, or about the fire till they were blinde :
And then, like Bats, that still doe loathe the light,
They keep the darke conuersing with that ⁶ sprite.

(67)

Others there were that sought to finde the way,
T'annatomize the Corps of Reasoning
With Logicall Conclusions ; these would play
As Iugglers play with Boxes, or a Ring :
Make men beleue what ere they please to ⁷ say ;
And to a *Non-plus* Reas'n herselfe to bring :
On these, indeed, too oft would Fortune smile,
To see how they the fond world did beguile.

(68)

Some ⁸ wordy-men, by words, sought worthinesse,
These raught at Rethorikes Rules to rule thereby :
And they that found the same, found little lesse
Then greatest ⁹ Rule, for they rul'd wordily.
These men, for need, could make some men confesse
They Teachers were, and yet themselves belie :
These still were Fortunes Minions, for they could
With wind of words orethrow wits strongest hold.

(69)

Others ¹⁰ there were that still gaz'd on the Starres,
As if by Starres, they should the Sunne transcend :

¹ The Mathematicques are most pleasing and alluring know-
ledges il rewarded, yet they steale the studier thereof from
themselves.

² Nor little.

³ Magicians.

⁴ Coniurers and Witches are alwaies Beggars.

⁵ Distillators and Extractors of Quintessences.

⁶ Of liquors.

⁷ Subtil Sophisters.

⁸ Orators.

⁹ Fortune doth wel most commonly by men that do speake
well.

¹⁰ Astronomers, Prognosticators.

These told of future weathers, woes, and warres,
Of the beginnings of them, and their end :
Of Prophets that should rise (to kindle Iarres)
And of I wot not what which they defend :
But while they blabb'd out Fortunes Secrets, she
Made them but poore, and liars held to be.

(70)

¹Some sought for Notes, so to be notable,
Not Notes to rule themselves, but Notes in Rule
To rule the Voice by those notes tunable,
Yet many did themselves the wise mis-rule :
Who while their Heads held points commendable,
In many points they err'd from Reasons Rule :
So, this Gift Fortune gaue their heads : they should
Still hold more Crochets, then their Purses Gold.

(71)

Some others sought for ²Tongues as if they would
Haue stopt their flight, as they from *Babel* fled,
By catching them in nettes, so them to hold,
For themselves onely, till themselves were dead :
These rich in Tongues, were not still so in gold ;
For, their Tongues tasted of too much of ³Lead :
So, these wel-tong'd men tied were by the Tongs,
Oft to be authors of their proper wrongs.

(72)

As some sought Tongs, so other ⁴Hands did seeke
Italian, Romane, Spanish, French and Duch,
With Letter Freeze among, and Letter Creeke ;
Those with their hands, did Fortune seldom touch ;
For, they wold needs teach those hands in a weeke
So, sold for little, that they sold for much :
For it is much to giue a Crowne for ⁵nought
But onely to marre hands, too euill taught.

(73)

These pasted vp, in ech place where they came,
(And no place was ther where they did not come)
Bills (and those Hands they held were oft but lame)
That they would giue their Hands, for some small sum :
To those that would but trust them for the same,
So, in a weeke, they coson'd all and ⁶some :
For, in a weeke and some odde houres beside,
They promis'd that which they could not abide.

(74)

Their occupation brought thus to disgrace,
They, though they would with all ⁷aforehand be,
Yet ran behindhand still, from place to place :
So, with their Hands they caught but A. B. C :
Which by interpretation of the place,
Is ⁸all ⁹base, ¹⁰Cheaters are, that so doe flee :

¹ Musitions.

² Linguists.

³ Many golden Linguists haue leaden inuention.

⁴ Penne-men, or faire writers.

⁵ It is a badde bargaine to giue aught for nought.

⁶ They shame the occupation vtterly.

⁷ For their recompence.

I wish those Hand-men their hands well had vs'd,
For, I know Pen-men that are so abus'd.

(75)

But some of Fortunes followers were her foes,
And Deaths true ¹friends (who for him swords vnseath)
But shewd it not, lest she should them dispose
Wher, if thei wold, thei could not meet with ²deth :
These followed her for nothing but for blowes,
For they, with fencing, kept themselves in breath :
And, for they could but breath by that their trade,
They still were willing Fortune to inuade.

(76)

Some followed her by ³acting all mens parts :
These on a Stage she rais'd (in scorne) to fall,
And made them Mirrors, by their acting Arts,
Wherin men saw their ⁴faults, thogh ne'r so small :
Yet some she guerdond not, to their ⁵desarts ;
But, othersome, were but ill-Action all ;
Who while they acted ill, ill staide behinde,
(By custome of their maners) in their minde.

(78)

If maners make mens fortunes good, or bad,
According to those maners, bad, or good,
Then men, ill-manner'd, still are ill bestad ;
Because, by Fortune, they are still withstood :
Ah, were it so, I muse how those men had
Among them some that swamme in *Foisons* flood ;
Whose maners were but apish at the best,
But Fortune made their Fortunes but a Iest.

(79)

There were Knights-arrant, that in Fortunes spite,
(Because they could not king it as they would)
Did play the Kings, at least prowd kings in sight,
And oft were powder then a *Caesar* should :
Yet Nature made them men by Fortunes ⁶might,
And Fortune made them Nature's Zanees bold :
So those, in nature, Fortune flowted so,
That though she made them Kings, she kept them low.

(80)

But some there were (too many such there are)
That follow'd Fortune in more abiect kinde ;
These matches made between the Hound and Hare,⁷
I would say whoore ; for, men hunt such to finde :
These faithlesse beastly Brokers of crackt ware
Had too too often Fortune in the winde ;
Who followed so the sent, that oft they did
Find her where she, from those they spoil'd, lay hid.

(81)

⁸Some others followed her by badging Land,
⁹Or beastly gazing (yet made men thereby)

¹ Fencers.

² In strait prison.

³ Stage plaiers.

⁴ Shewing the vices of the times.

⁵ W. S. R. B

Sui cuique moris fingunt fortunam.

⁶ When men haue gotten wealth they are said to be made.

⁷ Panders.

They lise like flesh-flies vpon the Sores of men.

⁸ Land badgers.

⁹ Douers.

For they that did those myst'ries vnderstand
Caught hold of Fortune in obscuritie ;
To whom she (strumpet-like) lay at command,
Who lusting for her, gript her greedily :
Till they grew great by her ; O monstrous birth,
Where Shee the He makes great with Grasse and Earth.

(82)

¹ The Lawyers went with these, with hands as full
Of Deedes and Manuscripts as they could hold ;
But, Fortune from the same those Scripts did pull,
² And in exchange fill'd either fist with Gold :
For, while they had but Papers they were dull ;
But being wel-mettl'd they were blithe and bold :
For Gold's a soueraigne Restorative,
And makes men more then dead, much more then liue.

(83)

Aurum potabile is of that powre
(If store thereof be powrde out of hand
Like *Iupiters* preuailing ³ Golden Showre)
That it will make Death lie at lifes comand :
It is the *Aqua-vitae* which doth cure
All sore Consumptions that our weale withstand :
Nay tis the *Aqua fortis* which will eate
Through leaden Brests, Cares, fretting, thence to fret.

(84)

O giue me Gold, and I will doe, what not ?
And let but store of Angells waite on me,
Ile make my selfe a God, with ⁴ Thunder-shot ;
Nay, I will make the Earthly Gods to flee
To Heau'n, or Hell, where they shall be forgot,
Sith there no God but I will minded be :
But God, thou knowst, the Age is yron the while
That hammer can a God of thing so vile.

(85)

O ! gold, the god which now the world doth serue,
(This *Midas*-world that would touch nought but gold
Gilding her body while hir soule doth sterue)
How glorious art thou (held fast) to ⁵ behold ?
Thou mak'st a Beast a Man, and man to swerue
More then a Beast ; yet thou dost all vphold :
For, whom thou tak'st into thy Patronage,
It matters not what is his Title-Page.

(86)

Men value men according to thy weight ;⁶
For, be their value ne'r so valorous

¹ Lawyers.² Gold sets an edge on an Orators tongue, and makes it cut like a razor.³ Gold is the God of this world that turnes and windes the same as it listeth.⁴ Hire Mercenary Swizers and Souldiers to maintaine all vnjust quarels euen with Monarches.⁵ So saith the rich miser. Riches gather many friends, but the poore is separte from his neighbour. Prou. 19. 4.⁶ The world in his vnjust Ballance weighs men according to their Wealth and not by any other worthinesse.

Its held but base and made by nature sleight ;
Nor can it be nor good, nor glorious,
Without thy vertue doe it ouer-freight ;
And so remaine they without Grace, or Vse :
But, if thou lift to lade a leaden Asse,
(While thou rid'st on him) he ore gods doth passe.

(87)

Come Gold : then come (deere Gold) and ride on me,
Ile be thine ¹ Asse, or Pack-horse, which thou wilt ;
Although thou heauy art, Ile carry thee,
Albe't thou art much beauer through my guilt :
Lade me (good Gold) till my backe broken bee,
Sith, thou againe canst make me, being spilt :
For all men now may vse me like a Sot,
(That beares abuse) because I beare thee not.

(88)

Then foote it not whiles Copper rides on mee,
² Base Copper dogs, be'ng made themselues to beare
But logs and faggots (for a staruing fee)
And in a Chimneis end away to weare :
Then vp (faire Gold) Ile so mount vnder thee,
As if no ground should hold me, when I reare :
For by how much the more thou mak'st me bend,
So much the more thou mak'st me to ascend.

(89)

Ride on me Gold, and I will ride on those
(If so I lust) of men, or women-kinde,
That shall be great, or faire, or friends, or foes,
³ Vntill I ridden haue them out of winde :
But Heau'n my Hart still otherwise dispose,
For, riding so, I blister should my minde :
Which still would runne with matter of annoy
And Soule, and Body so, perhaps, destroy.

(90)

Then gold, sith thou wouldst ⁴ tempt me to this spoile
Farewell (deere Gold) Ile not buy thee so deere,
I am content, without thy help, to toile
For so much Siluer as will arme me beere
'Gainst wounding Wants, which there do keepe a coile,
Where nothing is but care, and grieve, and feare :
My Backe and Belly kept, in rest Ile sleepe,
(Throgh coniuring Bookes) from gold, that diuels keepe.

(91)

The Fox will eate no Grapes : well, be it so ;
Ile eate no Grapes that set my teeth on edge,

¹ No wise man comparable to the golden Asse.² But it is meere madness not to beare with insensible creatures : and blessed are those that in this infurious world, possesse their Soules in patience.³ Better is a litle with the feare of God, then great treasure, and trouble therewith. Prou. 15. 16.⁴ The touch stone trieth gold and gold trieth men. Better is a dry morsell with peace then a house full of sacrifices with strife. Prou. 17. 1.

To eate such bittes as bane where oft they go,
And Heart and Minde do all alike besiege :
Who gathers golden fruits in Hell that gro,
Do for the same oft put their Soules to pledge :
But in that state that stands with little cost,
Is found the golden life that *Adam* lost. ¹

(92)

Touching this World (to my blame be it sed)
I thinke of nothing, but what nothing brings ;
And yet no thing more musing then my head ;
And yet my muse my head with nothing mings :
² Both feed on ³ Aire, wherewith is nothing fed
But dead, or dull, or else meere witlesse things :
For sure that wit ne'r came neere wisdoms schools
That weenes meere Aire fats any thing but fooles.

(93)

I would, and would not, haue, what I haue not :
I would not haue, that had, the Hart inflates :
Yet would I haue my Lucke light on that Lot
That ⁴ mends the drouping Mind and Bodies states :
In too much Nature oft is ouer shot,
And oft too little Arte disanimates :
Then in this life, that seeke I, for my part
That Nature keeps in life, and quickens Art.

(94)

To bury Liuing thoughts among the dead,
(Dead earthly things) is, ere Death comes to die :
For, dead they are that lie in ⁵ Gold, or Lead ;
As they are buried that in Earth still lie :
The thoughts are most relieu'd when they are fed
With Angells ⁶ foode, or sweete Philosophie :
But, some seeme on this Manna still to liue
Whom Quailes and Woodcocks most of al relieue.

(95)

Well, let these some out-liue as many yeares,
As they haue haire, they do but liuing die :
If so : their Soules must needs be full of feares,
Whose Hopes in this dead life alone do lie :
For, they weare euer double as Time weares ;
In Soule and Body weare they double ⁷ die :
O then, how painefull is that pleasant life,
Wherein all ioy, with such annoy, is rife.

(96)

Beare with me Readers (thats the recompence
I aske for telling you this merry Tale)
For running out of my Circumference,
He come in strait, before a merry gale :

¹ That that is to be desired of a man, is his goodnesse. Pr.
¹⁹ 12, which seldom is found among much goodes.

² Head and Muse.

³ Praise.

⁴ As farre from want as from too much.

⁵ Mindes alwaies conversant with these mettalls are dull,
and make the bodies dead to all goodnesse wherein they are.

⁶ Diuinity.

⁷ Die eternally in both.

But, yet a word or two, ere I goe hence,
And then haue with you ouer Hill and Dale :
Nothing shall let me to relate the rest,
For, commonly behind remainses the best.

(97)

¹ This world (me seemes) is like, I wot not what :
Thats hard ; for, that is no comparison :
Why thats the cause I it compare to that,
For, who's he like to, that is like to none ?
Tis not like God ; for, tis too full of hate :
Nor like the Diu'l, for he feares God alone :
It is not like to Heau'n, Earth, nor Hell,
Nor aught therein, for, they in compasse dwell !

(98)

Then what is't like ? if like to any thing,
Its like it selfe ; and so it is indeede :
Or, if you will, like to the oldest Ling,²
That limes their fingers that on it doe feede :
So that, all things they touch, to them do ³ cling.
And let them so, from doing purest deede :
If so it be, how mad are men the while
To cleaue to that which do them so defile ?

(99)

Now, this most noghtie thing, or thing of noght,
I cannot skill of ; though but bad I am ;
Therefore by me it least of all is sought,
Though oft I seeke for pleasure in the same ;
Which yet (I hope) shall not be ouer-bought,
For I will giue but goodwill for my ⁴ game :
And if good will will me no pleasure bring
He buy therewith (I hope) a better thing.

(100)

Now from my selfe, I eft to Fortune flie,
(And yet I flie from Her, and She from me)
Who came thus followd with this Company,
That *Jupiter* did enuie it to see :
There she did muster them, in policie,
That *Joue* of all might well inform'd be :
For when an heape confus'd are call'd by Poll,
The many parts do make the number ⁵ whole.

(101)

⁶ Mongst whom Philosophers and Poets came,
(Last of the Crowde) and could not well appeare ;
To whom blind Fortune gaue noght else but fame,
Wherof they fed ; but lookt lean on their cheere.
So, they in Heau'n deifi'd this Dame,
Sith they (poore souls) could not come at her here :

¹ The world is like nothing : sith by sinne it was marred after
it was made : and sin is nothing, because the word that made
all things made it not.

² Simile.

³ Proverb. Euery finger as good as a lime twigge.

⁴ Harmlesse recreation.

⁵ It makes the number appeare as it is.

⁶ Philosophers and Poets furthest off Fortune.

And euer since a Goddess call'd she is :
Poets thanke her for That, Shee you for this.

(102)

Who, though they be (perhaps) but passing poore,
Yet can they deifie whom ere they will ;
Then Demy-gods should cherish them therefore,
That they may make them whol¹ gods by their skill :
Twixt whom there shuld be interchange of store,
And make of Wit and Wealth a mixture still,
That may each others woefull wants supply ;
For, men by one another liue, or die.

(103)

Vaine fooles, what do ye meane to giue hir heau'n,
That giues you nothing but an earthly hell ?
Thats only² aire which she to you hath giu'n,
To make ye pine, whilst ye on earth do dwell :
Ne'r speake of Wit, for ye are Wit-bereau'n
To lie for nought, and make³ Nought so excell :
For, now, who for him⁴ self's not wise alone,
Is vainely wise though wise as *Salomon*.

(104)

By this time Death came with his Emperour,
Who followed Death, far off, which *Ioue* did see ;
To whom Death said, Loe, vpriight *Iupiter*,
This Kesar (though a *Caesar*) followes mee :
He doth indeed (said *Ioue*) though somewhat farre
(But kept in off, to shew indiffrencie)
For though the Iudge do iudge aright (sometime
Before both Tales be heard) it is a crime.

(105)

How saist (quoth he) Lieutenant, didst thou come
With Death to vs of thy meere owne accord ?
Whereat the Emprour was stroken dumbe,
For, he fear'd⁵ death, as slaues do feare their Lord :
Yet with desire of glorie ouercome,
At last he spake, yet spake he but a word,
Which was, saue I the shortest word of words,
For, No a letter more then I affords.

¹ They affect misery much more then Diuinitie.

² Flesh pining Praise.

³ Men like the deuill great and nought.

⁴ If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thy selfe. Prou: 9.

¹²

⁵ The more we loue the world the more wee feare death.

(106)

Which he with submissee voice (scarse audible)
Vttered as one that would not well be heard ;
But *Iupiter* (although most sensible)
Tooke on him not to heare, and prest him hard
To speake (through feare) not so insensible ;
For, my vice¹ *Ioues* quoth he are ne'r afraid :
Therefore on thy allegiance vnto mee,
I charge thee speake, as thou from death wert free.

(107)

Then, with a princely death-out-daring² looke
He said, Dread *Ioue*, I haue bin worse then mad,
Sith your Lieutenancie to me you tooke,
If I so great a grace neglected had,
Which so I had, if I so had forsooke
Without your notice that which made you glad :
Nor would I haue with Death come now to you,
But that he threatned me to bring me low.

(108)

Wherewith the Iudge (iust *Ioue*) did sentence giue³
On Fortunes side ; which made Death rage so sore,
That at the Emperour he amaine did driue,
Whilst *Ioue* lookt on, and Fortune fled therefore :
Short tale to make, he did him liue deprive,
And euer since Death rageth more and more :
That now all men false Fortune doe preferre,
Before iust Death ; nay iuster *Iupiter*.

(109)

And thus with Death (that All in fine doth end)
We end our Tale, and, if a lie it be,
Yet naked Truth dares such a lie⁴ defend ;
Because such lies do lie in veritie :
But though loude lies do lie they will not bend
So lowe as most profound Moraltie :
Then, be it lie, or be it what it will,
It lies too high, and lowe for Death to kill.

Bene cogitata si excidunt, non occidunt

Mimi Publani

Finis.

¹ Feare is a stranger to great hearts.

² No courage to the desperate Cowards.

³ Iupiter Sentence.

⁴ Scripture Parables containe trueth in their moraltie, though not in the Letter.



The Triumph of DEATH

OR

The Picture of the Plague :

According to the Life, as it was

in Anno Domini

1603.



O, so, iust Heau'ns, so, and none otherwise,
Deale you with those that your forbearaunce
wrong :
Dumb Sin (not to be nam'd) against vs cries
Yea, cries against vs with a tempting tong,
And it is heard ; for, Patience oft prouokt
Conuerts to Furies all-consuming flame ;
And, fowlist sinne (thog ne'r so cleanly cloakt)
Breaks out to publike plagues, and open shame !
Ne'r did the Heau'ns bright Eie such sins behold
As our long Peace and Plenty haue begot ;
Nor ere did Earths declining proppes vphold
An heauier plague, then this outrageous Rot !
Witnesse our Citties, Townes, and Villages,
Which ¹ Desolation, day and night, inuades
With Coffins (Cannon-like) on Carriages,
With trenches ram'd with Carkases with Spades !
A shiu'ring cold (I sensibly do feele)
Glides through my veines, and shakes my hart and hand
When they doe proue their vertue, to reueale
This plague of plagues, that ouerlades this Land !
Horror stands gaping to deuoure my Sense
When it but offers but to ² mention it ;
And Will abandon'd by Intelligence
Is drown'd in Doubt, without her Pilot Wit !
But thou, O thou great giuer of all grace,
Inspire my Wit, so to direct my Will

¹ Therefore hath the curse deuoured the Land, and the inhabitants thereof are desolate. Isai. 34. 6.

² Who among you shall harken to this, and take heed and heare for afterwards ? Isai. 48. 23.

That notwithstanding eithers wretched case,
They may paint out thy Plagues, with grace with skil,
That so these Lines may reach to future ¹ times,
To strike a Terror through the heart of Flesh ;
And keep It vnder that by Nature climbs,
For, Plagues do Sin suppress when they are fresh,
And fresh they be when they are so exprest,
As though they were in being scene of Sense ;
Which diuine Poësie performeth best,
For all our speaking Pictures come from thence.
The obiect of ² mine outward Sense affords
But too much matter for my Muse to forme ;
Her want (though she had words at will) is words,
T'expresse this Plagues vnutterable Storme.
Fancie, thou needst not forge false Images
To furnish Wit t'expresse a truth so true ;
Pictures of Death stoppe vp all Passages,
That Sense must needs those obuious objects view.
If Wit had power t'expresse what Sense doth see,
It would astonish Sense that ³ heares the Same ;
For, neuer came there like Mortalitie,
Since Death from *Adam* to his Children came !

¹ Now goe and write it before them in a Table, and note it in a booke that it may be for the last day for euer and euer. Isai. 30. 8.

² I am the man that hath scene affliction in the rod of his indignation. Lament. 3. 1.

³ Heare, yee deafe, and yee blinde, regard, that yee may see. Isa. 42. 18.

Thou hast forsaken mee saith the Lord, and gone backward : therefore will I stretch out mine hand against thee, and destroy thee : for I am weary with repenting. Ierem. 15. 6.

Scarse three times had the Moone replenish'd
 Her empty Horns with light ; but th' empty Graue
 (Most rauenuous) deuour'd so the Dead,
 As scarce the dead might Christian buriall haue !
 Th' Almighty hand that long had, to his paine,
 Offer'd to let his Plagues fall, by degrees,
 And with that offer pull'd it backe againe,
 Now breakes his Viall, and a plague out-flees,
 That glutts the Aire with Vapors venomous ;
 That puttrifie, infect, and flesh confound,
 And makes the Earthes breath most contagious,
 That in the Earth and Aire but Death is found.
 A deadlie Murraine, with resistlesse force,
 Runnes through the Land and leuells All with it !
 The Coast is scour'd, in vncleanlie Course,
 And thousands fled before it to the ¹ Pitte !
 For ere the breath of this Contagion
 Could fully touch the flesh of Man, or Beast,
 They on the sodaine sinke, and strait are gone,
 So, instantlie, by thousands, are decreast !
 No Phisicke could be found, to be a meane,
 But to allaie their Paine, delaie their Death ;
 In this Phisitions Haruest, ² They could gleane
 But corrupt Aire and Danger by that Breath.
 All Artes and Sciences were at a stand,
 And All that liu'd by them, by them did die ;
 For death did hold their heads, and staid their hand,
 Sith they no where could vse their Facultie.
 The nursing ³ Mothers of the Sciences,
 Withdrew their Foster-milke while witt did fast ;
 For, both our forlorne Vniuersities
 Forsaken were, and Colledges made fast !
 The Magistrates did flie, or if they staid,
 They staid to pray ; for if they did command,
 Hardly, or neuer should they be obaid ;
 For, Death dares all Authority withstand.
 And where no Magistrate, no Order is ;
 Where Order wants, by order doth ensue
 Confusion strait, and in the necke of this
 Must Silent Desolation all subdue !
 For feare wherof, both King, and kingdome shakes,
 Sith Desolation threatens them so sore ;
 All hope of earthly helpe the Land forsakes,
 And Heau'n powres ⁴ plags vpon it more and more !
 Now, Death refresh'd with a little rest
 (As if inspir'd with the Spirit of Life)
 With furie flies (like Aire) throug man and beast,
 And makes eftsoons the murraine much more rife !

¹ Feare, and the pit, and the snare are come vpon thee, O inhabitant of the earth. Isai. 24. 17.

² Phisitions.

³ Vniuersities.

⁴ Then said I Lord, howe long? and he answered, vntill the Cities be wasted without inhabitant, and houses without man, and the Land be vterly desolate. Isai. 6. 11.

London now ¹ smokes with vapors that arise
 From his foule Sweat, himselfe he so bestirres :
 Cast out your Dead, the Carcassee-carrier cries,
 Which he, by heaps in groundlesse graues interres !
 Now scowres he Streets, on either side, as cleane
 As smoking shows of raine the streets do scowre ;
 Now, in his Murdring, he obserues no meane,
 But tagge and ragge he strikes, and striketh sure.
 He laies it on the skinnies of Yong and Old,
 The mortall markes whereof therein appeare :
 Here, swells a Botch, as hie as hide can hold,
 And Spots (his surer Signes) do muster there !
 The South wind blowing from his swelling cheeks,
 Soultrey hot Gales, did make Death rage the more,
 That on all Flesh to wreake his Wrath he seekes,
 Which flies, like ² chaffe in wind, his breath before !
 He raiseth Mountaines of dead carkases,
 As if on them he would to Heau'n ascend,
 T' assuage his rage on diuine Essences,
 When he of Men, on Earth, had made an end.
 Nothing but Death alone, could *Death* suffice,
 Who made each ³ Mouse to carry in her Coate
 His heauy vengeance to whole Families,
 Whilst with blunt Botches he cuts others throate !
 And, if such Vermine were thus all imploide
 He would constraine domestike ⁴ foules to bring
 Destruction to their haunts ; So, men destroid
 As swiftly as they could bestirre their wing !
 So Death might well be said to flie the field,
 And in the House foile with resistlesse force,
 When he abroad all kinde of Creatures kill'd
 That he found liuing in his lifelesse Course !
 Now like to Bees, in Summers heate, from Hiues,
 Out ⁵ flie the Citizens, some here, some there ;
 Some all alone, and others with their wiues :
 With wiues and children some flie, All for feare
 Here stands a Watch with guard of Partezans
 To stoppe their Passages, or too, or fro ;
 As if they were nor Men, nor Christians,
 But Fiends, or Monsters, murdring as they go !
 Like as an Hart, death-wounded, held at Bay
 Doth flie, if so he can, from Hunters chase,
 That so he may recouer (if he may)
 Or else to die in some more easie place.
 So might ye see (deere Heart) some lustie Lad
 Strooke with the Plague, to hie him to the field,

¹ And the Cites that are inhabited shal be left void, the land shall be desolate, and ye shall know that I am the Lord. Ezech. 12. 20.

² Zephon. 2. 2.

³ Euen the mouse shal be consumed together, saith the Lord. Isa. 66. 17.

⁴ Tame Pigeons, Cockes, Hennes, Capons, etc.

⁵ Arise and depart, for this is not your rest, because it is polluted, it shall destroy you euen with a sore destruction. Michah 3. 10.

Where in some Brake, or ¹ Ditch (of either glad)
 With pleasure, in great paine, the ghost doth yield !
 Each Village free, now stands vpon her guard,
 None must haue harbour in them but their owne :
 And as for life and death all watch, and ward
 And flie for life (as Death) the man vnknowne !
 For, now men are become so monstereous
 And mighty in their powre, that with their breath
 They leaue no ils, saue goods, from house to house,
 And blow away each other from the Earth.
 The sickest ² Sucklings breath was of that force
 That it the strongest Giant ouerthrew ;
 And made his healthie corpse a carrion Corse,
 If it (perhaps) but came within his view !
 Alarme, alarme, cries *Death*, downe, downe with All ;
 I haue, and giue Commission All to kill :
 Let not one stand to pisse against a wall,
 Sith they are all so good, in works so ill.
 Vnjoynt the body of their Common-weale,
 Hew it in peeces, bring it all to nought ;
 With Rigors bolstrous hand all Bands canceale,
 Wherin the heau'ns stand bound to Earth in aught.
 Wound me the scalpe of humane Policie,
 Sith it would stand without the help of heau'n
 On rotten proppes of all impietie ;
 Away with it, let it be life-bereau'n.
 With plagues, strike through Extortions loathèd loines,
 And riuert in them glowing pestilence ;
 Giue, giue Iniustice many mortall foynes,
 And with a plague, send, send the same from hence.
 Wind me a Botch (huge Botch) about the Necke
 Of damn'd disguis'd, man-pleasing Sanctitie :
 And Simony with selfe same Choller decke.
 Plague these two Plagues with all extremitie,
 For these are Pearles that quite put out the eies
 Of Pietie in Christian Common wealths ;
 These, these are they, from whom all plagues do rise,
 Then plagues on plagues, by right must reauce their
 healths.
 Dash Veng'ance viall on the cursèd brow
 Of ³ *Zodomy*, that euer-crying sinne ;
 And that it be no more, whole ⁴ *Pelions* throw
 Of plagues vpon it both without, and in !
 Through black ⁵ *Auernus* (hels mouth) send the same
 Into the deepest pit of lowest hell ;
 Let neuer more the nature, nor the name
 Be known within the Zones, where men may dwell.
 Oppresse Oppression, this Lands burning-feauer,
 With burning sores of feauers-pestilent,
 And now or neuer, quell it now and euer,

¹ And he that flieth from the noise of the feare shall fall into the pit, etc. Isa. 24. 18.

² Vee shall conceiue chaffe and bring forth stubble, the fire of your breath shall deuoure you. Isa. 33. 11.

³ Aske now among the Heathen who hath heard such things? the virgine of Israel hath done very filthily. Ierem. 18. 13.

⁴ A mountain in Thessalie.

⁵ Auernus a lake in Italie where they say this sinne is frequent.

For, it doth quell the Poore and Innocent.
 Bring downe damn'd Pride with a pure pestilence
 Deriuèd from all plagues that are vnpure,
 Extracted to th' extreamest quintessence,
 For ¹ Pride all Sinnes, and plagues for Sin procures.
 In Atheismes breast (instead of her curst hart)
 Set a huge Botch, or worse plague, more compact ;
 That it may neuer conuert or peruert,
 Nor haue powre to perswade, much lesse coact.
 Beblaine the bosome of each Mistris,
 That bares her ² Brests (lust signes) ghests to allure :
 With a plague kisse her, (that plagues with a kisse)
 And make her (with a murraine) more demure.
 Our puling puppets, coy, and hard to please,
 My too strait-lacèd all-begarded Girles
 The skumme of Nicenesse (*London* Mistresses)
 Their skins imbroder with plagues orient Pearls.
 For these, for ³ First-fruits, haue ⁴ Fifteenes to spare
 But to a Beggar say, *We haue not for yee* :
 Then do away this too-fine wastefull Ware
 To second death ; for they do most abhorre mee.
 Then scowre the Brothel-houses, make them pure,
 That flow with filth that wholsomst flesh infects ;
⁵ Fire out the Pox from thence with plagues vnpure ;
 For they do cause but most vnpure effects.
 Plague carnall Colleges, wherein are taught
 Lusts beastly lessons, which no beast will brooke,
 Where *Araline* is read and nearly sought ;
 And so Lusts Precepts practiz'd by the Booke.
 Who knows not *Araline*, let him not aske
 What thing it is ; let it suffice hee was :
 But what ? no mouth can tell without a Maske ;
 For Shame it selfe, will say, O let that passe !
 He was a Monster, Tush, O nothing lesse
 For Nature Monsters makes (how ere vnright)
 But Nature ne'r made such a Fiend as this,
 Who like a Fiend was made in Natures spight !
 Therefore away with all that like his Rules,
 Which Nature doth dislike as she doth Hell.
 Break vp those free (yet deere and damnèd) Schools,
 That teach but gainst kinde Nature to rebell.
 Rogh-cast the skin of smooth-fac'd glosing Guile
 With burning blisters to consume the same,
 That swears to sell crackt wares, yet lies the while,
 And of gaine, by ⁶ deceiuing, makes her game.
 Who, but to vtter, but a thing of nought,
 Vtters all othes, more precious-then her Soule,
 And thinks them well bestowd, so it be bought :
 So, vtters wares with othes, by falshood foule.

¹ Pride, the cause of Adams fall and so of all sinne.

² They are waxen fat, and shining they doe ouerpasse the deedes of the wicked, etc. Iere. 5. 28.

³ Strawberies Cherries etc. when they first come in.

⁴ Shillings, Crownes, or Pounds.

⁵ Then will I turne mine hand vpon thee, and burne out thy drosse, till it be pure and take away thy Tinne. Isa. 1. 25.

⁶ And euery one will deceiue his friend and wil not speake the truth for they haue taught their tongues to speake lies and take great paines to doe wickedly. Ierem. 9. 5.

This foule offence to Church and Commonwealth,
Sweep cleane away with Wormewood of annoy :
For, it consisteth but by lawfull ¹ stealth ;
Then, let the truest Plagues it quite destroy.
Of Tauerns, reaking still with ² vomitings,
Draw, with the Owners, all the Drawers out ;
Let none draw Aire, that draw on Surffettings,
But Excesse, and her Slanes, botch all about.
Sith such by drawing out, and drawing on
Do liue ; let such be drawne out on a Beare :
For, they with wine haue many men vndone,
And famisht them in fine, through belly-cheare.
Browne Paper Merchants (that to vent such trash
To heedlesse heirs, to more wealth borne then wit,
That gainst such Paper rocks their houses dash
While such alie Merchants make much vse of it)
Vse them as they do vse such heires to vse,
That is, to plague them without all remorse :
These with their Brokers, plague ; for their abuse
God, King, and Law, by Lawes abused force.
Then, petti-botching-Brokers, all bebotch
That in a month catch eightene pence in pound ;
Six with a ³ Bill, and twelue for vse they catch,
So vse they all they catch, to make vnsound.
That they may catch them, and still patches make,
Which in the pound do yeeld them eighteen pence ;
Forc'd, like sheep trespassing, the POUND to take,
Leauing their ⁴ Fleece, at last, for recompence.
Hang in their hang mans wardrop plagues to aire
That all may flie, or die that with it mell ;
And so, when none will to their ragges repaire,
They must forsake their liues, or labour well.
Briefly, kill curs'd Sinne in generall,
And let Flesh Bee no more to harbour it ;
Away with filthie Flesh, away with all
Wherein still-breeding Sinne or broode doth sit.
This was Deaths charge, and this charge did he giue,
Which was perform'd (forthwith) accordingly ;
For now the dead had wasted so the liue
(Or wearied so) that some vnburied lie :
For, All obseru'd the Pestilence was such
As laught to scorne the help of Phisickes art ;
So that to death All yeelded with a touch,
And sought no help, but help, with ease to ⁵ part.
An hell of heate doth scorch their seething vaines,
The blood doth boile, and all the Body burnes,
Which raging Heate ascending to the Braines
The powres of Reason there quite ouerturnes !

¹ As a Cage is full of Birds, so are their houses full of deceit, thereby they are become great and waxen rich. Ierem. 5. 27.

² For all their Tables are full of filthy vomitings : no place is cleane. Isai. 28. 8.

³ Their Bill of Sale.

⁴ And they lie downe vpon cloths laide to pledge by euery Alter, and they drink the wine of the condemned in the house of their God. Amos. 2. 8.

⁵ And death shall be desired rather then life of all the residue that remain of this wicked family. Iere. 8. 3.

Then, tis no sinne to say a Plague it is,
From whence immortall miseries do flow ;
That makes men reason with their rest to misse,
And Soules and Bodies do endanger so.
Here crie the parents for their Childrens death ;
There howle the children for their parents losse ;
And often die as they are drawing breath
To crie for their but now inflicted crosse.
Heere goes a husband heauily to seeke
A Graue for his dead wife (now hard to haue) <
A wife there meets him that had done the like,
All which (perhaps) are buried in one Graue.
The last suruior of a Familie,
Which yesterday (perhaps) were all in health, <
Now dies to beare his fellowes company,
And for a Graue for all, giues all their wealth.
There wends the ¹ fainting Son with his dead Sire
On his sole shoulders borne, him to interre ;
Here goes a father with the like desire,
And to the Graue alone, his Sonne doth beare.
The needie, greedie of a wealthie Pray
Runne into houses cleans'd of Families,
From whence they bring with goodes, their bane away,
So end in wealth their liues and miseries.
No Cat, Dog, Rat, Hog, Mouse, or Vermine vile,
But vshe'd Death where ere themselues did go ;
For, they the purest Aire did so defile,
That whoso breath'd it, did his breath forgo.
At London (sincke of Sinne) as at the Fount,
This all-confounding Pestilence began,
According to that Plagues most wofull wont ;
From whence it (flowing) all the realme o'reranne.
Which to preuent, at first, they pester'd
Pest-houses with their murraine-tainted Sicke :
But, though from them and thence, the healthie fled,
They, ere suspected, mortified the Quicke.
Those so infected being ignorant
That so they are, conuerse with whom soere,
Whose open Shops and Houses all doe haunt,
And finde most danger, where they least do feare.
And so not knowing sicke-folke from the sound
(For, such ill Aire's not subiect to the sense)
They One with ² Other do themselues confound ;
And so confound all with a pestilence.
Out flies one from the Plague, and beares with him
An heauy Purse, and Plague more ponderous ;
Which in the hie way parteth life from limbe,
So plagues the next of his coine couetous.
In this ditch lies one breathing out his last,
Making the same his Graue before his death !
On that Bancke lies another, breathing fast,
And passers by he baneth with his breath.

¹ Thy Sonnes haue fainted, and lie at the head of al the streets, as a wild Bull in a net, and are full of the wrath of the Lord, and the rebuke of thy God. Isa. 51. 20.

² I will dash them one against another euen the fathers and the sons together saith the lord I will not spare I will not pitty, nor haue compassion vpon them, but destroy them. Ierem. 13. 14.

Now runnes the ¹ Rot along each Banke and ditch,
And with a murraine strikes Swine, Sheep, and all
(Or man, or beast) that chance the same to touch ;
So, all in fields, as all in Cities fall.
The *London* Lanes (themselves thereby to saue)
Did vomit out their vndigested dead,
Who by cart loads, are carried to the Graue ;
For all those Lanes with folke were ouerfed.
There might ye see death (as with toile opprest
Panting for breath, all in a mortall sweat)
Vpon each bulke or bench, himselfe to rest,
(At point to faint) his Haruest was so great.
The Bells had talkt so much, as now they had
Tir'd all their tongs, and could not speake a word ;
And Griefe so toild her selfe with being sad,
That now at Deaths faint threats, shee would but bourd.
Yea, Death was so familiar (ah) become
With now resolu'd *London* Families,
That wheresoeere he came, he was welcome,
And entertain'd with ioyes and iolities.
Goods were neglected, as things good for nought ;
If good for aught, good but to breed more ill :
The Sicke despis'd them : if the Sound them sought
They sought their death, which cleau'd to them stil !
So Sicke, and Sound, at last ² neglected them,
As if the Sound and Sicke were neere their last ;
And all, almost, so far'd through the Realme
As if their Soules the Iudgement day were past.
This World was quite forgot ; the World to come
Was still inminde ; which for it was ³ forgot,
Brought on our World this little day of Dome,
That choakt the Graue with this contagious Rot !
No place was free for Free-man ; ne for those
That were in Prisions, wanting Libertie ;
Yet Prisoners frēest were from the Plagues and Woes
That visite Free-men, but too lib'rally.
For, al their food came from the helthy house,
Which then wold giue Gods plags from thence to keep ;
The rest, shut vp, could not like bountie vse,
So, woefull Pris'ners had least cause to weepe.
The King himselfe (O wretched Times the while !)
From place to place, to saue himselfe did fle,
Which from himselfe himselfe did seeke t' exile,
Who (as amas'd) knew not where safe to lie.
Its hard with Subjects when the Soueraigne
Hath no place free from plagues, his head to hide ;
And hardly can we say the King doth raigne,
That no where, for iust feare, can well abide.
For, no where comes He but Death followes him
Hard at the Heeles, and reacheth at his head ;

So sincks al ¹ Sports that wold like triumphs swim,
For, what life haue we, when we all are dead ;
Dead in our Spirits, to see our Neighbours die,
To see our King so shift his life to saue ;
And with his Councell all Conclusions trie
To keepe themselves from th' insatiate Graue :
For, hardly could one man another meete,
That in his bosome brought not odious Death ;
It was confusion but a friend to greet,
For, like a Fiend, he ban'd with his breath.
The wildest wastes, and places most remote
From Mans repaire, are now the most secure ;
Happy is he that there doth finde a Cote,
To shrowd his Head from this Plagues smoaking showre :
A Beggars home (though dwelling in a Ditch
If farre from *London* it were scituate)
He might rent out if pleas'd him to the Rich,
That now as Hell their *London* homes doe hate.
Now, had the Sunne the ² Ballance enter'd,
To giue his heate by weight, or in a meane ;
When yet this Plague more heate recouer'd,
And scow'd the townes, that erst were clens'd clean.
Now, sad Despaire (clad in a sable weede)
Did All attend, and All resolu'd to die,
For, Heat and Cold, they thought, the Plague would
feede
Which, like a ³ Iersee, still finn'd in gluttony.
The heau'nly Coape was now ore-canopide,
Neere each ones Zenith (as his sense suppos'd)
With ominous impressions, strangely died ;
And like a Canopie at toppe it closed,
As if it had presag'd the Iudge was nie,
To sit in Iudgement his last doome to giue,
And caus'd his cloth of State t' adorne the Skie,
That All his neere approach might so peroeiue.
Now fall the people vnto publicke Fast,
And all assemble in the Church to pray ;
Earely, and late, their soules, there take repast,
As if preparing for the later day !
Where, (fasting) meeting with the sound and sicke,
The sicke the sound do plage, while they do pray ;
To haste before the Iudge the dead and quicke,
And pull each other so, in post, away.
Now Angells laugh to see how contrite hearts
Incounter *Death*, and scorne his Tiranny ;
Their Iudge doth loy to see them play their parts,
That erst so liu'd as if they ne'r should die.
Vp go their harts and hands, and downe their knees,
While Death went vp and down, to bring them down ;

¹ Therefore will I be vnto Ephraim as a moath and vnto the house of Iuda as a rottenness. Hosea 5. 13.

² Neither their silver and their golde shall be able to deliuer them in the day of the lords wrath, &c. Zepha. 1. 18.

³ Her filthinesse is in her skirts : she remembered not her last end. Therefore shee came downe wonderfully she had no comfort, etc. Lament. 1. 9.

¹ The mirth of the tabers ceaseth the noise of them that reioice endeth, the ioy of the harpe ceaseth. Isai. 24. 8.

² Libra September.

³ A Beast neuer but feeding, and when he hath eaten as much as his panch can hold goes to a forked tree and there straines out his foode vndigested betwene the twist of the tree and so againe presently failes to feede and being full againe to the tree, and so oftentimes to feede.

That vp they might at once (not by degrees)
 Vnto the High'st, that doth the humble Crowne!
 O how the thresholds of each double dore
 Of Heau'n and Hell, were worne with throngs of ghosts:
 Ne'r since the Deluge, did they so before,
 Nor euer since so polliht the side-posts.
 The Angells, good and bad, are now all toil'd
 With intertaining of these ceaselesse throngs;
 With howling some (in heat and horror broild)
 And othersome in blisse, with ioyfull Songs.
 Th' infernall Legions, in Battallions,
 Seeke to enlarge their kingdome, lest it should
 Be cloid with Collonies of wicked ones;
 For now it held, more then it well could hold!
 The Angells, on the Christall walls of Heau'n,
 Holpe thousands ore, the Gates so glutted were;
 To whom authoritie by Grace was giu'n
 (The prease was such) to helpe them ouer there.
 The Cherubin ele-blinding Maiestie
 Vpon his throne (that euer blest had bin)
 Is compast with ²vnwonted Company,
 And smiles to see how Angells helpe them in.
 The beau'nly streets do glitter (like the Sunne)
 With throngs of Sonnes but newly glorifide.
 Who still to praise their Glorifier runne
 Along those streets full fraught on either side.
 Now was the earthly Mammon, which had held
 Their Harts to Earth held most contagious;
 A Beggar scorn'd to touch it (so defilde)
 So, none but castawales were couetous.
 Now Auarice was turn'd Cherubin,
 Who nought desir'd but the extreamest Good;
 For, now she saw she could no longer sinne,
 So, to the Time she sought to suite her moode.
 The loathsome Leacher loath'd his wonted sport:
 For, now he thought all flesh was most corrupt:
 The brainsicke brawler wext all-amort;
 For, such blood-suckers Bane did interrupt.
 The Pastors now, steep all their words in Brine,
 With woe, woe, woe, and nought is heard but woe;
 Woe and alas, they say, the powres diuine
 Are bent, Mankind, for sinne to ouerthrow.
 Repent, repent (like *Jonas*) now they crie,
 Ye men of *England*, O repeat, repent;
 To see if so yee maie moue Pitties Eye,
 To looke vpon you, ere you quite be ³spent.
 And oft whilst he breathes out these bitter Words,
 He, drawing breath, drawes in more bitter Bane:
 For now the Aire no Aire but death affords;
 And lights of Art (for helpe) were in the wane.
 Nor people praying, nor the Pastor preaching,
 Death spar'd ought, but murd'red one and other,

He was a walme, he could not stay inpeaching,
¹Who smoakt with heat; and chokt all with the smother.
 The babe new born he nipt strait in the head,
 With aire that through his yet vncloused Mould
 Did pierce his braines, and through them poison spread,
 So left his life, that scarce had life in hold.
 The Mother after hies, the Father posts
 After the Mother; Thus, at Base they runne
 Vnto the Gole of that great Lord of Hoasts,
 That for those keepees it, that runnes for his Sonne.
 The Rest Death trippes, and takes them prisoners;
 Such lose the Gole without gainesaying-strife;
 But, all and some, are as Deaths Messengers,
 To fetch both one and other out of life.
 The Sire doth fetch the Sonne, the Sonne the Sire,
 Death, being impartiall, makes his Subjects so:
 The Priuate's not respected, but intire
 (Death pointing out the way) away they go.
 The ceremonie at their Burialls
 Is *Ashes but to Ashes, Dust, to Dust*;
 Nay not so much; for strait the Pit-man falles
 (If he can stand) to hide them as he must.
 A Mount thus made, vpon his Spade he leanes
 (Tired with toile) yet (tired) prest to toile
 Till Death a heape, in his inn'd Haruest, gleanes,
 That so he may, by heapes, eft feed the Soile.¹
 Not long he staies, but (ah) a mightier heape
 Then erst he hid, is made strait to be hild;
 The Land is scarce, but yet the Seed is cheape,
 For, all is full, or rather ouerfill'd.
 The Beere is laid away, and ²Cribbes they get,
 To fetch more dung for Fields and Garden plots;
 Worke-men are scarce, the labour is so great,
 That (ah) the Seede, ³vnburied, often rottes.
 It rottes, and makes the Land thereby the worse,
 For being rotten, it ill vapors breeds;
 Which many mortall miseries doe nurse
 And the Plague (ouerfed) so, ouerfeedes.
 Here lies a humane Carcasse halfe consum'd;
 And there some sow or beast, in selfe same plight;
 Dead with the Pestilence, for so it fum'd,
 That all it touch'd, it consumed quite.
 Quite through the hoast of Natures Anmalls
 Death like a Conquerer in Triumph rides;
 And ere he came too neare, each Creature falls.
 His dreadfull presence then no flesh abides,
 Now man to man (if euer) fiends became;
 Feare of infection choakt Humanitie,
 The emptie Maw (abandon'd) got but blame
 If it had once but sought for Charitie.
 The Poore must not about, to seeke for foode,
 And no man sought them, that they might be fed;

¹ Isai. 57. 15.

² The World is diuided into twelue partes, and ten partes of it are gone already and halfe of the tenth part: and there remaineth that which is halfe of the tenth part. ³ Esd. 14. 10. 11.

³ Nevertheless saith the Lord, at those days I will not make a full end of you. Jer. 4. 18.

¹ For it is the day of the Lords vengeance and the yere of recompence for the iudgement of Sion. Isai. 34. 8.

² Dung-cribs.

³ They shall die of deaths and diseases, they shall not be lamented, neither shall they be buried, but shall be as dung vpon the earth, etc., Jer. 16. 4.

Two Plagues, in one, invaded so their blood,
Both Famine and Infection strikes them dead.
Some staid in hope that Death would be appeas'd,
And kept the towns, which them and theirs had kept;
Till their next neighbors were (perhaps) diseas'd;
Or with Deaths fatall Fanne away were swept.
Then, fain wold flie but could not (thogh thei wold)
For, wil they, nill they, they must keep their house,
Till through some chink, on them Death taketh hold,
And vs'd them, as he did their neighbours vse.
If any at some Posterne could get out,
As good they staid, sith sure they staid should be;
¹ For, all the Countries watcht were round about,
That from the towne none might a furlong flee.
Then who from Death did flie, the feare of Death
Made Free-men keep the fliers in his Jaws;
Where (poison'd with his fowle infectious breath)
Their flesh and bones he (ne'r suffiz'd) gnawes.
Now might ye see the Plague deuoure with speed
As it neare famisht were, lest in a while
It might be so, and want whereon to feede;
So fed, the future hunger to beguile.
Now doth it swell (hold hide) nay, ² breake, or die,
Till skin doth crack, to make more ³ room for meat;
Yet meat, more meate it (neuer cloid) doth crie,
And all about doth runne the same to get.
The Graues do often vomit out their dead,
They are so ouer-gorg'd, with great, and small;
Who hardly with the earth are couer'd,
So, oft discover'd when the Earth did fall.
Those which in hie ⁴ waies died (as many did)
Some worthlesse wretch, hir'd for no worthles fee,
Makes a rude hole, some distance him beside
And rakes him in farre off: so there lies hee.
But, if the Pit-man haue not so much sense
To see, not feele which way the winde doth sit
To take the same, he hardly comes from thence,
But for himselfe perhaps he makes the pit:
For the contagion was so violent,
(The wil of Heau'n ordaining so the same)
As often strooke stone-ded incontinent,
And Natures strongest forces strait orecame.
Here lieth one vpon his burning brest,
Vpon the Earths cold brest, and dies outright;
Who wanting buriall, doth the Aire infest,
That like a Basallike he banes with sight!
There reeles another like one deadly druncke,
But newly strooke (perhaps) then downe he falls,
Who, in the ⁵ Streets, or waies, no sooner suncke,
But forthwith dies, and so lies by the walles:

¹ They haue compassed her about as the watchmen the field,
because she hath prouoked me to wrath, saith the Lord.
Jere. 4. 17.

² If the botch breake not, the Patient liueth not.

³ It kills others with breaking.

⁴ They that feed delicately perish in the streets, they that
were brought vp in scarlet, embrace the dung. Lament. 4. 5.

⁵ And their corpses shall lie in the streets of the great citie,
&c. Renel. 11. 8.

The Hay-cockes in the Meades were so oppress
With plaguy Bodies, both aliue, and dead;
Which being vs'd, confounded Man and Beast,
And vs'd they might be ere discover'd.
For some (like Ghosts) wold walk out in the night,
The Citie glowing (furnace-like) with heate
Of this contagion, to seeke if they might
Fresh aire, where oft they died for want of meate.
The Traueler that spied (perhaps his Sire)
Another farre off comming towards him,
Would flie, as from a flying flame of fire
That would, if it he met, waste life and limbe.
So, towns fear'd townes, and men ech other fear'd;
All were at least attainted with suspect,
¹ And sooth to say so was their enuy stirr'd,
That one would seeke another to infect:
For whether the disease to enuy mou'd,
Or humane natures malice was the cause,
Th' infected often all Conclusions prou'd
To plague him that from them himselfe withdrawes.
Here do they Gloues, and there they Garters fall;
Ruffs, Cuffs, and handkerchers, and such like things
They strow about, so to endanger all:
For, Enuy now, most pestilently stings!
So, heau'n and earth, against Man did conspire,
And Man against Man, to extirpe his Race,
Who Bellowes were t' argument Infections fire,
And blow abroad the same from place to place.
² Sedition thus marcht (with a pestilence)
From towne to towne, to make them desolate;
The Browne Bill was too short to keep it thence,
For further off it raught the Bill-mans pate.
Nor walls could keep it out; for, it is said
(And truely too) that Hunger breakes stone-walls:
The plague of Hunger with the Plague arral'd
It selfe, to make way, where ere Succour calls,
For hungrie Armies fight as Fiends they were:
No humane powre can well their force withstand:
They laught to ³ scorne the shaking of the Speare,
And gainst the Gods themselues dare band:
Some ranne as mad (or with wine ouer-shot)
From house to house, when botches on them ranne;
Who though they menac'd were with Sword and Shot,
Yet forward ran, and feare nor God nor Man!
⁴ As when a Ship, at Sea, is set on fire,
And (all on flames) winde-driuen on a Fleete,
The Fleete doth flie, sith that Ship doth desire
(Maugre all force oppos'd) with it to meete:
So flies the Bill-man, and the Muskettire
⁵ From the approaching desperate plaguy wight,
As from a flying flame of quenchlesse fire;
For who hath any life, with Death to fight?

¹ Because of their pride the Cities shall be troubled the
houses shall be afraid, men shall feare. ² Ead. 15. 18.

³ Destruction vpon destruction is cried, for the whole Land
is wasted. Jere. 4. 10.

⁴ Job 41. 21.

⁵ Simil.

⁶ Plagues are sent vnto you and who can driue them away?
² Ead. 16. 14.

At all, cries *Death*, then downe by heaps they fall :
 He drawes in By, and Maine, amaine he drawes
 Huge heapes together, and still cries, At all :
 His hand is in, and none his hand withdrawes.
¹ For, looke how leaues in Autumne from the tree
 With wind do fall, whose heaps fil holes in ground ;
 So might ye (with the Plagues breath) people see,
 Fall by great heapes, and fill vp holes profound.
 No holy Truffe was left to hide the head
 Of holiest men ; but most vnhall'wed grounds
 (Ditches and Hie-waies) must receiue the dead :
 The dead (oh woe the while) so ² oreabounds !
 Here might ye see as 't were a Mountaine
 Founded on Bodies, grounded very deepe,
 Which like a Trophee of Deaths Triumphs, set
 The world on wonder, that did wondering weepe :
 For, to the middle Region of the Aire,
 Our earthly Region was infected so,
 That Foules therein had cause of iust dispaire,
 As those which ouer *Zodome* dying go !
 Some common Carriers, (for their owne behoofe
 And for their good, whose Soules for gaines doe grone)
 Fetching from *London* packs of Plags, and stufte,
 Are forc'd to inne it in some Barne alone.
 Where, lest it should the Country sacrifice,
 Barne, Corne, and Stufte a Sacrifice is sent
 (In Aire-refining Flames) to th' angrie Skies,
 While th' owners do their Faults and Losse lament.
 The Carriers, to some Pest-house, or their owne,
 Carried, clapt vp, and watcht for comming out ;
 Must there with Time or Death conuerse alone,
 Till Time or Death doth free the world of doubt :
 Who thogh they Carriers were, yet being too weak
 Such heauy double Plagues as these to beare :
 Out of their houses som by force do break,
 And ³ drowne themselves, themselves from plags to
 cleare.
 These are reuenges fit for such a God,
 Fit for his Iustice, Powre, and Maiestie ;
 These are right ierkes of diuine Furies Rod,
 That draw from Flesh the life-blood mortally.
 If these are but his temp'rall Punishments,
 Then what are they surmounting Time and Fate ?
 Melt Flesh to thinke but on such Languishments,
 That Soule and Body burne in endlesse date.
 His vtmost Plagues extend beyond the reach
 Of comprehension of the deepest Thought ;
 For, he his wisdom infinite doth stretch
 To make them absolutely good for nought.

¹ Simil.

² Many dead Bodies shal be in euery place, and shall cast them forth with silence. Amos 8. 3.

³ This is no fiction, nor inserted by poetical licence : But this verily was performed in the borough of Leominster in the county of Hereford : the one at the commandment of sir Herbert Croft, Knight, one of the Councill of the Marches of Wales : the other by the instigation of Sathan and provocation of the disease.

Then, O what heart of sensible Discourse,
 Quakes not, as if it would in sunder fall,
 But once to thinke vpon such Furies force,
 As doth so farre surmount the thoughts of all ?
 If humane Wisedome in the highest straine,
 Should yet stretch further Torments to deuise,
 They would be such that none could them sustain,
 Through weight of woes, and raging agonies :
 Then (O) what be they that deuised are
 By ¹ Wisedome that of Nought made all this All,
 That stretch as farre past speech, as past compare :
 Surmounting Wonder ; supernaturall !
 They be the Iudgements of that Trinitie,
 Which (like themselves) are most inscrutable.
 Then can mans heart, but either swoone or die,
 To thinke on anguish so vnthinkeable.
 And can our Sense, our Sense so much besot,
 To thinke such worlds of woe no where exist,
 Sith in this sensuall World it feelles them not,
 And so in sinne (till they be felt) insist ?
 They happy That, that is insensible,
 Since we employ our happinesse of Sense
 To feele and taste but pleasures sensible ;
 And see no Paine that at their end commence.
 To breake the Belly of our damn'd Desires
 With honied Sweets that soon to poison turne ;
 And in our Soules enkindle quenchlesse fires,
 Which all the frame thereof quite ouerturne.
 To please it selfe a ² Moment, and displease
 It selfe for euer, with ne'r-ending paines ;
 To ease the Bodie with the Soule disease,
 To glad the Guttes, to grieue the Heart and Braines,
 To make the Throat a Through-fare for Excesse,
 The Belly a *Charibdis* for the same ;
 To vse Wit still but onely to transgresse,
 And make our Sense the Spunge of Sin and Shame :
³ Then happy are sweet Floures that lue and die
 (Without offence) most pleasing vnto all :
 And happlesse man that liues vnpleasingly
 To Heau'n and Earth ; so, liues and dies to fall.
 The Rose doth lue a sweet life, but to please,
 And when it dies it leaues sweet fruit behinde ;
 But Man in Life and Death doth none of these,
 If Grace by ⁴ Miracle ne'r mend his mind.
 Blush Man that Floures should so thy selfe excell
 That wast created to excell what not ?
 That on the Earth created was to dwell ;
 Then blush for shame to grace thy Beauties blot.
 Art thou Horizon made (vnholly one)
 Betwixt immortall Angells, and bruit beasts ?
 Yet wilt twixt beasts and fiends be Horizon
 By that which Angells grieues, and God detests ?

¹ Torments deuised by infinite wisdom, are infinite in paine.

² Mortall life is no more (at the most) compared to Eternitie.

³ So fares it with sensuall Epicures and Libertines.

⁴ The conversion of a Sinner is most miraculous.

Then Plagues must follow thy misguided Will,
So to correct thine ill-directing Wit ;
Such as these are, or others much more ill,
The worst of which Sinne (ill of Ills) befit.
And loe, for Sinne ; how yet the Plague doth rage
(With vnappesed furie) more and more,
Making our Troy-mouant a tragicke Stage
Whereon to shew Deaths powre, with slaughters sore.
Great Monarch of Earths ample world he is ;
And of our little ¹ Worlds (that worlds content)
He giues ill Subjects Bale, good Subjects Blisse ;
So, though he raignes, iust is his Regiment.
Our sins (foule blots) corrupt the Earth and Aire ;
Our sins (soules botches) all this All defile ;
And make our Soules most foule, that were most faire ;
For, nought but sin we all, all nought the while !
When sharpest wits are whetted to the point,
To pierce into all secrets, but to sinne !
And all the corps of Luxury vnloint,
To see what sensuall ioy might be therein :
When as such trickes as no Sunne euer saw
Deuis'd are daily by the Serpent-wise,
To cramme all Flesh into the Deuills maw
By drifts, as scarce the Deuill can deuise !
Can God (most iust) be good to men so ill ?
And can the Earth, and Aire, wherein such liue,
Keepe such alieu ? O no, all Plagues must fill
That Aire and Earth, that do such plagues relieue.
What are those men but plagues, that plague but men ?
All men are such, that teach sin in effect,
And all do so, that sinne but now and then,
If now and then they sinne, in ouert act :
What can containe vs, if these plagues cannot ?
If neither these we feele, nor those we shall,
Be not of force to keepe our liues from blot,
What then remains but plagues to scowre vs all ?
Till we wax lesse, and they so multiplide,
That we be nothing lesse, than what we are ;
Conuerted or confounded we abide
In, or without God, with or without care !
If when his yron Rod drawes blood from vs,
And is vpon our backes, yea breakes our bones,
We cease not yet to be rebellious ;
What can conuert vs but plagues for the nones,
For Natures heart doth yrne with extreame griefe,
When wel she weighs her childrens strange estate
Subject to sinne and so to sorrowes chiefe,
For both in counterchange renew their date :
For now we sinne (yea with a witnesse sinne,
Witnesse our conscience) then we plagued are,
Plagu'd with a witnes, (witnesse plagues that rin
With fury on vs) then, when so we fare
Fall we to pray and creepe to Grace for grace ;
Which being got, and ease, and weale at will,
We fall to sinne and to our soules disgrace :
Thus sinne and plagues runne round about vs still.

This euer-circling Plague of plagues and sinne,
Surroundeth Mankinde in a hell of woe ;
Man is the *Axis* standing still therein,
And goes with it where euer it doth goe :
For since he fell, who at this Center staies
By Nature (most vnnaturall the while)
Here moues man moulesse as the *Axis* plaies,
And Times turns (turning with him) doth beguile ;
And yet this Plague (if Grieffs tears quench it not)
Is like a sparke of fire in flax too drie,
And may, if our Lusts coole not, burne more hot
Then erst it did ; so waste vs vtterly.
We see it will not out, but still it lies
In our best Cities Bowells like a Cole,
That threats to flame and still doth fall and ¹ rise,
Wasting a part, thereby to warne the whole.
None otherwise than when (with griefe) we see
Some house on fire, we strait, to saue the towne,
Watch, fast, and pray, and most industrious bee,
With hooke and line to pull the Building downe :
So doth this fire of heau'ns still-kindling ire
Blister our Cities publike Body so,
As we are blister'd, but with so much fire,
As we may quench with teares if they do flo.
But if it should breake forth in flames afresh,
(As (ah) what staies it but vnstinted Grace ?)
What thing shuld quench it but a world of Flesh ?
Or desolation it away to chace ?
Time neuer knew since he beganne his houres,
(For aught we reade) a Plague so long remaine
In any Citie, as this Plague of ours :
For now six yeares in *London* it hath laine
Where none goes out, but at his comming in,
If he but feeles the tendrest touch of smart,
He feares he is Plague-smitten for his sinne ;
So, ere hee's plagu'd, he takes it to the heart :
For, Feare doth (Loadstone-like) it oft attract,
That else would not come neere ; or steale away ;
And yet this plaguy-feare will scarce coact
Our Soules to sinne no more, this Plague to slay.
But Thou, in whose high hand all hearts are held,
Conuert vs, and from vs this Plague auert :
So sin shall yeeld to Grace, and Grace shall yeeld
The Giuer glory for so deere desert.
Too deere for such too worthles wicked Things,
At best but clods of base Infirmite ;
Too deere for Sinne that all this murraine brings ;
Too deere for those that liue but twice to die.
In few, what should I say ? the best are nought
That breathe, since man first breathing did rebell :
The best that breath, are worse than may be thought,
If Thought can thinke the best can do but well :
For, none doth well on Earth, but such as will
Confesse (with griefe) they do exceeding ill !
The best is but a ² Briere, and ³ none doth good,
But He that makes Vs blamelesse in his ⁴ Blood.

FINIS.

¹ Man is Microcosmos.

¹ As appeareth by the Plague bills euerie weeke. Simil.
² Mich. 7. 4. ³ Psal. 14. 2. 4. ⁴ Eph. 5. 12.

To the good Knight and my
much honoured Scholler,
Sir Philip Carey.

Sith Death (deere Sir) hath lately beene so fell,
To reane that life, than deere life deerer farre;
This record of his greatest rage may quell
The lesse (perhaps) in your particular.
Faine would I (if I could) beguile your grieffe,
With telling you of others heauie harmes:
But (ah) such guile giues Griefe too true reliefe,
In your true humane heart, that Pitty warmes.
Life is a Plague: for, who doth liue, must die;
Yet some that haue the Plague doe scape aliue,
So life's more mortall than Mortalitie;
Then sith that life (like death) doth life deprive,
You may reioyce, sith your Adolphus liu'd,
True Vertues life which cannot be depriu'd.

Vivat post funera virtus.

As much grieu'd for your losse, as glad
any way to shew his loue.

John Davies.

To the right worshipfull my
deere Scholler Sir Humphrey

Baskerville of Earsley

Knight:

*And to the no lesse louely than vertuous
Lady his Wife.*

Sith I am Lecturing my noblest Schollers,
(You being two) this Lecture deigne to reade;
For thogh it treats of nought but death and dollers,
Yet it with pleasure may your passion feede:
For plagues to see (vnplagu'd) doth Nature please,
Although good nature (gladly) grieues thereat;
As we are well-ill pleas'd to see at Seas
The wofull'st wracke, while we are safe from that
In health to tell what sicknesse we haue past,
Makes vs more sound; for, Gladnes health defends:
O then your eies on this Plagues-Picture cast
To glad and grieue you for glad-griuous ends.
But my sole End by this poore Meane to yee,
Is but to tie your Eares and Hearts to mee.

John Davies

To my deere, meeke, modest and intirely
beloued Mistris *Elizabeth Dutton*, Mistris
Mary, and Mistris Vere Egerton three Sisters
of hopeful destenies, be all Grace and
good Fortune.

Sith on my worthiest Schollers I doe muse,
How should my Muse to minde you once neglect,
Sith you are such? Then, such she should abuse,
Should she not vse you with all deere respect,
Thou virgin Widow (eldest of the Three)
(That hold'st thy widows state, of Death in chief)
Death in thy youth (being fast) hath made thee free:
Free from thy Ioy, and fastned thee to Griefe.
But he that is the Lord of lordly Death,
Reserues thine honor'd Sires most honor'd Sire
From Deaths dispite; and while he draweth breath,
Thou (lowly Soule) art likely to aspire,
Thy Sisters (like in Nature, as in Name,
And both in Name and Nature nought but good)
(Beloued Pupills) well may hope the same,
Sith of like grace there is like likelihoode.
Yet in the height of Earths felicitie,
A meeke regard vnto this Picture giue,
To minde you so of lifes mortalitie,
So shall you liue to die, and die to liue.
Meanwhile I hope, through your cleere Stars to spie
A Trinitie of Ladies ere I die.

*He which (for the exercise of your his
humilitie) you please to call Master.*

JOHN DAVIES.

To my worthy and worthily beloued
Scholor, Thomas Bodenham Esquier
sonne and heire apparant of Sir Roger
Bodenham of Rotherwas, Knight
of the Bathe.

And if among them that are deere to mee,
(Remembered by my Pen, my Muses Tongue)
I should forget to shew my loue to thee,
My selfe, but much more thee, I so should wrong.
Nay, wrong the right which I to thee doe owe:
But neuer shall my loue so guilefull proue,
As not to pay thee so deserv'd a due,
For I confesse thou well deserv'st my loue.
Thou wert my Scholer; and if I should teach
So good a Pupill such a Lesson ill
(By mine example) I might so impeack
Mine honest fame, and quite disgrace my skill:
But when I learne thee such detested Lore,
Then loathe my loue, and learne of me no more.

Yours, as what's most yours
JOHN DAVIES.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

P. 4. Algernon, Lord Percy. . . . He was the third son of Henry, ninth Earl of Northumberland, by Dorothy Devereux, sister of the renowned Earl of Essex. His two elder brothers dying in infancy, he succeeded as tenth Earl of Northumberland. He was born in London in 1602, and died 13th October 1668: col. 1, l. 6, '*ioyants*' = joints: l. 16, '*bales*' = woes: col. 2, l. 9, '*reede*' = judge: l. 10, '*appose*' = examine critically.

P. 4. Lady Dorothea and Lady Lucy Percies. . . . These were sisters of the preceding Algernon. Lady Dorothy was born in 1598, and married, in 1618, Robert Sidney, afterwards second Earl of Leicester, by whom she was mother of Algernon Sidney the patriot, and Dorothy countess of Sunderland (Waller's '*Sacharissa*'). She died 19th August 1659. Lady Lucy was married in 1617 to James Lord Hay, afterwards Viscount Doncaster and Earl of Carlisle. She was one of the most celebrated beauties of the time. Among many others, Herrick has a dainty poem on her in *Hesperides*. She died 5th November 1660. See Memorial-Introduction for Davies' relations to the family of Northumberland: col. 1, l. 7, '*Phillips page*'—the well-known myth about the father of Alexander the Great.

P. 5. Laudatory Verses. Neither Sharpshell, Cox, nor Greys, now known.

Sharpshell, col. 1, l. 1, '*meas*' = mete, measure.

Cox, col. 1, l. 1, '*vaine*' = vein.

Greys, col. 2, l. 1, '*areede*' = interpret.

HUMOURS HEAVEN ON EARTH.

St. 1, l. 2, '*Lordings*' = lordlings—the reference being to his very young pupils in writing, the Percies. See verse-dedications *supra*.

St. 3, l. 3, '*Weedes*' = garments: l. 8, '*Affects*' = affections, passions. Cf. st. 61.

St. 4, l. 3, '*Truffe*' = turf or cover: so *Scoticè* still.

St. 5, l. 3, '*brast*' = burst: l. 8, '*Sloppes*' = breeches, wide at the knees: but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 6, l. 1, '*Buskins*' = half-boot or high shoe: l. 5, '*gugs*' = opens: l. 7, '*slabberd*' = slobbered.

St. 8, l. 3, '*Band*' = neck-dress: l. 8, '*Points*' = tagged laces.

St. 10, l. 6, '*quirkes*'—the clock of a stocking is so named. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 11, l. 4, '*Lachets*': see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 12, l. 4, '*drifts*' = purposes.

St. 13, l. 2, '*silke-Sipers*,' a misprint apparently: but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: l. 7, '*pincht*' = adorned.

St. 14, l. 1, '*cloth-rash*': see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: l. 2, '*welt*' = wrinkle or plait.

St. 16, l. 4, '*windswant*' = wind's want, or want of wind: l. 5, '*per-brake*' = eructate. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 17, l. 6, '*Pesants*'—transition-form of 'pheasants.'

St. 19, l. 2, '*Gramercies*' = great thanks.

St. 23, l. 2, '*confectd*' = confectioned: l. 4, '*regreets*' = greets again.

St. 27, l. 2, '*trans-lucent*.' See Memorial-Introduction on this word.

St. 28, l. 3, '*Suckt*' = dried sweetmeats.

St. 29, l. 8, '*brock*' = broach.

St. 30, l. 8, '*Formositie*' = beauty.

St. 36, l. 1, '*Mound*'—qu. helmet? See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 40, l. 5, '*Emperie*' = empire, sovereignty.

St. 46, l. 4, '*attone*' = make-at-one.

St. 61, l. 7, '*Affects*.' Cf. st. 3, l. 8.

St. 70, l. 2, '*White*': a bow-shooting term = target, centre.

St. 73, l. 8, '*Antitype*': here = the opposite of. Cf. st. 170, l. 3.

St. 78, l. 2, '*yer*' = ere—so *frequenter*, here and elsewhere.

St. 83, l. 1, '*plaine*' = complain.

St. 87, l. 3, '*incontinent*' = near, immediate.

St. 91, l. 4, '*bate*' = debate.

St. 94, l. 1, '*Carcanet*' = necklace. See my edition of Herrick: Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: l. 7, '*eft*'—a frequent form in Davies—a contraction for *eftsoons*.

St. 104, l. 4, '*spill*' = spoil.

St. 105, l. 4, '*rinnes*' = runs (by stress of rhyme, but so *Scoticè* still).

St. 107, l. 8, '*wots*' = knows: *ib.*, '*wonne*' = dwell.

St. 110, l. 2, '*drifts*' = piled-up snow, driven into narrow places by the wind: l. 5, '*girdle-steed*' = girdle-place, viz., the waist. So Barnfield:

"Why shoulde thy sweete loue-locke hang dangling downe,
Kissing thy girdle-steed with falling pride."

(My edition of his Poems for the Roxburghe Club, p. 22.) So home-stead, or steed.

St. 111, l. 4, '*quicke*' = living.

St. 117, l. 5, '*tide*' = tied.

St. 119, l. 6, '*furr'd*' = thickly fouled.

St. 120, l. 5, '*wosen*' = weasand or windpipe.

St. 125, l. 3, '*vade*' = fade: but see Memorial-Introduction on '*vade*' and '*fade*.'

St. 126, l. 1, '*groundills*' = threshold of a door.

St. 128, l. 7, '*Knuckle bones*': see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 132, l. 5, '*Lures*' . . . '*Hoods*'—hawking terms.

St. 139, l. 4, '*doome*' = judgment.

St. 140, l. 8, '*destested*'—so 'disgested' for 'digested,' and the like.

St. 150, l. 5, '*Sommers*'—qu. Sommers? See on this name in Memorial-Introduction.

St. 154, l. 3, '*tenebrous*' = dark.

St. 156, l. 8, '*figurate*' = figure, set forth figuratively.

St. 157, l. 7, '*Bugs*' = bugbears. Cf. st. 176, l. 1, and st. 162, l. 7.

St. 159, l. 3, '*gleere*' = slime: *Scoticè*, glaur: l. 4, '*sordiditie*' = filth, refuse.

St. 160, l. 5, '*groundlesse*' = bottomless. Cf. Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 165, l. 6, '*hunger-band*' = hunger-cursed: l. 8, '*inch-meale*' = small piece-meal.

St. 168, l. 2, '*Sith*' = sitteth.

St. 176, l. 3, '*So*'—qu. To? : l. 3, '*Hay*' = hey, a dance.

St. 180, l. 1, '*foyle*' = foul.

St. 185, l. 4, '*groundlesse*': see on st. 160, l. 5: *ibid.* '*Thraues*' = Threaves, bunches; *Scoticè*, stooks (as of wheat or corn): l. 6, '*broaching*' = spitting.

St. 187, l. 6, '*Grifphon*' = griffin.

St. 191, l. 2, '*matire*'—qu. matter? see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

- St. 194, l. 6, 'tice' = entice.
 St. 197, l. 7, 'Assaies' = essays, attempts.
 St. 204, l. 4, 'Greet' = grit.
 St. 207, l. 1, 'Caueats' = warnings—legal term.
 St. 210, l. 4, 'teame' : qu. term? (i.e. tearme).
 St. 216, l. 5, 'lomy' = loamy.
 St. 222, l. 8, 'let' = prevent.
 St. 231, l. 1, 'hide' = hied : l. 6, 'eft' : see on st. 94.
 l. 7.
 St. 233, l. 7, 'Spits's' = spites.
 St. 235, l. 1, 'fond' = foolish.
 St. 236, l. 2, 'algates' = always.
 St. 241, l. 6, 'gurmandise' = gormandising.
 St. 246, l. 1, 'In few' = in few words, summarily.

THE SECOND TALE, etc.

- Stanza 4, l. 1, 'Lanoltas' = a kind of waltz.
Ibid. l. 8, 'Winck-all-hid.' See Memorial-Introduction on this sport.
 St. 8, l. 5, 'Check-rolle' = roll of servants in a large house.
 St. 14, l. 2, 'Scholes' = scales.
 St. 17, l. 5, 'tise' = entice.
 St. 18, l. 2, 'scambling' = scrambling, shufflingly.
 St. 24, l. 8, 'line' = life—a frequent contemporary spelling.
 St. 27, l. 1, 'Ancrets' = ancroets.
 St. 46, l. 8, 'Truffe.' Cf. on *Humours Heauen*, etc., st. 4, l. 3.
 St. 60, l. 7, 'Cliffs'—musical term, with an equivoque.
 St. 68, l. 2, 'raught' = reached.
 St. 72, l. 3, 'With Letter,' etc. See Memorial-Introduction on this odd line.
 St. 76, l. 5, 'Yet some she guerdond not, to their desarts.' Mark the foot-note 5, with its initials W. S. R.B. These again doubtless meant Shakespeare and Burbage. On this stanza and the kindred allusions in *Davies' Scourge of Folly*, see our Memorial-Introduction.
 St. 78, l. 6, 'Foisons' = plenty.
 St. 82, l. 3, 'Scripts' = writings.
 St. 84, l. 2, 'Angells' = coins so called.
 St. 90, l. 5, 'coile' = noise, troubles.
 St. 92, l. 4, 'mings' = mingles? but see Glossarial Index, s.v.
 St. 96, l. 7, 'let' = prevent, as before.
 St. 98, l. 3, 'Ling' = fish so named (decaying).
 St. 108, l. 5, 'line' = life, as before.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH, etc.

- P. 42, col. 1, l. 18, 'deceast' : perhaps 'deceast' was intended : col. 2, l. 4, 'groundlesse' = bottomless, as before : l. 8, 'tagge and ragge.' See Memorial-Introduction on this : l. 37, 'Partezans' = pikes or lances.
 P. 43, col. 1, l. 21, 'Bands' = bonds : l. 29, 'foynes' = stabs or blows : but see Glossarial Index, s.v. : col. 2, l. 10, 'Bebaine' = cover with blains : last line, 'vlters' = issues or circulates.
 P. 44, col. 1, l. 30, 'mell' = concerned with : l. 39, 'line' = life, as before : col. 2, last line, 'baneth' = banneth.

P. 45, col. 1, l. 11, 'bulke' = a beam? : l. 16, 'bourd' = jest : l. 7 (from bottom) in original is misprinted, 'Who (as amas'd) not safe knew where to lie' : col. 2, l. 26, 'Ierise' : besides the foot-note, see Glossarial Index, s.v. : l. 29, 'died' = dyed.

P. 46, col. 1, l. 18, 'prease' = press : l. 37, 'all-amort' = dead, dejected : col. 2, l. 1, 'walme', qu. a-walme = bubbling up ; or is it qualm? l. 28, 'hild' = hilled.

P. 47, col. 2, l. 31, 'Browne Bill.' See Glossarial Index, s.v.

P. 48, col. 1, l. 9, 'Truffe' = turf, as before. See Glossarial Index, s.v. : l. 10 (from bottom), 'ierkes' = blows, beating.

P. 49, l. 7, 'Troy-mouant' (so mis-spelled), one of the names (mythical) of London : l. 24, 'drifts' = purposes, plans : l. 44, 'nonnes' = nonce : l. 45, 'yrne' = yearn.

P. 50, *Sir Philip Carey* . . . He was the third son of Sir Edward Cary of Aldenham, co. Herts, by Catherine, d. of Sir Henry Knyvet, of Buckenham, co. Norfolk, Kt. He was knighted at Greenwich, 23d March 1604-5, and was a gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Prince Henry in 1614. He married Elizabeth, d. and heir of Richard Bland of Carleton, co. York. He was buried at Aldenham, 13th June 1631. 'Adolphus' herein celebrated was apparently a son.

P. 50, *Sir Humphrey Baskerville* . . . Of Eardesley, co. Hereford. He was the only son of John Baskerville, by Anne, d. of Richard Southwell of co. Norfolk, and was born in 1587. He was knighted at Whitehall, 7th March 1608-9. He supported the royal cause during the Civil Wars, though taking no particularly active part. He died 3d April 1647. His wife was Elizabeth, d. of Sir Thomas Coningsby of Hampton Court, co. Hereford. She died in 1665.

P. 50, *Elizabeth, Mary, and Vere Egerton* . . . Those were the daughters of Sir Thomas Egerton, eldest son of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere (but died in his father's lifetime), by Elizabeth, d. of Thomas Venables, Baron of Kinderton, co. Chester. *Elizabeth*, the eldest d., married John Dutton, son and heir-apparent of Thomas Dutton of Dutton, co. Chester, Esq., but died 2d October 1611, in her 17th year, and was buried in the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster. *Mary*, married Sir Thomas Leigh, Kt., afterwards Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh, co. Warwick. *Vere*, married William Booth, Kt. and Bart. of Dunham, co. Chester, but died in his father's lifetime.

P. 50, *Thomas Bodenham* . . . He was eldest son of Sir Roger Bodenham of Rotherwas, co. Hereford (who was created a Kt. of the Bath at the coronation of James I.), by Bridget his wife, d. of Humphrey Baskerville of Eardesley, and aunt of Sir Humphrey B. above mentioned. He married Mary, d. of Sir Francis Lacon of Kinlet Hall, in Shropshire, and was living in 1634. He was ancestor of the present representative of the family, Charles De la Barre Bodenham, Esq. of Rotherwas. See Notes and Illustrations to *The Scourge of Folly*, s.m.—* Throughout, the volume in the original is very carelessly printed. Many gross clerical errors have been silently corrected.—G.



The Muses Teares
for
HENRY, *Prince of Wales.*

1613.



NOTE.

For our exemplar of these now very rare and costly poems of the
'Muses Teares' I am again indebted to the British Museum : 4to, pp. 37.
See our Memorial-Introduction for the biographic interest of these lamentations.—G.

THE
M V S E S T E A R E S
FOR THE LOSSE OF
THEIR HOPE; HEROICK
AND NERE-TOO-MVCH

praised, HENRY, Prince
of Wales. &c.

Together with TIMES Sobs
for the vntimely death of his Glory
in that his Darling: and, lastly,
his Epitaphs.

C O N S E C R A T E D

To the high and mighty Prince, *Frederick*
the fift, Count-palatine of Rhoyne. &c

Where-vnto is added,

Consolatory *STRAINES* to wrest *NATVRE*
from her bent in immoderate mourning: most
loyally, and humbly wisht to the KING
and QVEENES most excellent
MAIESTIES.

BY

IOHN DAVIES *of Hereford, their Maiesties*
poore Beads-man, and Vassall.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Iohn Wright*: and are to be
sould at his shop neere Christ-
Church Dore, 1613.



THE MVSES TEARES,

for the high, Heroik, and neuer-

too-much praised, HENRY,

Prince of Wales, &c.

THe HAND of *heaven* (as *quick*, as it is *strong*,
And moues this ALL, to all it moues vnto :)
Hath turn'd our *hopes*, to *fears*, (and *griefs*
among)

In his *Lifes LINE*, which it did late vndo.
Princely-perfection being past the prime,
And, neare the highest grow'th (O dismall *turne* !)
Is turn'd into the *Roads*, this *Winter-time*,
Ner'e to retire till GOD in *Flesh* returne !
He, vpon whome the *Nations Eyes* were bent
As on a most auspicious blasing-*Starre*
Is now extinguish'd ; yet, the light hee lent,
Fore-shew'd he would haue thundred lowd, in War :
For, in his *Kares* no *musick* sweet did sound,
But *Trumpets*, *Drummes*, and *Phifes* : and, at his *maste*,
(While they did others hearing but confound)
They solac'd his ; and made his *stomack* great !
Th' expertest *Fortifier*, and *Engineers*
He sought ; who taught him either *skill*, so young,
That he his Teachers taught : so, did appeare
Too ripe, too soone, to last (so ripe) too long !
And, in all exercise of *Armes* he was
Vnmatch'd by any of his yeares : For, He
Past *subiects* so, as he did *subiects* passe,
In *Birth*, *Mind*, *Vertue*, *Glory*, and *Degree* !
The *Doing-Horse* (all Eyes can witnesse it)
He made much more than *Do* : yet, sate so sure
As they (but where are they that so can sit ?)
That back the wildest *Beasts*, yet, sit secure !
In few : no *Feats* of such *Activity*
As grac'd *Action* and the *Actor* too,
But it (with most admir'd *Agility*)
He did past all that best, so young, could do !
With *Arts* and *Letters* hee so stor'd his MIND
That both knew all therein, y'er *Youth* could know :
So, *Arts* and *Nature* was as *Curst*, as *Kind*,
To *Cleave* so to him, and to *Leave* him so !
His *Spirit* and *Body* were at endless strife
Which should be *Actiu'st* in all Princely *Parts* :

For, both were full of *Grace*, as full of *Life* ;
Both which winne *Glory*, with both *Hopes* and *Hearts* !
That active *Spirit* his *Meditations* rais'd
About the *Sphaere* of GREATNES ; that doth rise
From those *Perfections* that do perish prais'd,
To seek PERFECTION prais'd ; and neuer dies !
And, like a *Soule* (that nought on *Earth* can fill)
Seeking for al-sufficing *Aliments*,
Still mounts aboue her selfe (in *Minde*, and *Will*)
Till she hath found what fully her contents :
So, his rare *Soule*, (beeing euer on her *Wings*,
Soone cloide with whatsoe're the *Earth* holds deere)
Sought to suffice her with eternall Things ;
Which made her stay so much the shorter here !
The *World* could not containe her ; not as He
To whose ambition *Earths* Rotundity
Seem'd but an *Angle* : no ; but Shee did flee
The *World*, and such vaine *Pride* ; yet fled more
high !

She fled to Him whose *Center's* every where,
And *Circles* no where : for, true *Eaglet*, She
On *Iustice* SONNE (her Eyes being *strong*, as *cleare*)
Still lou'd to looke, to shew her *Dignity* !
But, while She kept within her *Prison-walls*
(Or *leile* of *Flesh*) She through the *Windowes*, saw
To all that in *Discretions* *Compass* falls ;
And, ordred all that *All* by *Reasons* Law.
His *Servants* so hee swai'd (and that alone
Himselfe beeing vnder *Tutors*) as appear'd
That they were gouern'd by some *Salomon* ;
For which he was no lesse *Belou'd*, than *Fear'd*.
Reward and *Punishment* being as the *Weights*
By which our *Horologe* of *Life* is mou'd)
Fell euer through him (from *Celestiall Heights*)
On none, but whom true *vertue* loth'd, or lou'd !
If then, his *Private* in such order stood
How had the *publike* done when hee had swai'd ?
They had beene like for *Grace*, in *likely-hood* ;
And (for our *Common-good*) as *Good*, as *staid* !

The *High'st* all good things hath in Essence still ;
Ill, in his *Vnderstanding-pow'r* ; but *Man*
 Hath good things by *Intelligence* ; but ill
 He hath in *Essence* : for, no *Good* he can !
 But He, whose *goodness* raulsh'd him from hence,
 Was *Good*, in *Nature* ; by his *BEING*, blest :
 But *Ill* he had but by *Intelligence* ;
 Which he, with *Grace*, corrected, being best !
 Some *Kings* are more than *Men* in their beliefe ;
 But, in their liues such *Beasts* as neuer lli'd :
 The chiefe *Offenders* than, are oft the *CHIEFE* :
 But this, *Belou'd*, lli'd well, and well beleue'd !
 The *Simile* twixt *God* and *Man* is such,
 That *God* is said to be *immortall Man* ;
 And *Man* a mortall *God* : He was so much ;
 Whose want we waile much more than *Sorrow* can.
 His Princely lookes compos'd so rarely were
 Of venerable *gravity* and *grace*,
 That one did *Loue* prouoke, the other *fear* ;
 And both, in one, still shew'd a sacred *Face* !
 His Ire was temperate, sith he knew so well
 How ill t'was in *Warre* Fortunes to be hot ;
 Sith, like great *Ruines*, those it quite doth quell
 On whome it falls ; and, lights on equall Lot !
 It is to[o] rash ; (and so must needs offend)
 To do ought well : For, it cures ill with ill :
 Then, to referre a *Vice* to *Ire* to mend,
 Is *Vice* to cure by *Vice* (outrageous) still.
 Great *Mindes* in *Choler*, should be euer like
 The highest *Planets*, that are slowest mou'd ;
 And neuer vse (how euer mou'd) to strike,
 Till they indulgent *meanes* have throughly prou'd.
 The *fury* of *Ire*, that from cold *fear* proceeds
 Prouokes the Subject, put past *fear*, in *Aste*
 To make attempts (although for it he bleeds)
 To free his *fear*, that makes him desperate.
 Nor is he quiet kept, to keepe him low,
 (As some affirme) for eu'ry *hope* that giues,
 Least like-li-hood to raise his ouer-throw,
 Vnder new Lords, for such he plots, and strues.
 Then as from *loue* proceeds a State more sure,
 (Though moderate) so, that that comes from *fear*,
 Although more absolute, doth lesse endure :
 For *fear*, growne des'prate, it will ouer-bear.
 For, *Cruelty* from *Comardise* doth spring,
 Sith still couragious *Mindes* their force employ
 But on resisting foes ; then hee's no King,
 (But *Tyrant*) that but prostrate Friends destroys.
 It is a weakenesse of great *Pow'r*, and *Will*,
 To loue them least that most they do offend :
 Whome *Kings* offend, that will offend them still ;
 And, ne're for-giue th' offended till their end,
 But hate to see them ; sith (perhaps) their sight
 But minds them of the *wrongs* they do them still :
 In this, this *Gaul-lesse Prince* tooke no delight,
 But did quite otherwise in *Deed* and *Will* !

¹ The Surgeons that embalmed, and embowelled him, found no Gauls at all in him, as it is confidently reported.

Ambition, (the *Soules* Shirt, sith that the *Vice*
 Shee last puts off) no more transported his
 Than *Caesars* was with *glories* auarice ;
 For, his *Ambition* wholly aim'd, at this !
Kings should haue *innocency* Columbine,
 To do no more than harmlesse Creatures should ;
 With which they should haue *Wisdomes* Serpentine,
 To do no lesse then *Circumspection* would :
 And euer, with the wakefull'st *Will* and *Wit*,
 To stretch their *power* beyond their *power* (though
 great)

But only for the publike-benefit,
 For which they smell most sweete, when most they
 sweat !

A *Prince* that ties himself himself vnto
 Doth much mistake himselfe : For, hee's not his ;
 Nor, is the *STATE* his : but, he still must do,
 As if he were the *STATES* : for, so he is.
 From *Benefits*, come *Obligations* : and,
 From such more such : and, so t'is *Sire*, and *Sonne*,
Effect, and *Cause* ; yet still doth, mouing, stand
 In *Will* and *Pow'r* of *Natures*, like the *Summe*.
 Such was this *Prince*, who look'd with watchful Eyes
 To all that might with *State*, in *Time*, haue stood :
 He aw'd the Great, and (instly, most precise)
 Discount'nanc'd such as *Greater* were than good.
 „ For, such as wilbe Sheepe, the Wolfe denoures :
 Then, sheepish *Kings* must flee all *Beasts* of prey,
 Or keepe *Presumption* downe in subiect *Pow'r*,
 Lest long conuinence make it long for *ruine*.
Contempt t' a *Prince*, more dang'rous is than hate :
 For, *Hate*, by *fear*, is held from bold *Attempt* :
 But, *SCORNE* doth make it daring ; then a *STATE*
 In danger stands, that stands, so, in *Contempt* !
Lightnings put by with winde but of a *Cap* ;
 And oft great *STATES* (that might the *world* command)
 Fall with the smallest *accidents* that hap :
 Then, if *Contempt* they beare, they cannot stand.
 This made this *Prince* betimes to haue an Eye
 To all that saw but how they high might grow
 By *wrong* and *scorne* of *PRINCIPALITY*,
 Sith well he knew they ill themselves did know.
 His *Deeds* did enermore exceed his *words*
 In *Vertue*, and *Effect* : nor, would He speake
 But still with *Caution* fit for sou'raigne Lords,
 Who know they bruise their *Crownes*, when Words they
 break !

For *Princes* safer *Pris'ners* are, by far,
 Vnder their *words* almighty-binding *pow'r*
 Than they are vnder strongest *Bolt* or *Berre* ;
 Because their *Words* (like *Gods*) are euer sure !
 If otherwise, we cannot call them *Gods*
 (As *God* himselfe doth *stille* them) if they be
 Vnlike through that iniustice ; and (like *Clods*)
 Do nought but soile the *seeds* of their *Degree*.
 No : *Tongues*, & *Pens* will wound their *Names* to death ;
 Nay, past, sith past, sharpe *Tongues* & *Pens* can giue
 Them black *Reproch* : for, with their harmful breath,
 Their *Vices* did ; but still their *Shames* may liue !

For, seeing *Justice* cannot touch their lines,
 Its reason it should touch their *Names* (too nought) .
 For feare whereof a TITVS often strides
 To be not what he is, but what he ought !
 For, it is hard to play an *After-game*
 Of *Reputation* wel : or, not to loose
 By eu'ry cast, though wel we play the same,
 Sith all our *Gaine* to our first *Losses* goes !
 But *Virtus* made our *Herols* to preserve
 His *Name* from blemish ; not these by-respects :
 He *Virtue* seru'd, that so She Him might serue
 With fullest *Glory* voide of all *Defects*.
 Not like the *Starres* (that yeeld but little light
 Because they are so high) with them it far'd :
 But (like the *Sunne*) was bright'st at greatest height ;
 And still his *Minde* vnto his *Fortunes* squar'd.
 BEING, without well *Being*, curst is ;
 And, so, the greater *Being*, the greater curse :
 But he being Great, was euer blest in this
 That he did *Grace*, by *Nature*, kindly nurse !
Nature in HIM, admir'd what she had wrought,
 At least she might, if she, (most wonderfull
 Of things created) could admire at ought
 That's made good, great, stout, wise, and beautiful.
 He was the richest *Trophy* FORTVNES Pow'r
 Could reare in HONORS *Theater* ; for, still
 NATVRE did doate on Him (her *Bellamours*,
 Or *Master-piece*), the Wonder of her skill !
Beauty, TIMES flowre, though delicate it be
 Yet soone it dies : so holds comparison
 With *Phydias* collours ; which (though faire to see)
 Were blemisht with each *Breath* that breath'd thereon
 But that immortall beauty of the *Minde*
 Wherewith He was endow'd, was so ingrain'd
 In his *Soules* Faculties, that by no winde
 Or blast of *Bussy*, it can e're be stain'd !
 No : He most strictly ey'd his better *Part* ;
 And in the glasse of *Heav'n's* eternall LAW
 Righted th' *Apparell* of his royall Heart
 As best became his FORME, which there he saw :
 For, no *Mans* Fortunes, nor his high renowne
 Can possibly be worthy for his *End* ;
 Which hath made *Kings* of *Yore* to quit their
Crowne,
 That they to better *Ends* might wholly tend .
Life's but a *Supposition*, or *Non-ENS* ;
 That's not perceptible ; because it IS ;
 Then, streight IS not, but by *Intelligence* ;
 And, while it IS, it is but most amisse !
 Nothing is certaine, but vncertainty
 Beneath the *Moon* ; which varies like our *Mind*es :
 For, *Man's* a *Mase* of *Mutability*,
 Wherein both *Sin* and *Grace* still turnes, and winds !
 It's good to die than, yer wee die ; because
 A life too lively proves too deadly oft :
 He shootes not well that vp his Arrow drawes
 And eyes no Mark below, nor that aloft.
 But some mis-doe themselves, themselves to hide
 From cruell *Fortunes* most impetuous Blowes :

But neuer *Kings*, but Cowards, so hane di'd ;
 Yet *Emperours* (base, as bad) hane beene of those !
 It is an act of Charity to long
 Euer to line for others good : than they
 That both to *God* and *Nature* do such wrong,
 (As hatefull *Monsters*) seekes their both decay !
 And some so long doe line that they interre
 Their *Glory* y'er they die ; and die but when
 The World doth hate them deadli'st ; or some War
 Takes them away ; as *Beasts*, from ciuill *Men* !
 Yet, *Life's* but Bondage, wer't not free'd by *Death* ;
 Nay, *Life's* a *Sickness* that so mortall is,
 That whoso liues, must die : and strongest *Breath*
 Is not still long'st ; but, often more amisse !
 Life may be tane from *Man*, by any *Man* ;
 But *Death* by no *Man* ; none dare him abide :
 Nor, *Pow'r*, nor *Art*, nor *Love*, *Life* lengthen can :
 For, if they could, this *Prince* had neuer di'd !
 Yee *Iles*, (whereof He was the Hope) with *Foewes*
 Shake where ye stand ; or with sighes shift your
Clime ;
 And be inuiron'd with a sea of *Teares*,
 Where neuer *Sunne* may see the face of TIME !
 Or, settle else, where still his *Beames* may burne
 Our frozen Hearts ; and, turne vs all to Black ;
 That eu'n our *Skinnes* as-well as Hearts may mourne
 For him whose want turnes all our comforts back.
Black's but a moere *Privation*, and no *Hue*,
 As *Darknesse* is of *Light* : that's fitt'st for vs,
 Whom *Griefes* Cimerian darknesse doth subdue,
 Being quite depriu'd of *Light* of comfort, thus.
 The feeling-sence alone for mortall life
 Is necessary : but, the rest not so ;
 For, *Life* may BE without them : then, let *Griefe*
 And Sense to feele it, ne're our lines forgo !
 For Him that might the death of *Griefe* hane beene
 Had *Heav'n's* not enu'd *Earth* his longer stay ;
 But (ah) he grew so mellow, being Greene,
 That he, by nature, soone did fall away !
 With whom our Hearts are fall'n ; and with the fall,
 (On Craggy Cares) are swol'n so full of wo
 That they can hardly hold : but, O, this ALL
 Is at this stay, that staies but falling so !
 What hold, or hope, or helpe is than, in ALL,
 But He that's ALL in ALL ? sith such a PROP,
 (So young, so strong, and sound, till he did fall)
 Is *Feauer-shaken* downe from HIGHNES Top !
 Floate heaviest *Griefe* on *Times* eternall *Teares*
 T' a *Deluge* turn'd ; and sinke all *Ioy* therein :
 Floate *Griefe* to *Death* : sinke *Ioy* to depth of *foures* ;
 Sith, in the *Heav'n*, our *hopes* so sunke hane bin !
 So faile their *hopes* that hope, by *Sinne*, for *Grace*
Heav'n's hate we vrge : and yet (so, vrge it more)
 We looke for lone : But, O, such *Life*, such *Care* !
 „ A *desperate Salve*, must cure a *desperate SORE* !
 We thought our CROWNE so staid with many *Props*
 (So *Yong*, and *strong*) that no cold *Puff* of *fears*
 (Howeuer strong) could once but shake our *Hopes*,
 Which now this *Blast* doth reele, and backward beare !

But yet to feare too much is to receiue
Ill fortunes y^er they come; and, that is ill:
 Our *fears* as well as *hopes* may vs deceiue:
 Than *fears* we so, as *hopes* may hold vs still.
Fears beares *Hopes* backward to a forward *Stay*:
 So forward, as wee feare more going back,
 When in our *Soules* (besides) our *Sinnes* we waigh,
 Which threats (auert it *Heau'n*) our viter wrack!
 But hee; O be propitious, highest POW'R,
 To vs: and make our Royal PLANT to spring
 Vnto that *Greatnesse* that may long'st endure;
 And *Branches* beare, that may beare many a KING!
 But yet (O *Death*!) GRIEF will not leaue vs so;
 It turnes againe; and *Passion* (which doth swel,
 Say *Reason* what it will) will with vs goe
 Vnto the *Grasse*, which *Heau'n* is to this *Hel*!
 Why from the *Surgeon* doe we turne our Eye
 When, with his *Probe*, wee see him search a wound,
 But that wee know our *Sences* sou'raignty
 Ouer our *Reason*, might vs, with it, confound!
 Than, can wee see the Hand of DEATH to gage
 His HEART, (beeing ours; and so, through ours should
 go)
 And not auert our Eyes, in ruthfull rage?
 If so we can, we can be cruell so!
 But, O, wee needs must see this dismall DEED,
 (At least in *Minde*) for which our *Hearts* are rent:
 The letting of him bloud did make them bleed:
 For which we curse the CAVSE, and Instrument.
 It is, almost, a Miracle to finde
 A great, and liuely *Spirit* well govern'd;
 But his rare *Spirit* (be'ing such) did turne, and winde
 As the *Phisition* still, it mannaged!
 Indifferent *Spirits*, for *Rule*, farre better doe
 Than *Spirits* too mighty, who are good for nought
 But to torment themselves, and others too:
 Yet His, being great, hee rul'd as he ought!
 The *Spirit* doth owe the *Flesh* a *Sou'raignes* care
 Not a *Slaves* service: for, if *Flesh* hee free,
 'Twill make the *Spirit* but seruile, base, and bare;
 But if the *Spirit*; the *Flesh* shall honor'd be!
 And, looke how when the *Heart* is sick, the HEAD
 And all the *Members*, of the *Griefe* haue part,
 But neuer die, vntill the HEART be dead;
 So, HEAD and *Members* die with this our HEART!
 We die, though yet we moue, with *griefe* conceau'd
 For this his death: whose Life gaue all our Parts
 Their liuely motion; which they had receau'd
 From his rare vertue, *Life* of all our *Hearts*.
 Nor can we (ah!) liue other-wise than dead
 (Although, in *Death*, we liue; or lifelesse plight)
 For him that gaue vs Heart, and Life, our HEAD;
 So liue we now, without or *Life* or *Spirit*!
 It is a kind of *ioy* in case of *moane*
 Not to be single: Common-miserie
 (Though heauiest) lighter weighes on one alone,
 Then doth his priuat light aduersitie!
 As *Peace* is *Warre* to men impo'urish growne;
 Who, in the totall ruines of the STATE,

Had rather be o'rewhelm'd, than in their owne;
 So, each mans *Crosse* seems most vnfortunate!
 But in our Case, it is not so, we see:
 For this our common losse so sad doth lie
 Vpon our *Soules*, that nought can heauier be;
 Although it were, with torment, oft to die?
 Yet, tis high'st Courage lowly to sustaine
 The heauiest *Plagues* which for our sinnes are sent:
 And to be patient qualifies the paine;
 And, makes vs, at the low'st, most excellent!
 But, to resist, rage, murmur, or complaine,
 Is as effeminate as *Men* may do:
 Than to be subiect so, is so to raigne
Kings of our selues; and *Saints* with *Angells* too!
 „ *Humility*, of *Men*, doth *Angells* make:
 „ And *Pride*, of highest *Angells*, maketh *Devills*:
 „ In *Pride*, all *Evills* did beginning take:
 „ But in *Humility*, release from *Evills*!
 W^e are borne to *Sorrows*: would we than be free?
 That were iniustice: Than, we needs not beare
 The lawes to which all *Flesh* must subiect be,
 Vnlesse we would abuse all *Flesh* appeare!
 Our highest *pleasures* still do tend vnto
 The deepest *sighes*: those *Wrinkles* of the face
 That serue for *Laughing*, serue for *Weeping* too;
 And extreame *Laughing* sheddeth *Tears* apace!
 GREATNES (as we mis-stille it) howe're stout,
 And glorious too it be) is, as we proue,
 But like a *Lightnings*-flash, soone in, and out
 Of *Life* and *Light*, that gets more *Hate*, than *Love*!
 Our ALL's but *Nothing* than: For, that which IS
 Must be eternall: For, what IS, must stay
 Such as it is a Thought (at least) but this
 Is with a Thought, or chang'd, or gone away!
 Now sith the deereest of these Mundane things,
 Do fall so cheape from highest Holds they haue,
 And that both *Sauy-gods* as well as Kings
 Do but ingorge the most insatiate Graue;
 What *Sense* haue such that see this daily done,
 And yet rely on life, that but appeares
 As doth a *Vapor* rising with the *Sunne*
 But straight to vanish, in a Vale of *Teares*!
 For Kings none other-wise than Mists descend
 Downe from the lofty *Mountaines* to the *Vales*
 Where they through Fortunes *Sun-shine* soone ascend,
 And vanish straight like dew the *Sunne* exhales.
 Thus can *Discretion* teach *Griefe* what to say
 To ease it selfe; but *Griefes* if great they are
 Will still be mute; or else (as mad) will bray:
 And so our *Griefes* (as mad) do make vs fare.
 Our LOSSE so far transcends the highest Bounds
 Of *humane-wisdom*, patiently to beare,
 That it our Sufferance, and our Selues confounds
 With all distraction, ioyn'd to *griefe*, and *fears*:
Saint Iames, thy house, (late house of *ioyes* ex-
 treame)
 Is now an House of Mourning; sith this *Mate*
 Of *Angells*, di'd therein, yet liues with them;
 And, left that haplesse House to endlesse hate.

Those costly *Pictures* (curious *Prooves of skill*)
 Wherewith that *Houss* (like *Heas'n*) he late did grace ;
 There may they hang in *Vittor-darknes* till
 The fowlest *Spinners* scarfe their fairest Face !
 That if, here-after, any curious Eye
 (That would to Hell to see a Curious sight)
 Come there to see them, it may look awry,
 As loathing to behold their vile plight.
 Their Co-inhabitants be euer grimme,
 Gryn *Desolations*, sterne *Consociates* ;
¹ Blacke ougly *Bats*, and *Owles* ; with *Zim*, and *Jim* ;
 T' affright all *Fleish* with horror from the *Gates* !
 This, for the *Place* wherein he di'd : The *Time*,
 (Sith much more dismall) much more still b' accurst :
 Let neuer *Sunne* the steepe *Meridian* climbe
 On that blacke *Day*, but clad in *Sable* first !
 Let all the *Starres* that are malevolent,
 Lend all the light that *Day* (like *Night*) shall giue ;
 That *Men* may see but onely to lament
 With wofull'st action, that may moue to grieue !
 And sith great *Kings* their *Birth-daies* celebrate
 With all that *Pompe* can yeeld ; or *Pleasure* prooue ;
 On this black *Death-day* still, (through publike *hate*)
 Let ne're the least *pompe* stirre, nor *pleasure* moue !
Musike, be euer silent on this *Day* ;
 Or with Chromatick *Dumps* our losse lament :
 And, O yee *heav'nly Spheares*, sound so, or stay ;
 And, all confuse beneath the *firmament* !
 For, *Common-griefe's* not capable of *forme* :
 Our *Griefe* is common ; then, confound all Mirth
 On this curst *Day* ; let *DEATH* then, euer storme,
 Yea, make the *Sunne* himselfe lie hid with *Earth* !
 If ought be else, *Postick-rage*, or worse,
 Or *Loue* (that can doe all) can mooue to hate
 This curs'd *day* to adde vnto this curse,
 Let it fall on it, as most reprobate.
Henry (deere *Henry* !) O that Words we had
 So steep in *Brine*, that all, through them, might see
 That We, with *Reason*, are growne iustly mad :
 Sith *Reas'n* doth rage, most iustly, but for Thee !
 For, *soules* that haue *Intelligence* and *Will*,
 And by the first discerne what they haue lost,
 Can, through the *Last*, but last distracted still
 With *Rage* that *Reason* rectifieth most !
 If *GOD* we lose, what *Reas'n* can be so great
 (For, greatest *Reas'n* best knowes the greatest losse :)
 But it, with *Griefe*, will quite itselfe forget,
 Remembring such a Soule-confounding *CROSSE* !
 Then, when we loose a *Prince*, like *God* for State,
 Stile, *Virtue*, and Effect, what *Reason* can
 But fare as it were rightly reprobate ?
 If not ; such *Reas'n* must be in more than *Man* !
 If well, wee take a *CROSSE* of so great weight
 That breakes the Back of *suffrance*, with a *Thought*,
 (Though propt with strongest *grace*) our dul conceipt
 Of *Goodnesse* lost, shewes we are good for nought.

¹ Essay 13. 21, 22.

No : Sooner can our *Soules* discourse forbear,
 And cease to take Reports from *Wit* and *Sence*
 Than we (like *Blacks*) such *Blowes of Fate* can beare
 As maime our *Soules* through their *Intelligence* !
¹ If He of *HVS*, whose patience (being crost)
 Endur'd the shock of *Hals* first mortall charge,
 Yet, in the second, found his patience lost
 Among but *Blaines*, that did but *Blood* enrage ;
 Then how should *flesh*, lesse fenc'd with *Grace*, sustaine
 So many Wounds, which through our *Princes* Heart
 Death fastens on our *soules* ; such hurt, such paine,
 Makes *Out-rage* seeme to act but *Judgements* Part.
² The *Prophet* being but in *prison* cast
 For speaking what he *ought*, and as hee *should*
 Vow'd neuer more to mention *heav'n* and *past*
 So farre in heate, that hee the High'st contrould.
 Then, though wee may not, from the alips of *Saints*,
 Take warrant flat to fall, yet for such *CAVSE*
 To vse Poetick-rage in our Complaints,
 (Falling past fury) stands with *Reasons* Lawes :
 Oh ! that *Wit's* forces than, that *Reas'n* controule,
 Could fall into this sacred Rage ; and make
 All Times to come to suffer with our *soules* ;
 Or, force the *preps* of future Worlds to shake !
 For, *passion* beeing in our *soules* conceit'd,
 Forth-with is formed in our *speech* ; and so
 Passing from vs, by others is receiv'd ;
 And, makes in them impression of like Wo.
 Oh ! *Eloquence* (the *Routher* of our Minde,
 Swaying th' *Affects* thereof, which way it lists)
 Ioyne with our *sighes* (now) like resistlesse Winds
 To lose our *soules* in *sorowes* endlesse Mists :
 For, *Griefe* enforc'd by *Fate*, and *Eloquence*
 (Oh *FORCE* that stil the owne desires fulfils !)
 Than *Tyrants* sway, hath no lesse violence
 Ore our weake *soules*, that works but what it Wils !
 Yet nought's more eloquent than *TRUTH* (most strong !)
 Than our tru *Grief* (that seas of *sorrow* weeps)
 Must mooue al *Mindes*, by th' *Engin* of our *Tongue*,
 To floate to endlesse Woes on *DOLORS* *Deepes*.
 Men must be wrought like *Ir'ne* ; that first made soft
 With *fire*, yee *water* cooles it : *fires* of *Wit*
 Must make them more then supple (sure, and oft)
 Y'er Teares can coole strong *passions* burning-fit.
 Than, if my Wit were great, as is the *CAVSE*
 Of this our *sorrow*, it should so enflame
 The World with *passion* as it ne're should pause
 To showre forth streames of Teares to quench the same
 But so this *Griefe* distracts it, that it can
 But make imperfect Offers ; it's too cold
 To thaw the frozen Hearts of euey *Man* :
 For, *Death* (not *Dolor*) hath all hearts in hold.
 Oh words ! O *sence* ! how sencelesse both wee hold
 (Though most significant) that cannot curse
 This *Day* past execration : would yee could
 (And I had you to vse) do that, or worse !

¹ Job.² Ier. 20. 7. 8. 9.

But why, O why! doe I accurs'd *fend*,
 So curse the *Day* wherein He so was blest
 For whose cause so I curse? My knees I bend,
 And beg for *Grace*, sith 't'was in *Minde* distrest.
 Then I retract my Curses; and I blesse
 That blessed *God* that giues and takes (so free)
 The best Things euer: for, we must confesse,
 This was as good as could, in *Nature*, bee!
 For, if in nature, there could be a *Prince*
 About the pitch of highest *Hopes*; then Hee
 Was more then such, in our experience:
 Then, can our *Griefes* be lesse than now they bee?
 Yet *Arte*, and *Adulation* (making *Eight*
Of seuen) that make so many famouz'd,
 (But yet the *eight* make more for *state*, and *weight*)
 Do oft, in ouer-righting, wrong the dead!
 But few, if dead, are flattered, if their friends
 Liue not in *Wealth*, or *Greatnesse*: so, the scopes
 Of all such *Clawes* scratch for priuate *Ends*:
 Yet, *Kings* will flatter, to attaine their *Hopes*!
 But, who for priuate *Grace*, (and *Guifts* among)
 Of wicked *Princes* doe renowne their *Names*
 Do priuate-*Iustice*, so, with publike-Wrong;
 So, both is wronge, done right to both their *shames*.
 Then, here's our happy infortunity,
 To praise him, dead, so strong in lyuing-Might
 Whose erned *praise* seemes hired flattery;
 But this we cannot shunne; and doe him right.

Then, O! receiue, great *Prince* of *Palatines*,
 Our *Muses Teares* (true records of our Harme)
 In these sad *Numbers* of her blubbred *Lines*,
 Eu'n for his sake, of whom th' hast lost an ARME
 If not much more! for, neuer could two Hearts
 As th' had, beene one, long since, and cleft in two;
 Till now, at meeting, streight reioyn'd their Parts:
 So did your Hearts at your first meeting doe.
 But *death*, too enuious *death*, disseuer'd them
 As soone as ioyn'd; than wee may iudge by this
 Thy causefull Sorrowes needs must be extreame
 Like ours: whose heart was ours, and ours was His!
 And to what season had as spightfull *Time*
 Reseru'd this seu'ring? but eu'n then, when thou
 (To make that *Knot* more sure, in your youths prime)
 Cam'st to espouse his HALFE, wo-wedded now!
 So, when thy ioyes were flowing, neere the full,
 It, past the lowest ebbe, fell headlong-wise;
 And wert not *Fortune* thee did yet not lull
 In Cradle of sure *hope*, it neere could rise!
 Thy Fortunes highest ayme (nought can bee higher
 That on the *Earth* is found) is the rar'st *lemme*

That er'e was cas'd with flesh: then, to aspire
 That to enioy, is ioy beyond extreame!
 A *Sister* suitable to such a *Brother*;
 The high'st desire of mightiest *Potentates*:
 Good in the *Abstract*, ther's not such another,
 Now to bee match'd; nor in the power of FATES!
 Fame that best knows her, prompts me what to speake;
 All, that attend her, *Fames* report mainetaines;
 And, all in all, into her prayses breake;
 Yea, loue the ground that this *Belou'd*, sustaines!

But, O, wee cannot looke vpon her *Worth*
 But must reflect on His that's gone; sith He
 Which as her Self; and one *Wombe* brought them forth,
 Which, for these BLESSINGS, euer-bless'd bee.
 But (ah) he *was*, and is not: WAS! (O word
 Able to strike the soule of Patience dead)
 And why not IS? Hee IS, and is a LORD
 Whom Angels serue, and with their Food is fedd,
 He di'de indeed; it's true: nay, *false* it is;
 He did not die, that chang'd but lifes annoy
 For life of comfort in eternall BLISSE:
 Yet, thus he di'de, that thus yet liues in ioy!
 Deere *Vault*, that veil'st him, mummanize his Corse
 Till it arise in *Heauen* to be crown'd:
 Sith (though on *Earth* he rarely ran his course)
 No *Crowne*, for *Prize*, though it he toucht, he found.
 But *Breath* no sooner left him but it was
 Inuolu'd with *aire* of FAME, and blowne so high,
 That it doth *Ariadne's* CROWNE surpasses,
 And made a FLAME new kindled in the Skye.
 He di'de in *shew* than, but yet liues in *Deed*
 In *Heauen*, and *Hearts* of all that honor *Grace*,
 In *HIGHNES Heart*: he di'de then, so to speed
 Of *Glory* heere, and in that surer *Place*.
 Eu'n when his *Grand-dames* Corpse was re-enshrinde;
 As if his Corpse, in shades of *Death*, through *loue*,
 Had long'd to meete with Hers that seem'd so kinde
 To seeke to meete with his, through her remoue!
 Eu'n then (the will of *Heau'n* so fore-assign'd)
 He left his *Breath*, ye'r he the *Crowne* possess;
 And went in *Person*, (*Princely* still inclin'd)
 To meete and greet her in eternall rest!
 But so he spent, and left his breath, (we hope)
 That's praise, in Blisse, still breaths *Eternity*:
 As it doth fill the *Earth*, and beau'nly *Cope*:
 For such a hopefull life did neuer die:

Then, die he neuer can while *Vertue* liues!
 For, HE, and SHE, are still *Corelatiues*!
Fears and the *Pit*, and the *Snare*, are vpon thee, O
 inhabitant of the *Earth*! *Essay*, 24. 17.

Those costly *Pictures* (curious *Proofes of skill*)
 Wherewith that *Houss* (like *Hess'n*) he late did grace ;
 There may they hang in *Vtter-darknes* till
 The fowlest *Spinners* scarfe their fairest Face !
 That if, here-after, any curious Eye
 (That would to Hell to see a Curious sight)
 Come there to see them, it may looke awry,
 As loathing to behold their vglie plight.
 Their Co-inhabitants be euer grimme,
 Gryn *Desolations*, sterne Consociates ;
¹ Blacke ougly *Bats*, and *Owles* ; with *Zim*, and *Iim* ;
 T' affright all *Flesh* with horror from the *Gates* !
 This, for the *Place* wherein he di'd : The *Time*,
 (Sith much more dismall) much more still b' accurst :
 Let neuer *Sunne* the steepe *Meridian* climbe
 On that blacke *Day*, but clad in *Sable* first !
 Let all the *Starres* that are malevolent,
 Lend all the light that *Day* (like *Night*) shall giue ;
 That *Men* may see but onely to lament
 With woull' st action, that may moue to grieue !
 And sith great *Kings* their *Birth-daies* celebrate
 With all that *Pompe* can yeeld ; or *Pleasure* prouee ;
 On this black *Death-day* still, (through publike *hate*)
 Let ne're the least *pompe* stirre, nor *pleasure* moue !
Musike, be euer silent on this *Day* ;
 Or with Chromatick *Dumps* our losse lament :
 And, O yee *heav'nly Spheares*, sound so, or stay ;
 And, all confuse beneath the *firmament* !
 For, *Common-griefe's* not capable of *forme* :
 Our *Griefe* is common ; then, confound all Mirth
 On this curst *Day* ; let *DEATH* then, euer storme,
 Yea, make the *Sunne* himselfe lie hid with *Earth* !
 If ought be else, *Poetick-rage*, or worse,
 Or *Loue* (that can doe all) can moue to hate
 This curst *day* to adde vnto this curse,
 Let it fall on it, as most reprobate.
Henry (deere *Henry* !) O that Words we had
 So steep in *Brine*, that all, through them, might see
 That We, with *Reason*, are growne iustly mad :
 Sith *Reas'n* doth rage, most iustly, but for Thee !
 For, *soules* that haue *Intelligence* and *Will*,
 And by the first discerne what they haue lost,
 Can, through the *Last*, but last distracted still
 With *Rage* that *Reason* rectifieth most !
 If GOD we lose, what *Reas'n* can be so great
 (For, greatest *Reas'n* best knowes the greatest losse :)
 But it, with *Griefe*, will quite itselfe forget,
 Remembring such a Soule-confounding *CROSSE* !
 Then, when we loose a *Prince*, like *God* for State,
 Stile, *Virtue*, and Effect, what *Reason* can
 But fare as it were rightly reprobate ?
 If not ; such *Reas'n* must be in more than *Man* !
 If well, wee take a *CROSSE* of so great weight
 That breakes the Back of *suffrance*, with a *Thought*,
 (Though propt with strongest *grace*) our dul concept
 Of *Goodnesse* lost, shewes we are good for nought.

¹ Essay 13. 21, 22.

No : Sooner can our *Soules* discourse forbear,
 And cease to take Reports from *Wit* and *Sence*
 Than we (like *Blacks*) such *Blowes* of *Fate* can beare
 As maime our *Soules* through their *Intelligence* !
¹ If He of HVS, whose patience (being crost)
 Endur'd the shock of *Hals* first mortall charge,
 Yet, in the second, found his patience lost
 Among but *Blaines*, that did but *Blood* enrage ;
 Then how should *flesh*, lesse fenc'd with *Grace*, sustaine
 So many Wounds, which through our *Princes* Heart
 Death fastens on our *soules* ; such hurt, such paine,
 Makes *Out-rage* seeme to act but *Iudgements* Part.
² The *Prophet* being but in *prison* cast
 For speaking what he *ought*, and as hee *should*
 Vow'd neuer more to mention hea'n and past
 So farre in heate, that hee the High'st contrould.
 Then, though wee may not, from the ships of *Saints*,
 Take warrant flat to fall, yet for such *CAVSE*
 To vse *Poetick-rage* in our Complaints,
 (Falling past fury) stands with *Reasons* Lawes :
 Oh ! that *Wit's* forces than, that *Reas'n* controules,
 Could fall into this sacred *Rage* ; and make
 All Times to come to suffer with our *soules* ;
 Or, force the *preps* of future Worlds to shake !
 For, *passion* beeing in our *soules* concei'd,
 Forth-with is formed in our *speech* ; and so
 Passing from vs, by others is recei'd ;
 And, makes in them impression of like Wo.
 Oh ! *Eloquence* (the *Routher* of our Minde,
 Swaying th' *Affects* thereof, which way it lists)
 Ioyne with our *sighes* (now) like resistlesse Winds
 To lose our *soules* in *sorrowes* endlesse Mists :
 For, *Griefe* enforc'd by *Fate*, and *Eloquence*
 (Oh *FORCE* that stil the owne desires fulfils !)
 Than *Tyrants* sway, hath no lesse violence
 Ore our weak *soules*, that works but what it Wils !
 Yet nought's more eloquent than *TRUTH* (most strong !)
 Than our tru *Griefe* (that seas of *sorrow* weeps)
 Must moue al *Mindes*, by th' *Engis* of our *Tongue*,
 To floate to endlesse Woes on *DOLORS* *Dupees*.
 Men must be wrought like *Ir'ne* ; that first made soft
 With *fire*, yee *water* cooles it : *fires* of *Wit*
 Must make them more then supple (sure, and oft)
 Y'er Teares can coole strong *passions* burning-fit.
 Then, if my Wit were great, as is the *CAVSE*
 Of this our *sorrow*, it should so enflame
 The World with *passion* as it ne're should pause
 To shewre forth streames of Teares to quench the same
 But so this *Griefe* distracts it, that it can
 But make imperfect Offers ; it's too cold
 To thaw the frozen Hearts of eury *Man* :
 For, *Death* (not *Dolor*) hath all hearts in hold.
 Oh words ! O *sence* ! how sencelesse both wee hold
 (Though most significant) that cannot curse
 This *Day* past execration : would yee could
 (And I had you to vse) do that, or worse !

¹ Iob.² Ier. 20. 7. 8. 9.

But why, O why! doe I accursed *fend*,
 So curse the *Day* wherein He so was blest
 For whose cause so I curse? My knees I bend,
 And beg for *Grace*, sith t'was in *Minde* distrest.
 Then I retract my Curses; and I blesse
 That blessed *God* that giues and takes (so free)
 The best Things euer: for, we must confesse,
 This was as good as could, in *Nature*, bee!
 For, if in nature, there could be a *Prince*
 About the pitch of highest *Hopes*; then Hee
 Was more then such, in our experience:
 Then, can our *Griefes* be lesse than now they bee?
 Yet *Arte*, and *Adulation* (making *Eight*
Of se'u'n) that make so many famouzed,
 (But yet the *eight* make more for *state*, and *weight*)
 Do oft, in ouer-righting, wrong the dead!
 But few, if dead, are flattered, if their friends
 Liue not in *Wealth*, or *Greatnesse*: so, the scopes
 Of all such *Clawes* scratch for priuate *Ends*:
 Yet, *Kings* will flatter, to attaine their *Hopes*!
 But, who for priuate *Grace*, (and *Guifts* among)
 Of wicked *Princes* doe renowne their *Names*
 Do priuate-*Iustice*, so, with publike-*Wrong*;
 So, both is wronge, done right to both their *shames*.
 Then, here's our happy infortunity,
 To praise him, dead, so strong in lyuing-Might
 Whose erned *praise* seemes hired flattery;
 But this we cannot shunne; and doe him right.
 Then, O! receiue, great *Prince* of *Palatines*,
 Our *Muses Teares* (true records of our Harme)
 In these sad *Numbers* of her blubbred *Lines*,
 Eu'n for his sake, of whom th' hast lost an *ARME*
 If not much more! for, neuer could two Hearts
 As th' had, beene one, long since, and cleft in two;
 Till now, at meeting, streight reioyn'd their Parts:
 So did your Hearts at your first meeting doe.
 But *death*, too enulous *death*, disseuer'd them
 As soone as loyn'd; than wee may iudge by this
 Thy causeful Sorrowes needs must be extreame
 Like ours: whose heart was ours, and ours was His!
 And to what season had as spightfull *Time*
 Reseru'd this seu'ring? but eu'n then, when thou
 (To make that *Knot* more sure, in your youths prime)
 Cam'st to espouse his *HALFE*, wo-wedded now!
 So, when thy ioyes were flowing, neere the full,
 It, past the lowest ebbe, fell headlong-wise;
 And wert not *Fortune* thee did yet not lull
 In Cradle of sure *Hope*, it neere could rise!
 Thy Fortunes highest ayme (nought can bee higher
 That on the *Earth* is found) is the rar'st *lemme*

That er'e was cas'd with flesh: then, to aspire
 That to enioy, is ioy beyond extreame!
 A *Sister* suitable to such a *Brother*;
 The high'st desire of mightiest *Potentates*:
 Good in the *Abstract*, ther's not such another,
 Now to bee match'd; nor in the power of *FATES*!
Fame that best knows her, prompts me what to speake;
 All, that attend her, *Fames* report mainetaines;
 And, all in all, into her prayes breake;
 Yea, loue the ground that this *Belou'd*, sustaines!
 But, O, wee cannot looke vpon her *Worth*
 But must reflect on His that's gone; sith He
 Which as her Self; and one *Wombe* brought them forth.
 Which, for these BLESSINGS, euer-blessed bee.
 But (ah) he *was*, and is not: WAS! (O word
 Able to strike the soule of Patience dead)
 And why not IS? Hee IS, and is a LORD
 Whom Angels serue, and with their Food is fedd,
 He di'de indeed; it's true: nay, *false* it is;
 He did not die, that chang'd but lifes annoy
 For life of comfort in eternall BLISSE:
 Yet, thus he di'de, that thus yet liues in *ioy*!
 Deere *Vault*, that veil'st him, mummanize his Corse
 Till it arise in *Heauen* to be crown'd:
 Sith (though on *Earth* he rarely ran his course)
 No *Crowne*, for *Prise*, though it he toucht, he found.
 But *Breath* no sooner left him but it was
 Inuolu'd with *aire* of FAME, and blowne so high,
 That it doth *Ariadneis* CROWNE surpasse,
 And made a FLAME new kindled in the Skye.
 He di'de in *shew* than, but yet liues in *Deed*
 In *Heauen*, and *Hearts* of all that honor *Grace*,
 In *HIGHNES Heart*: he di'de then, so to speed
 Of *Glory* heere, and in that surer *Place*.
 Eu'n when his *Grand-dames* Corsee was re-enshrinde;
 As if his Corsee, in shades of *Death*, through *loue*,
 Had long'd to meete with Hers that seem'd so kinde
 To seeke to meete with his, through her remoue!
 Eu'n then (the will of *Heau'n* so fore-assign'd)
 He left his *Breath*, ye'r he the *Crowne* possesst;
 And went in *Person*, (*Princely* still inclin'd)
 To meete and greet her in eternall rest!
 But so he spent, and left his breath, (we hope)
 That's praise, in Blisse, stil breaths *Eternity*:
 As it doth fill the *Earth*, and beau'nly *Cope*:
 For such a hopefull life did neuer die:
 Then, die he neuer can while *Vertue* liues!
 For, HE, and SHE, are still Corelatues!
Fears and the *Pit*, and the *Snare*, are vpon thee, O
 inhabitant of the *Earth*! *Esay*, 24. 17.



SOBS FOR THE LOSSE

of the most Heroick Prince

HENRY.

Non frustra nascitur, qui bene moritur.



Ow ; all we see, of worth, go all in blacke,
For Him whose worth all times shall loue
and lack.

The hopefull'st heire-apparant to a
CROWNE,

That Grace could giue, yet, call the *gift* hir owne.
Some, waile the losse of priuat friends till death ;
Then when so many clos'd were in his *Breath*,
How should that some, (nay all) his losse deplore ?
That *Sorrowes Sea*, no bottom hath, nor *Shoare* !
All *praise* is shut in *Bounds*, saue that of ONE
Who nere is lost, but of the *lost* alone :
But none that's lost in *shew*, not *deede*, or *name*,
Could e'rne more *praise* than this tru Soule of FAME !
Hee's gon ; but, going, left such *light* behinde
As doth the *Moone* eclipse, the *Sunne* so blind
With *splendor*, that the *light* they yeeld vs now,
Is farre lesse good in *deede*, lesse great in *show* !
The *Heau'ns*, that lent him, are growne poore ; or wee
Deserue no trust, (sith we bad *debtters* be)
To take him ere the Time by *Nature* set,
Yet, for short *intrest*, keepe vs still in *debt* !
Celestiall *Spirits*, are yee so greedy growne
So soone to *giue* and *take* (from vs) your owne ?
Or did you enuy that we should haue had
A *Head* so good to *Members* al so bad ?
Say, we were *Marchants* that nere kept our day,
Or (at the best) but *pray* when we should *pay* :

Or (yet if better, when no *faith* wee keepe)
Fall on our *Knees*, and for *grace* sigh and weepe :
Yet sith yee swim in all celestiall STORE
Yee might a while haue borne with *Spirits* so poore !
But were we *poore* in *spirit*, we had beene rich
In your *account* : but O we are not such !
Our *Pride* (that makes vs *beggars* eu'ry way)
Make yee mistrust our *faith* (too poore to *pay*.)
Well ; it is *ill* with vs (poore *Soules*, profane)
And *worse*, (much *worse*) for that which you haue tane.
Yea ; (which is *worst*) will neuer lend him more :
O *Spirits* (Celestiall *Spirits*, which we adore)
For-bear the *rest* we owe, to *grace* incline ;
Trust vs vpon a *payne* of *Angells wine*,
Which from the heauy *Vassells* of our eyes
Shall runne till you shall say *It doth suffice* !
And *Lord* of *Hostes* (their *Lord* and ours) besiege
Our *Hearts* with *fear* till *Loue* doth giue this *Pledge*.
And so dispose the *goods* we haue of thine,
(*In* and *without* vs) as we may resigne
All to thy *praise* ; that (though in debt we stand)
Thou maiest supply our *wants* still, on our *Band* !
On which, we humbly pray thee lend vs *health*,
And *Heads* and *Hands* t' vphold the *Common-wealth*
Of our owne *Stocks* : or, if in *future-time*,
(As heretofore) some stranger vp do climbe
On *Ladder* of our *Branches* to our CROWNE
He may be such as nere may put vs downe !

AN EPITAPH ON THE
Death of the immortall HEN-
RY Prince of Wales.

S Vch Briefly said, and clearely too,
Is hard: yet that much Art can do:
But here much griefe and little Art
Is forc'd to act so hard a Part.

Nature and Arts, with Grace, and Fortune too,
Sought Time, and Death to conquer (as they do)
In this Heroick PRINCE, who, through those four,
Orethrowes Times force, and Deaths almighty Pow'r!
All that was in Him, was much more than all
That's found in *Flesh*, if *young*, and *naturall*!
Can Wit say more for his true glory here?
Yes: for he was a Prince without a Peere!
What more? why this: He di'de but in his *prime*;
Yet, in *perfection*, elder was than TIME!
And more compleate than PLACE: for *fame* that
growes
From his great WORTH alone, no lymit knowes!
If Time, and Death, and Place than, be to seeke
For such another; He to none is like
But him who hath no *like*; yet like in MIND;
And, for they haue no *like* in either kinde!
This King of Princes, and that God of Kings:
Are like *themselves* than, and none other *things*!
And, like them-selues, they liue in Hea'n, and Vs,
In spight of Envy, Time, and Death: Than, thus.
(In briebe) wee bound their boundles EXCELLENCE:
One, no such GOD; the other, no such PRINCE!

ANOTHER.

F Fortune, and Art, and Nature strauē
To giue much more than er'e they gaue
To Him that lies heere vnderneath:
The grace of Nature, Time, and Death!
Three CROWNES were neere Him; and the forth,
He might, by RIGHT, haue won by WORTH!
Which, in his youth, presag'd his spirit
Would rend, in age, from WRONG, his RIGHT!
That Spirit (like his, that's most compleat)
Sought nought but what was good and GREATE!
He soone was ripe: too soone to win,
What Time, much toy'd, and Art draws in.
Who casts for Crownes, must haue no small
Might, right, skill, will, and Time withall:
But whose perfection Time out-goes
Winnes but LAVD'S Crowne yer life he lose!
His Gaine and Loss then, are so eu'n,
As he is pleas'd with both in Hea'n.
Teaching all Heires to CROWNES, and KINGS
To be the best of Earthly things!

Far-well (rare PRINCE!) nor Time, nor Death
Shall stint thy glory with thy breath:
For when, with them, lowd fame decales,
Silence shall whisper out thy praise!



CONSOLATIONS

*for, and to the
King.*

Great King in sorrows, now, as well as STATE,
Whom *Fortunes grace* makes most vnfortunate :
For, no more *fauour* could of FATE be had,
Than such a *Sonne*, whose losse makes *Fate* as bad.
This *string* sounds deadly, Ile not touch it more,
Least that my *Salue* more hurt then heale the SORE.
Be now a KING of *Kings* : for, *Sorrows* raigne
In Thee, o're whome become thou SOVERAIGNE.
The more like GOD *Kings* be, the lesse they grieue
Or ioy, for ought that *ioy* or *griefe* doth giue.
For, highest *pow'r* in *weaknesse* best is showne :
Than ; sith no *weaknesse* can vphold a CROWNE,
Let thy high *vertue*, that doth *three* sustaine,
Represe strong *griefes*, that but in *weaknesse* raigne.
The more th' affront of FATE, the more appears
The vertue of the *pow'r* that well it beares !
No King should be (how e'r he be distrest)
Lesse than him-selfe, or like him-selfe at least :
But no King breathing more distrest could be
Than thou hast beene, yer thou couldst breath to see
Thy mortall danger : And, when, after-ward,
Thy *Case*, by horrid *treasons*, was more-hard,
As being in the very *Maw* of DEATH,
Yet, in *concoction*, *Fate* preserv'd thy BREATH.
And, yet its said of thee, eu'n then thou wer't
In shew, a Caesar, and a King in Heart !
Than thus being vs'd, beyond thy *birth*, vnto
The deep'st *distresse*, and Seas of *Sorrows* too,
Say to thy Pilot *Hope* (in *Stormes* extreme)
Th' hast Caesar, and his Fortunes ; go with them.
Thy desprat *Plight*, of yore, yet safe restor'd
Should make thee thinke thee safe, though *ouerborde*.
And like thy *Sorrows* (such as *Kings* do kill)
Should keepe out others, be they what they will.
No Heauinesse that *Atlas-Mind* or *ethrowes*,
That can *Heau'n's* ioy vphold in *worlds* of woes.
Nor that Herculean *Spirit* that can support
In Hell of *Ills*, a *Heau'n* of good-report.
As farre as *Heauen* doth *Earth* ; nay more by odds,
Gods thoughts transcend the thoughts of mortal-gods.

Then, by proportion, theirs should soare more high
Than highest *thoughts*, not rais'd by MAIESTY.
The *Heart of Heau'n's* great MONARCH still is free
From *Passion* : so should SOV'RAIGNES likewise be
That would be lik'st him : no *Ambition* higher
Yet iuster farre, in *dead*, than in *desier*.
But, O ! it's easie, well, by force of *Art*,
To *prompt* the sicke to speake and Act their *part* ;
Yet, hard (most hard) to do it, after-ward :
But, to highest *powres* should nought but *Ill* be hard.
Seuere Torquatus, did his *Sonne* mis-do
For charging, 'gainst his Chardge, his brauing Fo,
Though he wan *fame* and *conquest* : than, sith HE
That was as daring (yet was rul'd by Thee)
Is, for our breach of *Heasts*, much more deuine,
Ta'ne hence, by highest *Iustice*, not by thine,
Be thou the Patient, sith the *Agent Heau'n*,
Thee, of thy *Sonne*, hath, for itselfe, bereau'n.
And let no Pagan, passe a Christian, *Prince*
For *Morall-Grace*, or pious *excellence* !
Th' all-seeing *Soule of Iudgement*, as long knit
Vnto the actiue *Body* of thy Wit
Knowes more then WIT can thinke to ease thy *Griefe* ;
Then let that *Soule*, now, animate *Reliefe*.
And weigh, deere soueraigne, on your Life depends,
The weale of many *strangers*, *subiects*, *friends* ;
If *sorrow* then, should waste your *Pow'r* of life,
You soone might leave them in a World of *strife* :
And, make the STATE, that now you hold in peace,
From *Vnion*, fall to *Faction*, peece by peece.
That y'er it stand as now it doth, it may
From *Faction* fall to *Action*, and decay.
Then, all that are committed to your charge
With *Eyes*, that *feares* and *Teares* do ouer-charge,
On you do looke, and by those lookes say thus :
Pitty your selfe, if you will pity us !
And still we Hope you make a Conscience, too
Vs, in your selfe, with dolor to vndo.
Sith, of you, IUSTICE, will our liues require,
If through your fault, they should in *Yours* expire.

Philip of Spaine, but for his *Commons* good,
(So sai'd by some) to death, on his owne BLOVD
Did floate his SONNE, & HEIRE to al his *Crowns*,
So, for his Subjects peace his *sonne* confounds.
Nay God himselfe his deere Sonne did to death
To saue his seruants: O! then, shall the BREATH
By which we breathe, be spent, in SIGHES, because
Thy Son, to Death, obai'd great NATVRES Lawes;
When of the FOVNT of *Grace*, and *Glory*, Thou
Hast such a GLASSE thy selfe to see, and know!
Than with thy selfe, thy Subjects loue thou so
That, with thy selfe, thou doe them not o'rethrow
Through thy much *Grief* (which makes them most to
smart)

For see'ng thy *Sonne* but mortall, as thou art.
NATVRE (we wot) by her too wayward course,
Will fal (if not vpheld by *Sour'aigne* force)
To *Griefs* redundance, for lesse CAVSE (by ods)
But *Kings* about her be, *sith they are Gods*!
Then though thou fre'st be through the DIGNITY,
Thou art most *Bound* to *Grace*, *Maiesty*!
When NATVRE, then, would make thee erre, as *Man*;
Thou canst not stir from *these*, do what She can
Vnlesse thou wilt infringe the *Bonds* of GRACE
That put, and holds thee in thy pow'refull PLACE.
KINGS (sacred Things) haue other *Minds & Hearts*
Than others haue, that play inferior *Parts*:
For, some will, for their Subjects good, define!
Than, for their good, wilt thou not liue with thine?
Codrus, who ware th' *Athenian* DIADEM,
Did (as thou know'st) die willingly for them.
Than shall a King, inferior farre in State,
In Vertue passe a greater *Potentate*?
Great God fore-fend: that HE who is so GREATE,
His Subjects Hope in's pow'r should so defeate.
On this Worlds *stage*, thou plai'st *Gods* Part, Great
KING!

And at thine *Action* eu'ry Eye doth fling
The sharpest *Beames* of *Observation*! Than
If thou would'st haue applause about a *Man*,
Or not exposed be to base esteeme,
Bee as thou *Art* (a *God*!) at least, so seeme!
Be strong then (God-like KING) and act this Part
Of *sorrow* so, as (though it mooue thy HEART)
It may no *Action* mooue vnfit for POW'R
Of greatest *Brittains* greatest *Gouernour*!

God proues His throughly, y'er he them approues;
So, tries before he trusts; likes y'er he loues.
Yet none can take the foile, that combats WO,
Vnlesse he yeelds before the Ouerthrow:
For, if to fight he, but in wil, be prest
Heau'n giues his courage force, his force, the best!
To such, their *Wish* achiues that Victory
Whose glory farre beyond their wish doth flie:

For *Grace* will nere be wanting to our will,
If, to our selues, *Will* be not wanting still.

That thou retir'st thy selfe, when Heau'n doth frowne,
Doth rather raise then sinck thy high renowne:
For, *Closets* must enclose vs, when, in *Wo*,
We reckon with our God for what we owe.

Good *Kings* are least alone, when most alone;
For stilnesse is the staidnesse of their THRONE.
Henry the Fourth, of *France*, had hee beene still;
Ravilliack then, had found no King to kill.
And all the World had from his WORTH, repos'd
In pious *acts*, the better beene dispos'd:
For, as a *Beacon*, on an hill aspir'd,
Although it stand alone, yet, being fir'd,
Lights the whole country, farre off from the *flame*,
And makes *Night Day-light* neere vnto the same:
So, solitary *Kings*, that are retir'd
For vertuous causes, do (like *Beacons* fir'd)
Giue light to all their Subjects, farre, and nie;
So, good the publike by their priuacy.

Good King, thy foes (if thou hast any such,
If not, thy *Sauour* could not say so much)
Cannot but say (and do thine *Honor* right)
Th' art Good, as Great, in *Nature*, as in *Might*!
Than, in that goodnesse, our iust *lealousie*
(Of common intrest which wee haue in thee)
Conuert to *Confidence*, through thy due care
Of thy *Healths* state, and this STATE, which we are.
Thy *Health* is ours; thy *Sickness* is our Pest.
Thy rest's our Toile; thy *Tranquill* is our REST!
If from the *Helme* of this so mighty ARKE
That beares our *Common-wealth* in priuate *Carke*,
Thy most wel-practis'd HAND in rule of STATE
Be long with-held, by *sorrow*, ease, or *Fate*;
It must (for all the *Masters* helpes within)
Runne back in *Grace* or else quite sinck in *sinne*.
The *Masters* Eye doth fat the *Horse* (they say)
And Coyne-made-Pastors let the flock decay.
Those Officers that buy, or rent their Roomes,
Will sell, or make a RENT of all that comes.
All will stand crooked, if thy *Head*, and *Hand*
Be not appli'd to make it vp-right stand.
Thou being the cunning'st *Architect* of STATE
Canst raise this, maugree puffs of *Spight* or *Fate*,
That, it (rare *Master-piece* of Kingly SKIL)
Shall stand for *Kings* to imitate it, still.
Then, O! take comfort in thy *Common-wealth*
Whose comfort is in care but of thy *Health*.
As when the sick (sore sick) are spoken too
By friends for good, yet grieue in what they do:
So, least my chat might thee (perhaps) offend,
I at thy foot fall prostrate for the end:
And thus there set the Period of my speech:
Do as thou wilt, thou wilt all others teach.

Regis ad
exemplum,
etc.



To the sacred Queene of England
her most excellent Maiesty
bee all comfort after the
CROSSE.

Good Queene (for, greater STILE, *Truth, Grace*, nor
Wit

Can giue to Greatnes for *Mans* Goodnesse fit)
Blesse with thy *Raies* these *Lines*, drawne out at length
To giue thy *Mind*, repose ; thy *Patience*, strength :
Yet, come from want of wit, which iustly vaunts
None truer speakes then truest *Ignorants* !
You see, beneath the Circuite of the SVNNE,
All that 's made best, is instantly vndone !
Are all things vaine then in that *Compass* ? No :
The lightest *Thing* therein, is nothing so :
That 's TRVTH ; which stil is best, yet stil vnmade :
Which GOD cannot vndo, though *Fiends* invade ?
Than TRVTH, so perfect, tels you by her *Foole*,
(Her plainest *Tongues-man*) you are in a *Schoole*
That teacheth many *Lessons* ; good and bad :
The bad, delight ; the good, but make too sad :
Then, sith now sad you are, the last you learn'd
Was passing good, though it be ill discern'd.
You take it ill (perhaps) by so great losse,
To learne to beare a farre more heauy CROSSE
(Which *Heau'n* long deferre) if long you liue,
(For which I pray) then O be glad to grieue
For what you do, when you do grieue to proue
Your *Soules* best *Physick* in what least you loue.

It's ill to be too well ; ease, is disease,
And deadly too, in Parts that *Death* doth seize.
Then when, in any Part of vs, we loy
More then we should, lest that might vs destroy
Heau'n takes it quickly off (as t'were by stealth)
And, by that Want supplies our want of health !

The greatest *Crosse* that *Greatnesse* then can beare
Is that of *Pleasure*, free'd of *Griefe*, and *Fear*.
Yet to content *Desire*, and *fear* exclude,
Is the whole *Summe* of *Heau'ns* BEATITVDE !
But, here, not so ; where *pleasure*, as a *Crime*,
Ends ill, if *fear* freuent it not in time.
Yet *Nature* droopes, if *pleasure*, in a meane
Sustaine it not to act *Lifes* tedious *Scene*.

Thus with, nor without *pleasure*, long can we
Liue as we should, so strongly weake we be !

Then gracious *Queene* when you reflect vpon
This light of TRVTH, it will be daie anon
With darkest PASSION, that but *Reason* blinds ;
Then leaue your *Chance* to *Fame*, and *Fortunes* winds
While you yourself repose (blow how they please)
In HONORS *Heau'n* (or'eruling SOROWES Seas !)
Wherein sits VERTVE throned, *Crown'd* with *Stars*,
Aboue blacke *Daies*, made such by *Clouds* of *Cares*.
There, *Royall Lady*, is their soueraigne SEATE,
That will, in al *Affronts*, be Good, and Great :
For, nought is Great on *Earth* but that Great *Minde*
That's moou'd by nothing great produc'd by KIND !
But, in an *Heau'nly* calme of *Mindes* repose,
Lookes least detected when it most doth lose.
Than *Mindes* are *Motes*, vnlesse they thinke they bee
Aboue all *State* and *Fate*, in their degree.
VERTVE, as *Soueraigne*, roiall *Minds* still rules ;
But FORTVNE (as a *Slave*) waites most on *Fooles*.
This life is but a War-fare 'gainst OFFENCE ;
And either *fortune*, breeds the DIFFERENCE,
Bee 't *Black*, or *Bright*, its cleare, not cleare they are,
From equall *Danger*, and from equall, *Care* !

Soft-fortune is a *Bog*, or dauncing-*Death*,
Where soone the carlesse do ingulph their breath !
Then must the *fools* of sober-care go soft,
Yet swiftly ouer, to keepe *Life* aloft.
While high CONTENT, in what-so-euer *Chance*,
Makes the braue *Minde* the *Starrs* out-countenance !
CONTENT, doth feast our *Fates*, which stil is found
In *Minds*, by *Grace*, (like *Heau'n*) made Great &
Round :

What *Wane* can surge aboue high'st *Providence*
In *Deluge* of *Distrusse*, or *Eminence* ?
What *Leaden-hap* can fall from aduerse *Fate*,
To sinke the *Mind* that VERTVE doth *Elate* ?
If she then CENTER be of our *Defence*,
Be roundest *Vengeance* the CIRCVMFERENCE

It skills not ; sith it shall no more annoy
 Than *Hell* the *Man-God* did, who there did ioy !
 Then, let *Fates Snuffes* and *Puffes* as winds of *Grace*,
 Serene the *Heaven* of your *Maiestick Face*
 From frowning *Clouds*, condens'd by *DEATHS* despight,
 To reau faire *VERTVES Firmament* of light.
 So shall you mount from *West of Wo* to th' *East*
 Of *GLORIES Heav'n* ; and (*Sunn-like*) light the rest !
 For, such strange *Members NATVRE* neuer bred
 As lie at ease while *Thornes* do *Crowne* their *HEAD* !
 Entombe your *Passions* in *HIS Passion*, then,
 (To be belou'd of *Angells*, prais'd of *Men*)
 And, with a roiall-smooth-erected *front*
 Beare vp the *CROSSE* ; and, euer looke vpon't
 As on the only *KEY* of *Heav'n's fore-gate*,
 That opes it maugree *Enuy*, *Death*, and *Fate* :
 For, *Fate* and *Death* our *Nature* doth salute
 Y'er we can breathe on *Blossoms* of *LIFES* Fruite.
 Then, if wee flourish afterward, it is
 A grace we merit not, but vse amisse.
 We vse amisse ; or (at the best) the Best
 So vse it still, as all the interest
 Comes from the poorennesse of their *Spirits*, with strife ;
 So, but in *Grace*, deserue the loue of Life !
 Yet, *Spirits* of richest temper, are but poore ;
 But, in their indigence, abound with store
 Of Heau'nly *Treasures*, which the World doth scorn
 Yet they the brauest *Minde* do most adorne.
 A braue *Spirit* is a *Particle* of *HIS*
 That's Lord of *FATE*, Triumvirate of *BLISSE* !
 And, (as a *Flame*) she still by *Nature*, sties
 Where her *ORIGINALL* reposèd lies.
 Than, sacred *Maiesty*, disdaine to vaile
 Thy height to *Nature*, if shee fall to vaile
 Though weeping with thy *Sex* doth best agree ;
 Yet *Teares* so drowne the *Raies* of *Maiesty*,
 As, through those troubled streams, when they would
 peepe,
 They, sadly, looke like *Pris'ners* in the *deepe*.
 But, can a *Mother*, good, as great, forget,
 A *SONNE* so deere, and not pay *Natures Debt* :
 In *Liquid Pearle*, disbursed by those *Eyes*
 Where *Maiesty* with *Loue* and *Vertue* lies ?
 O ! no, She cannot : but She still may *Minde*
 Her *Sonne*, in *DEEDE* : yet, put the *SHEW* behinde,

Where it may neuer shadow *GLORIES* sight,
 That, in the *Streames* of *Sorrowe*, sinks her light.
 Now (as a *foole*) foole-hardy I haue beene
 T' incounter thus, the *Passions* of a *QVEENE* ;
 Which commonly are *strong* as is the state
 Of those that all but them, predominate !
 What is my reach herein ? Is it to show
 My *Hand*, or *Heart*, or what a *foole* may know ?
 To pick her *Mouth* of thanks ; her *Purse* of *coyne* :
 Or, praise (at least) from her (so charm'd) purloine.
 For *Note*, for *Coate*, for *Countenance*, for ought
 Like these ; or none of these ; or, else, for *nought* ?
 For none of these it is : yet is it not
 For *nought* ; but for Her good, I play the *Sot*.
 To make Her (*Sorrie*) merry, as I could,
 None other-wise than *Grace*, with *Nature*, would
 Eu'n for Her selfe : wise-folly telling me
 Eu'n for Her selfe, should *VERTVE* seruèd be.
 Than, if that one of *Gods* Fooles, on his *Face*,
 (Most wise in that) may beg, and haue the grace
 Of good acceptance of this seruice ; he
 Will *foole* it, thus, for nothing, till he be
 Nothing that is not some-thing, still to serue
 A *Queene*, whome *Fates* did for our weale reserue.
 Whose priuat *Wombe*, hath beene the *Fountain-head*,
 Whence all the *Issues* of our *Hopes* are lead.
 By *Graces* guidance, and by *Natures* might,
 Still to refresh the *Red-rose*, and the *White*,
 For that, and for thou, sweetest *Eglantine*,
 About the *Flow'rs* of all our *Crownes* dost twine
 To keepe them from quite falling, (as our owne)
 By aduerse *Puffs*, that else might blow them downe,
 We, (mixt, conioyn'd in *peace* and *vnity*)
 Enshrine thee in our *soules* Infinitie,
 Till all good *soules* shall meete, where they shall Rise
 To *Glory* in secure *FELICITIES*.

Heare, heany *Muse*, stoope low thy high ascent
 And say, in deepenesse of the low'st descent :
 Good *Queene* (as it began, your *STILE* defines)
 Blossom, with your *Beames* of grace, these graclesse
Lines.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

HENRY-FREDERICK, eldest child of James I. by Anne of Denmark, d. of King Frederick II. He was born at Stirling 19th February 1593-4, and was created Prince of Wales 4th June 1610. He died at St. James's Palace, and was buried under the monument of his

grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, whose remains had been brought from Peterborough the previous month (Col. Chester's *Westminster Abbey Registers*, p. 110). See Memorial-Introduction for more on the many poetic celebrations of this young Prince.

Page 4, col. 1, l. 8, '*retire*' = return : l. 14, '*Phifes*' = fifes—musical instrument : l. 29, '*In few*' = in fine or summarily : l. 34, '*y'er*' = ere : see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

P. 5, col. 1, l. 11, '*than*' = then—and so throughout, somewhat provokingly : l. 2 (from bottom), '*Gaul-lesse*' = gall-less : col. 2, l. 5, '*Columbine*' = dove-like : cf. St. Matthew x. 16.

P. 6, col. 1, l. 21, '*admir'd*' = wondered at : l. 27, '*Bellamoure*' = a lover or sweetheart. Chaucer and Spenser have it as '*belamy*,' *i.e.* bel ami. Thus Spenser—

'Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pour'd out his life and last Philosophy
To the fayre Crixias, his dearest Belamy.'

F. Q., Book II. c. viii. st. lii.

He has also '*belamoure*,'—'her sumptuous Belamoure' (*Ibid.* B. II. c. vi. st. xvi.)

P. 7, col. 2, l. 37, '*Semy-gods*' = semi-gods : qu. demi-gods? l. 4 (from bottom), '*Saint James*'—the royal palace so named.

P. 8, col. 1, l. 4, '*Spinners*' = spiders : l. 11, '*Zim* and *Jim*'—Talmudic incantation-names? col. 2, l. 4, '*maime*'—misprinted '*maine*' in the original : l. 5,

'*Hus*' = Us : l. 29, '*Routher*' = rudder : l. 30, '*Affects*' = affections, dispositions.

P. 9, col. 2, l. 23, '*mummanise*' = embalm and preserve as a mummy.

P. 12, col. 2, l. 11, '*Torquatus*,' *i.e.* T. Manlius, L. F. A. N. Imperiosus Torquatus : the reference is to the well-known incident of the young Manlius, who, being provoked by the insults of a Tusculan noble named Mettius Geminus, accepted his challenge, slew him and bore the bloody spoils to his father, and received for reward—death, because of his breach of military discipline in so fighting when proclamation had been made to the contrary. See Livy vii. 4, 5, 10, 19, 26, 28 : viii. 3, 12, etc. etc. : l. 15, '*Hests*' = hests, behests.

P. 13, col. 1, l. 29, '*Codrus*' = son of Melanthus and king of Athens B.C. 1068, whose sacrifice of himself is a grand legend : Herodotus v. 76, etc. etc. : col. 2, l. 24, '*Might*'—misprinted '*Night*' in original : l. 32, '*Carke*' = care, anxiety.

P. 14, '*the Queen of England*' = Anne of Denmark : born 1574 : died March 1619.

P. 15, col. 1, l. 4, '*Serene*'—noticeable verb.—G.





Bien Venb.

1606.



NOTE.

By the kindness of the noble owner of the only known exemplar of 'Bien Venv'—the Earl of Ellesmere—I have been enabled to include it in this first collective edition of Davies' Works. For Lord Ellesmere's goodness in lending me the book I wish very cordially to give thanks. It is a small quarto : 12 leaves. Autographs of former owners somewhat clumsily and defacingly erased have spoiled the title-page. The publisher's device—a woodcut—of an eagle griping its eaglet and making it look right at the sun, and below china-cup-like hills and a palace—has for motto 'Sic Crede.' No other copy of 'Bien Venv' has been recorded nor has it occurred at any of the great Library sales. See our Memorial-Introduction for the (historical) occasion of this Poem.—G.



BIEN VEN V.
GREATE BRITAINES
WELCOME TO HIR GREATE
FRIENDES, AND DEERE BRETHREN
THE DANES.

(* *)

*When Loue is well exprest in Worde, and Deede,
Twixt Friendes, it shewes they are right well agreed.*



Imprinted at London for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be solde
at his shoppe neere Saint *Austens gate*. 1606.

To the right noble Lord, *Philip Herbert*, Earle of Mountgomerie,
Baron of Shurland: *and the right worshipfull Sir Iames*
Haies Knight.

TO you, Faire Hands, (*Hands of my dreadest Lord,*
Wherewith he feeds himself with sweet delight)
To You my Rimes runne of their owne accord,
Sith in your Hands remaines some hidden might,
That, Like the Load-stoane, drawes (as with a Cord)
Myne Iron Numbers to your Lilly White :
They, to the North-point, point : O then affoorde
To take them to It ; for, aye me, my sight
Cannot behold Light, lowingly abhor'd :
Sith for mine Eyes such Sunne-Beames are too bright :
Yet, lest at my presumption Scorne should boorde,
Detaine them (if you please) to do me right :
But, if, when you haue waide them, weight they be,
Or giue, or take them, all is one to mee.

The euer honorer of your most honorable virtues,

Iohn Davies of Hereford.



BIEN VEN V.

Great Britaines welcome to her great
friends, and deare Brethren, the
Danes.



Y^E Angels which (in Soule-inchaunting Quires)
Do celebrate your Soueraignes holy praise,
Who euer burne in loues refyning fires,
& Cōcords Tones to highest Thrones do
raise,

Descend (by Swarmes, on wings of Loues desires)
Discords to drowne with Loues harmonious Layes :
And ope Heauens Casements wherthrough fly ye do,
Right ore the place where one King lyues in two.

And, were yee ignorant where that should be,
But ope those wind-dores and yee soone should know :
For, to the Heauens the fame thereof doth flee,
From now great Britaine (highest Heauen below)
There shall yee finde two great Kings so agree,
As if the one, the others Heart did owe :

Sith Loues great Lord, and yours, doth ioy in this,
His ioy to you (his Guard) is highest blisse.

Then, come (Celestiall Soldiers) make a Ring,
About the Kings, wherein your King doth ioy :
A twofold Guard make for this twofold King,
Of Men, and Angels, from what would anoy :
Let Enule in your Targets leaue hir Sting,

That she may not anoy, much lesse destroy :
And whatsoere impugnes their peacefull plight,
On your resistance let their rancour light :

Britaine, thou once didst stretch thy conquering Armes
Where ere the fower Seas with thy wings do warre :
And though, through hurts, recei'd in hot Alarmes,
(As main'd) thou couldst not reach scarce halfe so farre ;
Yet now thou hast recouer'd thy harmes,
Thine Armes those Seas embrace, but cannot barre :
For, had'st thou will, as thou hast power obtain'd,
By Sea, nor Land thine Armes could be contain'd.

The rather, sith a King so gracefully great,
(Grac'd by Greatnesse as he It doth grace)
Is one with ours, to make ours more compleat,
As ours with Him makes Him in better case :

What forraine Pow'r to shunne their Angers heat,
Will not speake coldly, with a fawning face :
Whose Armes, together ioynd, can compasse all
That stands betweene the great Turke and his fall.

Denmarke exult, sith what thou hadst, thou hast :
Thou didst of yore (thou wotst) command this Land,
That now againe is present, which is past :
In Loue, thou maist the Land (inlargd) command :
For, it to thee is *So vnted fast*,
That one to other cannot choose but stand :
Withstand you whoso will, you both, as one,
Must stand or fall, by force of Vnion.

O *VNION* ! that enclaspest in thyne armes,
All that in Hea'n and Earth is great, or good,
(Thou Heaun'ly Harbour from all earthly harmes)
Thou *Dawne*, that staist the Streames of humane bloud)
What humane Heart but (maugre *Hatreds* Charms)
Will not desire thee, as the Angells food?

Sith through thy powr thou makst mans powr so
strōg

As not to offer, much lesse suffer wrong.

Thou Isle (which *Thetis* in hir lap doth lull,
And with Indulgence makes thee wantonize)
Now maist thou feathers from thy Peacocks pull,
To set thee out, in ele-attracting wise ;
Triumph with ioy : for, now if thou be dull
The world, as base, will iustly thee despise :
Sith neere thy Forehead stand two Kings of pow'r,
To smooth it, maugre all that makes it low'r.

Arches tryumphall to the Heauens erect,
Whereunder threefold-Maiestie may passe,
Where beames on It, true Eyes may so reflect,
As do the Sunnes from clearest christall glasse :
Let all thy streetes with Obiectes deere bee deckt,
To show thy State is more then ere it was :
For, in no moderne memorie hath beene,
Two such great Kings in thee together scene.

O could *Cannus* (that victorious Dane,
That whilome did thy great State Signiorize,
Whose sword, through men, to thy Crowne made a lane)
Now see his Offspring in thy Paradise,
Ador'd of all thine, holy, or prophane,
He would bee readie to forsake the skyes,
And come, with heavenly glorie, to augment,
Great Britaines glorie, worlds great wonderment !

Yee noble Blonds to Honours Taske assign'd,
Let now your mounting Spirits make you mount,
Such Pegasses as may out-fly the winde,
And Shiver Staues, at Tilt (beyond your wont)
That Times to come in Poets Staues, may finde,
Yee did great *Arthurs* Minions farre surmount :
Proclame a Challenge through the world to make,
Your valours knowne, for Kingly honors sake.

Yee read of many Challenges proclaim'd,
By Keysors past, that present Time admires ;
And how the Victors haue their Daughters claim'd,
As the proposed Prizes by their Sires :
Out-run those Runners, sith their fame is maim'd
That runne but through effeminate desires :
Runne yee for glorie, and your Soueraignes grace,
So shall your fames runne farre beyond your Race.

If Pompe to Prowesse ere were kindly knit,
Now to your Prowesse add ye pompe, sans pride :
And to your pompe the richest show of wit,
For, oft such showes, do showes more simple hide,
And to the Showers glorie gaine by it,
That els perhaps (in gold) might not be eyde :
As Heauen hath Starres her face to beautife,
So be you Starres, to make Earths Heauenly.

And like the Starres oppos'd, and dispos'd,
Produce ye wonders, mankinde to amaze :
Let *Denmarke* see great Brittain, with her clos'd,
Makes the world stand in wonderment at gaze ;
Sith of their Mould it sees halfe-Gods compos'd,
That doe the memorie of others raze :
The manner of your motions fetch from thence,
From whence the Starres deriue their influence.

So shall they be all glorious, like the Sunne,
That runnes obliquelie to the Heauens Race :
So, though your deeds for Pompe, and praise be donne,
It is dispenc't with, by the Heauenly grace :
Sith Princes they allow a Race to runne,
As may, with pompe, deuide them from the Base :
„ The Time, and Place, and Persons may be such,
„ That Pompe may show her *All*, yet not too much.

For, Charge is measur'd by Hability,
Not by the Cost, what ere the Charges are ;
Showes most maiestick, fit most Maiestie ;
Which is in Earth, where Kings as one appeare :
Vniting so their Raies of Royalty,
Which needs must make it great, as it is rare :
Then spare no Cost, sith gold for glori's made,
And glory now is got, which cannot fade.

For, Honors Challenge now is on her wings,
Flying (from Hence) through all the Continent ;
Lighting no where but in the Courts of Kings :
Inciting all (in earnest meriment)
To proue their force, by Armes, which glorie brings
Against the brauest *British* hardiment :
If therefore now ye shrink (sith gold is deere)
Y'are farre from Glorie, sith ye are so neere.

If many Worlds ye seek, or Ages liue,
Perhaps ye should not find occasion such,
As now rich *Opportunity* doth giue
To make you *Fame-full* though it empt your Pouch :
Two Kings thus met, make Kingdomes richly thrue,
Though it vnlines their Purse with wearing much :
Then, sith but seld, or ne're Kings consort thus,
Be glorious now, or still inglorious.

Get Phoenix-feathers to adorne your Crests,
Wherein imparadize the Soule of Wit,
With such deuce as onelie Wit digests ;
Yet fills him head-full with receiuing it :
Your Launces tip with Diamonds ; your Rests
Of Rubies make, this pretious time to fit :
Arme ye in gold, that golden worlds may view,
Great *Britain's* metamorphos'd to Peru.

Let not the Sawes of eache neere niggard friend,
Regarded be, that euer speakes to spare ;
Sith there are times to spare, and times to spend :
According as our times, and fortunes are :
No Charge so great as Highnes back can bend,
When its vpheld by Props, as rich, as rare ;
Though Money be the sinewes of the warres,
It must be spent too, to preuent those Iarres.

Great *Britaines* *Denmarke*, *Denmarkes* *Britaine* is,
By transmigration one int' other gon ;
Which doth increase their beauty, strength, and blisse,
And firmes their forme by transformation :
Then shall we not (as glad) triumph in this,
Sith their two heads are now (or neuer) one :
Like horses, we our owne strength do not know,
If when our strengths increase, no ioy we show.

Looke on the faces of these Danes, our kin,
How like they are to vs ; as if we were
Borne of eache other, as we erst haue bin ;
If likeness then begets affection deere,
We may exceed in showing (without sinne)
Our Loues to them, as theirs to vs appeare :
We haue a Pledge of theirs, their dearest bloud,
Our dearest Queen, whence our deere Princes bud.

Then wel-fare yee, by whom so well we fare :
And welcome ye, through whome we well are come
Vnto that greatnesse, that we are as square
As any Potentate of Christendome :
All yours and ours conioyn'd as they are
Gainst other force inuincible become :
Then are ye welcome for these deer respects,
To vs, who you embrace with deer'st affects.

Though one¹ hath writ that well Historifies
 Much hurt ensues the interview of Kings,
 Because their Trainees each other oft despise :
 For, men in strife for Pompe, are diuelish Things :
 Yet where great Pompe is shown, in louing wise,
 To show great welcome, no hurt from it springs :
 Then what our pompe perswades, or we performe,
 Is yours, and ours, sith loue doth vs conforme.

Conformd by loue, informd by wit, and grace
 (As Nations ciuill, eache alide to eache)
 We, as your Hosts, will giue your (guests) the place,
 Whiles our Prouisions do your welcome preach ;
 And you accept it with a ioyfull face ;
 So, in our Vnities shall be no breache :
 The Master of a feast the more he spends,
 The more it seems, he loues th' inuited friends.

You do vs honor by this visitation,
 And make our State more stately by the same :
 Wee'l honor you againe in selfsame fashion,
 So to corroborate your force, and fame ;
 And enuie grieue with our congratulation,
 Or make hir grone within our Angers flame :
 Be we still enui'd, neuer pittied be,
 One comes of might, the other misery, }
 And enui'd be wee shall, while wee agree.

Thou Royall Seat of farre-renowned Kings,
 (*Britaines* great Monarks, Kings of great *Britaine*,
 Whose name from LVD, thy much-inlarger Springs)
 Be brave, thy best friends now to intertaine :
 Make all thy Swannes on thy faire Thames to sing,
 No dying Songs, but songs that life sustaine :
 And in thy bright Streetes be such song, or sed,
 That make the dead, aliue : the liuing, dead.

Thine out-side hang with costly cloath of State,
 And let thine insides be as faire, as fine :
 Thy sacred Head, which no head ere can rate,
 In an Emperiall Crowne (past price) confine :
 With all thine All, thine All Condecorate,
 That all may be in loue with thee, and thine :
 For, where Magnificence consorteth Loue,
 It Hatred makes Loues hottest passions proue.

Ring Bels, sound Trumps, sweete Bone-fires make to
 burne

With all that may delight, or Sight, or Sent :
 Raise shouts for ioy, while Spight therat doth moorne :
 And bend, with Loues good cheere, the backward bent :
 Let all from high'st to lowest, in their turne,
 Show some true token of a kinde intent :

Loue can do all things : then, when all our loues
 Are ioyn'd in one, both Heauen, and Earth it moues.

Top thy Church Battlements with Streamers white,
 To show thou peace enioy'st, and offrest peace
 To all that do in ciuill strife delight,
 If from Contention, they would so surcease :

¹ Combined.

„ Sweete Loue to loue alures the bitter'st Spight :
 „ And in the life of Vnion, Ods decrease :
 O let no Dane haue cause to say, or thinke,
 We, at our ods, made their loues eyes to winke.

Inuest thy Church-men in the Costliest Copes,
 Though bitter zeale it stiles, *Spots of the Beast* :
 And in Procession let them goe by troopes,
 To sanctifie the ground by Heauen blest,
 (Sith with our loues it doth increase our hopes)
 That beares the Body of our Kingly Ghest :
 And if blinde zeale doe call it Papistry,
 Say (though it stab) it tels an holy lye.

O ZEALE, deere Vertue ! (that deuour'st the Soules
 Yea Soules and Bodies of true holy ones)
 How art thou now abus'd by busie fooles
 Vsing thy name to pull Kings from their Thrones,
 And in erecting of Schismatick Schooles,
 Whiles Charitie, to see thy damage, grones ?
 No erring Church misleads her Common-weale :
 But still it vndergoes the name of zeale.

Throwe from thy face the Maske which Fraud puts on ;
 They keepe not, but distaine thy beautie bright :
 For, on it (onely) shines Gods glorious Sonne ;
 That makes the wrongest beautie, rightest right :
 Then, Masks do marre the sweete Complexion,
 That's made by Iustice Sonnes adorning light :
 Be thou thy selfe then, and thou so wilt shine,
 That all the world, in loue, will straight be thine.

Trans-Alpine Faith (that Workes dost much embrace),
 Worke while thou wilt, so thy Workes show that Creed
 That sets forth Faith : for Faith, too bare, is base :
 Yet, let no faire Worke prooue so fowle a Deede
 (To blot thy Browe with such, too black, disgrace)
 As, for thy health, to make the SACRED bleed :
 Win (if thou canst) by *reasoning* Plaints, and Teares,
 Not lose (alas) by *powd'ring* Prince, and Peeres.
 „ *Looke what thou wouldst bee done unto, so do,*
 „ *Is true Loues Law*, which wee are tyde vnto.

Loe, by the way (prouok'd by the wrong)
 From mine intention haue I thus digrest :
 And sharply warbled on it in my song,
 But yet (I hope) the relish likes the best :
 Now to thee LONDON, and thy louely Throng
 Will I returne : for in thee is my rest :
 Yet rest I in thee, restlesse ; Idly too
 Which being crosse, crosse Fortune makes me do.

Bring out thy Tables to thy open Streetes :
 Be open-handed, as th' art hearted now :
 In priuate eate no more thy daintie meates,
 But, with thy Company, thy Cates allow
 In Common, to the Danes, with kinde intreats,
 To make their hearts in kindnesse overflow :
 That by that inundation both may be,
 Floted to Heau'ns of earths felicitie.

Bountie brings Honour, Honour blisse doth bring
 To those whome Honours holy hand doth blesse :

Then, as thou would'st haue blisse, let euery thing
Thou dost, of Bountie taste : yea, touch Excesse :
There, hold thy hand, sith more grieues God, and King ;
Who Bountie loues, yet hateth Riotousnesse :
But yet when Bountie's great by great Good-will,
She is deliurd of Aboundance still.

Then let thy Conduits runne with rarest wines,
That all may freely drinke all health to thee :
And to those Kings, their Heires, and their Assignes,
By whom thou art, or maist the better bee :
Yet, O beware of Drunkards fowle designs,
Take healthes, while thou from surfet maist be free :
"For 'tis no glorie, but a foule reproach,
"To take (like Tuns) the wine that Shame doth
broch :

And, let thy Muses so in Pageants speake,
That they may make the clamorous Crowde attend :
Although their voice, through wants, become so weake,
That they may seeme to speake to little end :
Sith the rude Multitude will silence breake,
Though speake there may an Angell, or a Feind :
Yet what they speake, in Print, in Print may be
Conuaid aloft, downe to Posteritie.

Thy Senators (in wel-beseene aray,
With all the pompe that pow'r may well effect)
Make them, for these great Monarches, to make way
Through thy choyce Streetes (with gaudy glory deckt)
And let thy Denizens their parts so play,
That forraigne lookers on may it affect :
In Summe, let some, and all on thee, and them,
Resemble all in new *Ierusalem*.

O! that my Muse were wing'd with Angels Plumes,
That she might mount aboue the Roofe of Heauen,
To viewe that glorie which no time consumes,
It to relate, in sacred numbers euen,
For thine example : that, as now, assumes
But glories shape, by Arte, and Nature geu'n,
I blessed were, and thou wert blest in mee,
By whom thou shouldst beheauen all that see.

But ah (alas) my short-wing'd Muse doth hant
None but the obscure corners of the Earth ;
Where she with naught, but care, is conuersant :
Which makes her curse her case, and ban her birth :
Where she (except she would turne ignorant)
Must liue, till die she must, in mournfull-mirth ;
Which is the cherishing the World doth giue
To those that muse to die, not muse to liue.

Our Braines, wherein our Soules do exercise
Their chiefest Functions, wonders to effect,
If, while they worke, the thoughts of wants arise,
The worke stands still : sith our Soules more respect
The Bodies wants, still crying for Supplies,
Then they doe Wits superfluous pompe affect ;
Or, if they worke, and those wants cry out still,
The worke is wondrous, but, it's wondrous ill.

For, when the Braines with crosse-Cares are distracted,
(They being the Instruments, Wit workes withall
What Thoughts, by them, can possibly be acted
But such as (in Commotion) rise, to fall ?
For, then the thoughts are so, in Sydes, compacted,
That they do runne aside in generall :

Then, crosse World wonder not though Wit, in
want,
Be, in his largenesse (like thy Largesse) scant.

This double-deskent single skill bewraies ;
Its harsh, and most discordant to the Ground :
And Poesie, on this Point, too often plaies,
Aswell in This, as other Worlds around :
For, Poets of all Times their Times dispraise ;
But through the Times Sides, so, themselues they wound :
And wounded so (sith so the Times they harme)
The Times forsake them, or them quite disarme.

Well, be it so, (though Well it cannot be
That is so ill with those that meane but well)
A weake Pen holds the heaviest part of me
(Which is my heart) from death ; and doth expell
The cares that kill it, by sweet Poesie,
Whereby, in griefe, it seemes in heau'n to dwell :
Then, though it be a Portion for the poore :
Let me be ritch in that, I seeke no more.

And all my store (though ritch beyond compare)
I would powre out, to bid you BIEN VENV,
Most welcome Danes : naie, I would nothing spare
To entertaine my selfe ; but all for you
Should out, as one that had no other care,
But with full measure, to giue you your due :
And if I did Hyperboles affect
And should discharge theyr MYCH on loues effect.

Sith many welcomes may Suspect incurre,
("For, fluent words the faithful'st friends do vse)
On welcomes Declaration to demurre
More than I haue, I might my Wit abuse :
Which held it meete my lynes should reach thus farre,
To raise the Sprits of some more happie Muse :
That may (as Mistresse of Loues Complements)
Giue you your welcome to your hearts contents.

Burnt Child doth feare aswell the Sparke, as Flame :
Your welcomes to our *Wassels*, and our *Bordes*
Were heretofore (as knaves the world) to blame :
But then (perhaps) yee were our heauie Lords ;
And we no Scruple made of our defame,
To ease our selues, by double Deeds, and Words :
But, now ye come, our Hearts to yours to binde,
Your welcomes are as true, as you are kinde.

True : for, your kindnesse now doth grace vs much :
True : for, we Brethren are by our Queene Mother :
True : sith in Loue and likenesse we are such,
True : for, the ones case now becomes the other :
True : for, you make our hollow friends to grutch :
Though they (dissemblingly) the same do smother :

And, in a word, true, for you graund our blisse :
Then thinke your welcome kinde, as sure it is.

While Seas, on either side, this Land shall bound
Your comming thus, and welcome shall appeare :
In faire eternall Lines which shall be found
In our best Histories, and Poems cleere,
The fame wherof through all worlds so shall sound,
That it shall ring in Times eternall eare :
Didoes deer welcoms to the *Troian* Knight,
Shall, through this welcoms lustre, lose their light.

For, what made that in glory shine so long,
But Poets Pens, pluckt from Archangels wings :
And some we haue can sing as sweet a Song
As any Tuskane, though with him he brings
The Queen of Art, to right him, being wrong ;
For, some can say their Muse was made for Kings :
But be it made for Kings, or Gods, or men,
Soule-pleasing *Helicon* flows from their Pen.

And let none Tax them for this selfe-conceite,
Sith such conceite to euery Maker is
Their Shade ; which, as their Substance still doth waite :
Most Makers marre, yet make they none amisse :
Because their words haue measure (though not waight)
Which makes them meet, how euer meane, by this :
Though some will say, ther's more hope of a foole,
Then of the self-conceited in each Schoole.

But what is this to that we haue in hand ?
How do these Strains concerne our welcome Ghests ?
No whit ; but, hereby they may understand
That we haue Reeds, and Pipes, and Harpes, and
Wrests
To make them merrie, and their Eares command :
As wel as those, to whose Notes listen beasts :
By which we can so note their being here,
That in Fames Book it euer shall appeare.

In golden *Capitalls* all Times shall spell
(As they passe by (in Thought out-flying) flight)
How we desire those swift-wingd Times to tell
The *Danes*, and ours made one vnited Might ;
Vnited by a Match that made vs dwell
In safetie, from the rage of worlds despight ;
And how they came to vs, the same to show,
That all the world might know it to be so.

Then drop downe cleer gold from your Pens apace
Ye braine-bred Goddesses most sacred Scribes ;
I often ye inuoke to show your grace
To glorifie our Soueraignes, and their Tribes :
That now so heau'nlie make our earthly case,
As scarce the perfectest Pen aright describes :
No moderne Muse had ere such cause to mount,
Or line her head at *Aganippas* Fount.

On what poore Grounds did richest wits of yore
Bestow such descant as men yet admire ?
Naso, lou'd Nuts, and praised them therefore
With Lines, wherein they burne in quenchlesse fire :
Virgills proude Numbers did a *Gnat* adore :
Homers, the fight of Frogges made to aspire :
These were the Gods of Poesie, and yet
They on these Plainesongs did rich descant set.

Then, how may moderne *Homers*, and the rest,
Vpon this Ground (that of itselfe doth rise
To roiall meetings of Kings highlie blest)
Make all their Straines rebound against the skies,
Sending their Echoes so, from East to West
With such an accent shrill, as neuer dies :
The skil's but base to Cynthia to aspire
If he that mounts, be in the Spheare of fire.

Then, ô how my dull Muse doth (like a Swanne
Which blushes at her feet, though white she be)
Blush, sith her feet are *Ethiopian*
Fovle, in the eies of twice faire Maiestie :
For whose sake I this Balladrie began,
Prouokt by ioy to see what now I see.
But eache Epistle in each Pamphlets front,
Can tell that Kings t' accept meane Guifts were
wont.

Yet least I should offend (as well I may)
I write the lesse, the lesse so to offend :
For, Breuitie doth Iudgement oft betraie :
That weens that well done, roundly brought to end :
Then, heere my creaking Pen Ile force to staie,
(Though nere so forward) till the same I mend :
Which when I do, perhaps hereon Ile write,
That saddest Kings shall reade it with delight.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Page 4, EPISTLE-DEDICATORY: see Memorial-Introduction on Montgomery and Hay or Hays: l. 6, 'White' = centre-mark for the arrow: l. 11, 'boorde' = mock.

P. 6, col. 1, l. 14, 'Minions' = favourites,—since deteriorated: l. 18, 'Keysors' = Caesars: col. 2, l. 25, 'nerre,'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 31, 'Money be the sinewes of the warres,'—an early use of a subsequently frequent saying: l. 6

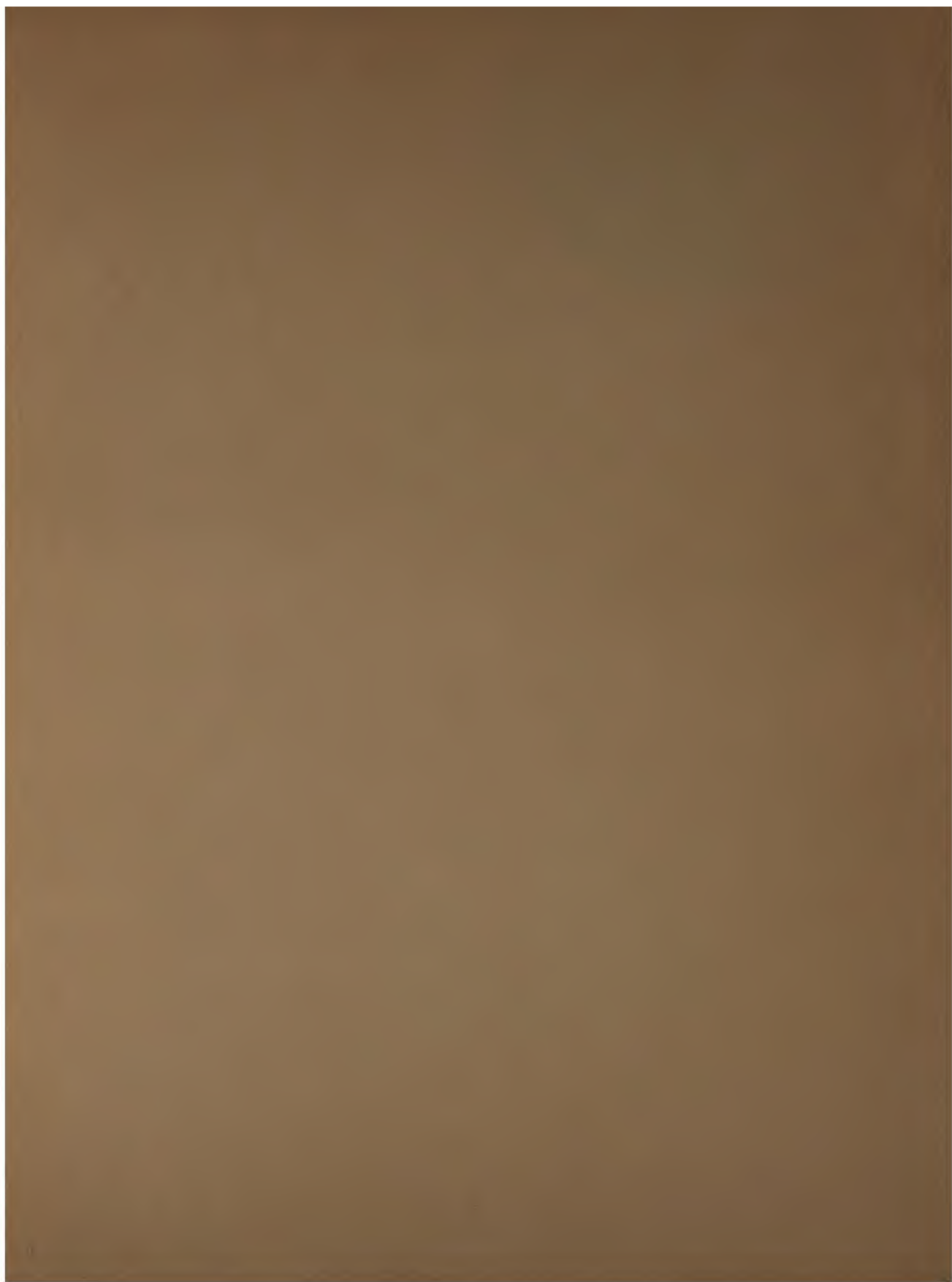
(from bottom), 'as square as any Potentate of Christendome,'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 1, 'grauud' = engrandeur: l. 30, 'Wrests' = (1) Musket supports in the olden time; (2) A kind of key by which stringed musical instruments were tightened; (3) A term in the card-game of 'primero.'—G.

1000

1000

1000







THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON
OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 (617) 495-2413

